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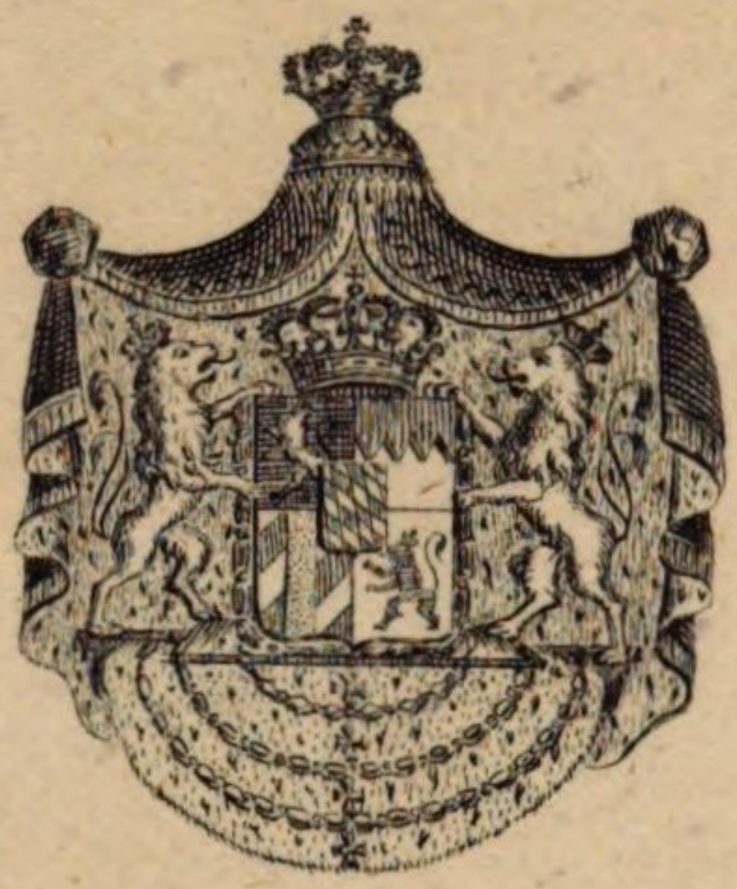

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THE

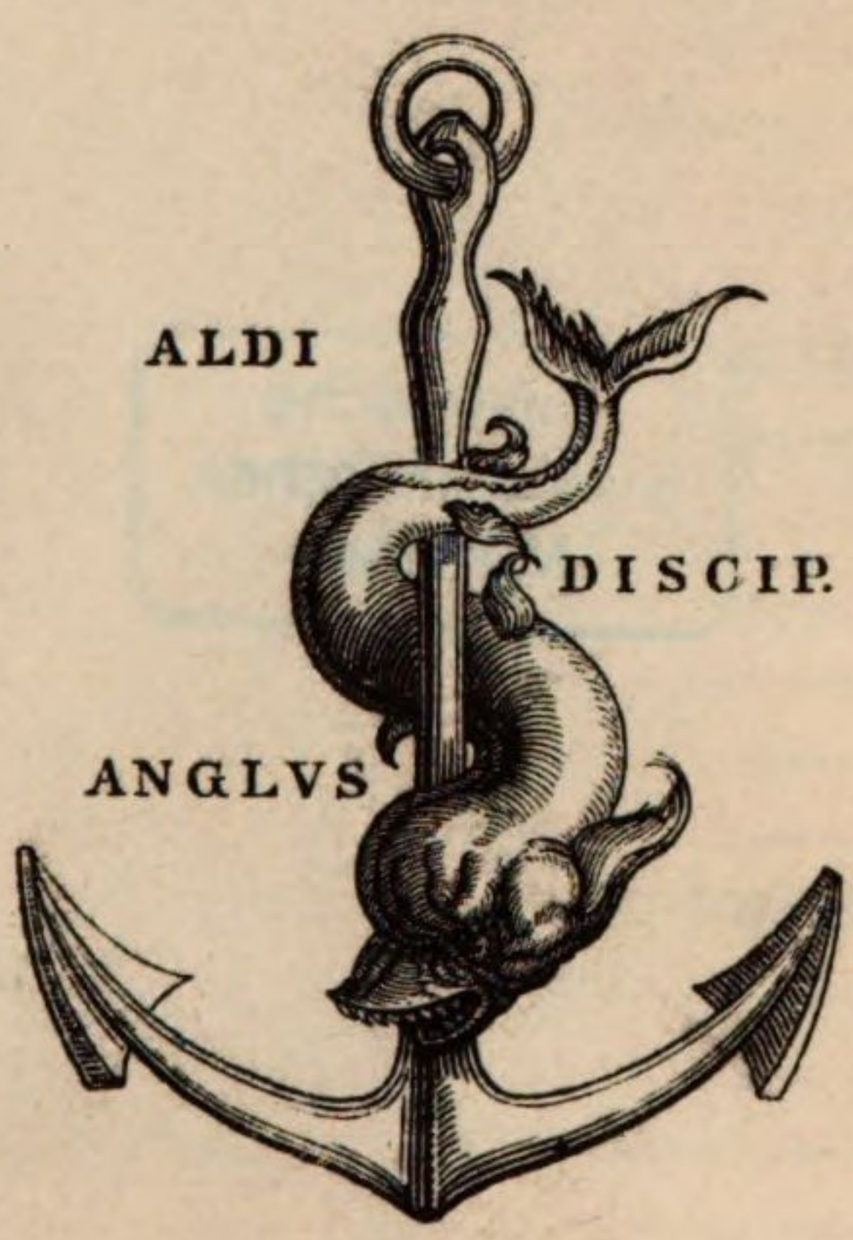
DRAMATIC WORKS OF ROBERT GREENE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED HIS POEMS.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, B. A.

VOL. II.



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ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

The Comicall Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon. As it hath bene sundrie times acted. Made by R. G. London Brinted (sic) *by Thomas Creede.* 1599. 4*to.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARINUS, *the rightful heir to the crown of Arragon*,
ALPHONSUS, *his Son*,
FLAMINIUS, *King of Arragon*,
BELINUS, *King of Naples*,
DUKE OF MILAN,
ALBINIUS,
FABIUS,
LŒLIUS,
MILES.

AMURACK, *the Great Turk*,
ARCASTUS, *King of the Moors*,
CLARAMOUNT, *King of Barbary*,
CROCON, *King of Arabia*,
FAUSTUS, *King of Babylon*,
BAJAZET,
FIRST PRIEST,
SECOND PRIEST,
PROVOST, SOLDIERS, JANISSARIES, &c.

FAUSTA, *Wife to Amurack*,
IPHIGENA, *her Daughter*,
MEDEA, *an enchantress*.

VENUS,
THE MUSES.

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THE COMICAL HISTORY OF ALPHONSUS, KING OF ARRAGON.

ACT I.

After you have sounded thrice, let VENUS *be let down from the top of the stage, and when she is down, say:*

VENUS. Poets are scarce, when goddesses themselves
Are forc'd to leave their high and stately seats,
Plac'd on the top of high Olympus' mount,
To seek them out, to pen their champions' praise.
The time hath been when Homer's sugar'd muse
Did make each echo to repeat his verse,
That every coward that durst crack a spear,
And tilt and tournay for his lady's sake,
Was painted out in colours of such price
As might become the proudest potentate.
But now a days so irksome idless'* slights,
And cursed charms have witch'd each student's mind,
That death it is to any of them all,
If that their hands to penning you do call.
O Virgil, Virgil! wert thou now alive,
Whose painful pen in stout Augustus' days,
Did 'dain† to let the base and silly fly‡

* *idless'*] The 4tos. "*idels.*"
† *'dain*] i. e. disdain.
‡ *fly*] The 4to. "*flea.*" The *Culex* is the poem alluded to.

To 'scape away without thy praise of her,
I do not doubt but long or ere this time,
Alphonsus' fame unto the heavens should climb;
Alphonsus' fame, that man of Jove his seed,
Sprung from the loins of the immortal gods,
Whose sire, although he habit on the earth,
May claim a portion in the fiery pole,
As well as any one whate'er he be.
But setting by Alphonsus' power divine,
What man alive, or now amongst the ghosts,
Could countervail his courage and his strength?
But thou art dead, yea, Virgil, thou art gone,
And all his acts drown'd in oblivion.*
No, Venus, no, though poets prove unkind,
And loth to stand in penning of his deeds,
Yet rather than they shall be clean forgot,
I, which was wont to follow Cupid's games,
Will put in ure† Minerva's sacred art;
And this my hand which used for to pen
The praise of love, and Cupid's peerless power,
Will now begin to treat of bloody Mars,
Of doughty deeds and valiant victories.

Enter MELPOMENE, CLIO, ERATO, *with their sisters, playing all upon sundry instruments,* CALLIOPE *only excepted, who coming last, hangeth down the head, and plays not of her instrument.*

But see whereas the stately Muses come,
Whose harmony doth very far surpass
The heavenly music of Apollo's pipe.
But what means this? Melpomene herself
With all her sisters sound their instruments,
Only excepted fair Calliope,

* *And all his acts,* &c.] This line is printed twice over in the 4to.
† *ure*] i. e. use.

Who coming last and hanging down her head,
Doth plainly show by outward actions
What secret sorrow doth torment her heart.
[*Stands aside.*

MEL. Calliope, thou which so oft didst crake*
How that such clients cluster'd to thy court
By thick and threefold, as not any one
Of all thy sisters might compare with thee,
Where be thy scholars now become, I trow?
Where are they vanish'd in such sudden sort,
That while as we do play upon our strings,
You stand still lazing, and have nought to do?

CLIO. Melpomene, make you a why of that?
I know full oft you have [in] authors read,
The higher tree, the sooner is his fall,
And they which first do flourish and bear sway,
Upon the sudden vanish clean away.

CAL. Mock on apace; my back is broad enough
To bear your flouts as many as they be.
That year is rare that ne'er feels winter's storms;
That tree is fertile which ne'er wanteth fruit;
And that same Muse hath heaped well in store,
Which never wanteth clients at her door.
But yet, my sisters, when the surgent seas
Have ebb'd their fill, their waves do rise again,
And fill their banks up to the very brims;
And when my pipe hath eas'd herself a while,
Such store of suitors shall my seat frequent,
That you shall see my scholars be not spent.

ERATO. Spent, quoth you, sister? then we were to blame,
If we should say your scholars all were spent.
But pray now tell me when your painful pen
Will rest enough?

* *crake*] An old form of *crack*,—i. e. boast. "Children, and fooles vse to *crake*." G. Harvey's *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593, *p.* 104.

MEL. When husbandmen shear hogs.
VEN. Melpomene, Erato, and the rest,
From thickest shrubs dame Venus did espy
The mortal hatred which you jointly bear
Unto your sister high Calliope.
What, do you think if that the tree do bend,
It follows therefore, that it needs must break?
And since her pipe a little while doth rest,
It never shall be able for to sound?
Yes, Muses, yes, if that she will vouchsafe
To entertain dame Venus in her school,
And further me with her instructions,
She shall have scholars which will 'dain * to be
In any other Muse's company.
CAL. Most sacred Venus, do you doubt of that?
Calliope would think her three times blest,
For to receive a goddess in her school,
Especially so high an one as you,
Which rules the earth, and guides the heavens too.
VEN. Then sound your pipes, and let us bend our [steps
Unto the top of high Parnassus' hill,
And there together do our best devoir
For to describe Alphonsus' warlike fame,
And in the manner of a comedy,
Set down his noble valour presently.
CAL. As Venus wills, so bids Calliope.
MEL. And as you bid, your sisters do agree.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARINUS,† *the Father, and* ALPHONSUS, *his Son.*

CARI. My noble son, since first I did recount
The noble acts your predecessors did
In Arragon, against their warlike foes,
I never yet could see thee joy at all,

* *'dain*] See note † p. 5.
† *Carinus*] Here, but only here, the 4to. "Clarinus."

But hanging down thy head as malcontent,
Thy youthful days in mourning have been spent.
Tell me, Alphonsus, what might be the cause,
That makes thee thus to pine away with care?
Hath old Carinus done thee any offence
In reckoning up these stories unto thee?
What, ne'er a word but mum?* Alphonsus, speak,
Unless your father's fatal day you seek.

ALPHON. Although, dear father, I have often vow'd
Ne'er to unfold the secrets of my heart
To any man or woman, whosome'er
Dwells underneath the circle of the sky;
Yet do your words so conjure me, dear sire,
That needs I must fulfill that you require.
Then so it is. Amongst the famous tales
Which you rehears'd done by our sires in war,
Whenas you came unto your father's days,
With sobbing notes, with sighs and blubbering tears,
And much ado, at length you thus began;
Next to Alphonsus should my father come
For to possess the diadem by right
Of Arragon, but that the wicked wretch
His younger brother, with aspiring mind,
By secret treason robb'd him of his life,
And me his son, of that which was my due.
These words, my sire, did so torment my mind,
As had I been with Ixion in hell,
The ravening bird could never plague me worse;
For ever since my mind hath troubled been
Which way I might revenge this traitorous fact,
And that recover which is ours by right.

CARI. Ah, my Alphonsus, never think on that!

* *What, ne'er a word but mum?*] So Peele, in his *Old Wives Tale*;

> " *What, not a word, but mum?*
> Then, Sacrapant, thou art betray'd."
>
> *Works*, vol. i. p. 245. ed. 1829.

In vain it is to strive against the stream:
The crown is lost, and now in hucksters' hands,
And all our hope is cast into the dust.
Bridle these thoughts, and learn the same of me,
A quiet life doth pass an empery.

ALPHON. Yet, noble father, ere Carinus' brood
Shall brook his foe for to usurp his seat,
He'll die the death with honour in the field,
And so his life and sorrows briefly end.
But did I know my froward fate were such,
As I should fail in this my just attempt,
This sword, dear father, should the author be
To make an end of this my tragedy.
Therefore, sweet sire, remain you here awhile,
And let me walk my fortune for to try.
I do not doubt but ere the time be long,
I'll quite his cost, or else myself will die.

CARI. My noble son, since that thy mind is such
For to revenge thy father's foul abuse,
As that my words may not a whit prevail
To stay thy journey, go with happy fate,
And soon return unto thy father's cell,
With such a train as Julius Cæsar came
To noble Rome, whenas he had atchiev'd
The mighty monarch of the triple world.
Meantime Carinus in this silly grove
Will spend his days with prayers and orisons
To mighty Jove to further thine intent.
Farewell, dear son, Alphonsus, fare you well. [*Exit.*

ALPHON. And is he gone? then hie, Alphonsus, hie,
To try thy fortune where thy fates do call.
A noble mind disdains to hide his head,
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.

Enter ALBINIUS. *Alphonsus make as though thou goest out; Albinius say:*

ALBI. What loitering fellow have we spied here?

Presume not, villain, further for to go,
Unless you do at length the same repent.
[*Alphonsus comes towards Albinius.*
ALPHON. Villain, say'st thou? nay, villain, in thy throat:
What, know'st thou, skipjack, whom thou villain calls't?
ALBI. A common vassal I do villain call.
ALPHON. That shalt thou soon approve, persuade thyself,
Or else I'll die, or thou shalt die for me.
ALBI. What, do I dream, or do my dazzling eyes
Deceive me? Is't Alphonsus that I see?
Doth now Medea use her wonted charms
For to delude Albinius' fantasy?
Or doth black Pluto, king of dark Avern,
Seek to flout me with his counterfeit?
His body like to Alphonsus' framed is,
His face resembles much Alphonsus' hue;
His noble mind declares him for no less;
'Tis he indeed. Woe worth Albinius,
Whose babbling tongue hath caus'd his own annoy!
Why doth not Jove send from the glittering skies
His thunderbolts to chastise this offence?
Why doth dame Terra cease with greedy jaws
To swallow up Albinius presently?
What, shall I fly and hide my traitorous head,
From stout Alphonsus whom I so misus'd?
Or shall I yield? Tush, yielding is in vain,
Nor can I fly but he will follow me.
Then cast thyself down at his Grace's feet,
Confess thy fault, and ready make thy breast
To entertain thy well-deserved death.
[*Albinius kneels down.*
ALPHON. What news, my friend? why are you so blank,
That erst before did vaunt it to the skies?

ALBI. Pardon, dear lord! Albinius pardon craves
For this offence, which, by the heavens I vow,
Unwittingly I did unto your Grace:
For had I known Alphonsus had been here,
Ere that my tongue had spoke so traitorously,
This hand should make my very soul to die.

ALPHON. Rise up, my friend, thy pardon soon is got:
But, prithee, tell me, what the cause might be,
That in such sort thou erst upbraided'st me?

[*Albinius rises up.*

ALBI. Most mighty prince, since first your father's sire
Did yield his ghost unto the sisters three,
And old Carinus forced was to fly
His native soil, and royal diadem;
I, for because I seemed to complain
Against their treason, shortly was forewarn'd
Ne'er more to haunt the bounds of Arragon
On pain of death. Then, like a man forlorn,
I sought about to find some resting place;
And at the length, did hap upon this shore,
Where shewing forth my cruel banishment,
By king Belinus I am succoured.
But now, my lord, to answer your demand:
It happens so, that the usurping king
Of Arragon makes war upon this land,
For certain tribute which he claimeth here;
Wherefore Belinus sent me round about
His country, for to gather up men,
For to withstand this most injurious foe;
Which being done, returning with the king,
Dispitefully I did so taunt your Grace,
Imagining you had some soldier been,
The which, from fear, had sneaked from the camp.

ALPHON. Enough, Albinius, I do know thy mind:
But may it be that these thy happy news
Should be of truth, or have you forged them?

ALBI. The gods forbid that e'er Albinius' tongue
Should once be found to forge a feigned tale,
Especially unto his sovereign lord:
But if Alphonsus think that I do feign,
Stay here a while, and you shall plainly see
My words be true, whenas you do perceive
Our royal army march before your face.
The which, if't please my noble lord to stay,
I'll hasten on, with all the speed I may.

ALPHON. Make haste, Albinius, if you love my life;
But yet beware whenas your army comes,
You do not make as though you do me know,
For I a while a soldier base will be,
Until I find time more convenient
To shew, Albinius, what is mine intent.

ALBI. Whate'er Alphonsus fittest doth esteem,
Albinius for his profit best will deem. [*Exit.*

ALPHON. Now do I see both gods and fortune too
Do join their powers to raise Alphonsus' fame;
For in this broil I do not greatly doubt
But that I shall my cousin's courage tame.
But see, whereas Belinus' army comes,
And he himself, unless I guess awry:
Whoe'er it be, I do not pass* a pin;
Alphonsus means his soldier for to be.

Enter BELINUS, *king of Naples*, ALBINIUS, FABIUS, *marching, with their Soldiers.*

BELI. Thus far, my lords, we trained have our [camp
For to encounter haughty Arragon,
Who with a mighty power of straggling mates
Hath traitorously assailed this our land,
And burning towns, and sacking cities fair,
Doth play the devil wheresome'er he comes.

* *pass*] See note * vol. i. p. 154.

Now, as we are informed by our scouts,
He marcheth on unto our chiefest seat,
Naples, I mean, that city of renown,
For to begirt it with his bands about,
And so at length, the which high Jove forbid,
To sack the same, as erst he other did.
If which should hap, Belinus were undone,
His country spoil'd and all his subjects* slain:
Wherefore your sovereign thinketh it most meet,
For to prevent the fury of the foe,
And Naples succour, that distressed town,
By entering in, ere Arragon doth come,
With all our men, which will sufficient be,
For to withstand their cruel battery.

ALBI. The silly serpent, found by country swain,
And cut in pieces by his furious blows,
Yet if his head do 'scape away untouch'd,
As many write, it very strangely goes
To fetch an herb, with which in little time
Her batter'd corpse again she doth conjoin:
But if by chance the ploughman's sturdy staff
Do hap to hit upon the serpent's head,
And bruise the same, though all the rest be sound,
Yet doth the silly serpent lie for dead,
Nor can the rest of all her body serve
To find a salve which may her life preserve.
Even so, my lord, if Naples once be lost,
Which is the head of all your Grace's land,
Easy it were for the malicious foe
To get the other cities in their hand:
But if from them that Naples town be free,
I do not doubt but safe the rest shall be;
And therefore, mighty king, I think it best,
To succour Naples rather than the rest.

* *subjects*] The 4to. "*subject*."

BELI. 'Tis bravely spoken: by my crown I swear,
I like thy counsel, and will follow it.
[*Point toward Alphonsus.*
But hark, Albinius, do'st thou know the man
That doth so closely overthwart us stand?
ALBI. Not I, my lord, nor never saw him yet.
BELI. Then, prithee, go and ask him presently,
What countryman he is, and why he comes
Into this place? perhaps he is some one,
That is sent hither as a secret spy
To hear and see in secret what we do.
[*Albinius and Fabius go toward Alphonsus.*
ALBI. My friend, what art thou, that so like a spy
Dost sneak about Belinus' royal camp?
ALPHON. I am a man.
FABI. A man! we know the same:
But prithee tell me, and set scoffing by,
What countryman thou art, and why you come,
That we may soon resolve the king thereof?
ALPHON. Why, say I am a soldier.
FABI. Of whose band?
ALPHON. Of his that will most wages to me give.
FABI. But will you be
Content to serve Belinus in his wars?
ALPHON. Ay, if he will reward me as I do deserve,
And grant whate'er I win, it shall be mine
Incontinent.
ALBI. Believe me, sir, your service costly is:
But stay a while, and I will bring you word
What king Belinus says unto the same.
[*Albinius go towards Belinus.**
BELI. What news, Albinius, who is that we see?
ALBI. It is, my lord, a soldier that you see,
Who fain would serve your Grace in these your wars,
But that I fear his service is too dear.

* *Belinus*] The 4to. "*Alphonsus.*"

BELI. Too dear! why so? What doth the soldier crave?

ALBI. He craves, my lord, all things that with his sword
He doth obtain, whatever that they be.

BELI. Content, my friend: if thou wilt succour me,
Whate'er you get, that challenge as thine own;
Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
Although it be the crown of Arragon.
Come on therefore, and let us hie apace
To Naples town, whereas by this, I know,
Our foes have pitch'd their tents against our walls.

ALPHON. * March on, my lord, for I will follow you;
And do not doubt but ere the time be long
I shall obtain the crown of Arragon.

Enter [i. e. go in] BELINUS, ALBINIUS, FABIUS, ALPHONSUS, *with the Soldiers. As soon as they are in, strike up alarum a-while; and then enter* VENUS.

ACT II. OF THE HISTORY OF ALPHONSUS.

VENUS. Thus from the pit of pilgrim's poverty,
Alphonsus 'gins by step and step to climb
Unto the top of friendly Fortune's wheel.
From banish'd state, as you have plainly seen,
He is transform'd into a soldier's life,
And marcheth in the ensign of the king
Of worthy Naples, which Belinus hight; †
Not for because that he doth love him so,
But that he may revenge him on his foe.
Now on the top of lusty barbed steed
He mounted is, in glittering armour clad,
Seeking about the troops of Arragon,

* *March on*, &c.] These three lines in the 4to. form a part of Belinus' speech.

† *hight*] i. e. is called.

For to encounter with his traitorous niece.*
How he doth speed, and what doth him befall,
Mark this our act, for it doth shew it all. [*Exit.*

Strike up alarum. Enter FLAMINIUS *at one door,* ALPHONSUS *at another. They fight; Alphonsus kill Flaminius, and say:*

ALPHON. Go,† pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
Which he by treason set upon thy head;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.

Strike up alarum. Enter LŒLIUS, *who seeing that his king is slain, upbraids Alphonsus in this sort:*

LŒLI. Traitor, how dar'st thou look me in the face,
Whose mighty king thou traitorously hast slain?
What, dost thou think Flaminius hath no friends,
For to revenge his death on thee again?
Yes, be you sure, that ere you 'scape from hence,
Thy gasping ghost shall bear him company,
Or else myself, fighting for his defence,
Will be content by those thy hands to die.

* *niece*] Must be here used for a relation in general, as in another line of the third act of the present play;

"Unto Belinus, my most friendly *niece*."

These passages support the reading in Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona;*

"An heir and *niece* allied unto the Duke."

Act iv. sc. 1.

† *Go*, &c.] If Shakespeare's commentators had ever seen the present very rare drama, they would have noticed the resemblance between this passage and the following lines in the *Third Part of Henry VI.*

"If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither."

Act v. sc. 6.

ALPHON. Lœlius, few words would better thee be-
Especially as now the case doth stand ; [come ;
And didst thou know whom thou do'st threaten thus,
We should you have more calmer out of hand :
For, Lœlius, know, that I Alphonsus am,
The son and heir to old Carinus, whom
The traitorous father of Flaminius
Did secretly bereave of his diadem.
But see the just revenge of mighty Jove !
The father dead, the son is likewise slain
By that man's hand who they did count as dead,
Yet doth survive to wear the diadem,
When they themselves accompany the ghosts
Which wander round about the Stygian fields.
[*Lœlius gaze upon Alphonsus.*
Muse not hereat, for it is true I say,
I am Alphonsus whom thou hast misus'd.
LŒLI. The man whose death I did so oft lament ! *
[*Kneel down.*
Then pardon me for these uncourteous words,
The which I in my rage did utter forth,
Prick'd by the duty of a loyal mind ;
Pardon, Alphonsus, this my first offence,
And let me die if e'er I flight again.
ALPHON. Lœlius, I fain would pardon this offence,
And eke accept thee to my grace again,
But that I fear that when I stand in need
And want your help, you will your lord betray.
How say you, Lœlius, may I trust to thee ?
LŒLI. Ay, noble lord, by all the gods I vow ;
For first shall heavens want stars, and foaming seas
Want wat'ry drops, before I'll traitor be
Unto Alphonsus, whom I honour so.
ALPHON. Well then, arise, and for because I'll try

* *The man whose death,* &c.] In the 4to. this line forms part of Alphonsus' speech.

If that thy words and deeds be both alike,
Go haste and fetch the youths of Arragon,
Which now I hear have turn'd their heels and fled.
Tell them your chance, and bring them back again
Into this wood, where in ambushment lie
Until I come or send for you myself.

LŒLI. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

ALPHON. Full little think* Belinus and his peers
What thoughts Alphonsus casteth in his mind,
For if they did, they would not greatly haste
To pay the same the which they promis'd me.

Enter BELINUS, ALBINIUS, FABIUS, *with their Soldiers, marching.*

BELI. Like simple sheep, when shepherd absent is
Far from his flock, assail'd by greedy wolf,
Do scattering fly about, some here, some there,
To keep their bodies from their ravening jaws,
So do the fearful youths of Arragon
Run round about the green and pleasant plains,
And hide their heads from Neapolitans;
Such terror have their strong and sturdy blows
Struck to their hearts, as for a world of gold,
I warrant you, they will not come again.
But, noble lords, where is the knight become
Which made the blood be-sprinkle all the place,
Whereas he did encounter with his foe?
My friend, Albinius, know you where he is?

ALBI. Not I, my lord, for since in thickest ranks
I saw him chase Flaminius at the heels,
I never yet could set mine eyes on him.

[*Albinius spies out Alphonsus, and shews him to Belinus.*

But see, my lord, whereas the warrior stands,
Or else my sight doth fail me at this time.

* *think*] The 4to. "*thinks.*"

BELI. 'Tis he indeed, who, as I do suppose,
Hath slain the king, or else some other lord,
For well I wot a carcase I do see
Hard at his feet lie struggling on the ground.
[*Belinus and Albinius go towards Alphonsus.*
Come on, Albinius, we will try the truth.
[*Belinus say to Alphonsus:*
Hail to the noble victor of our foes!
ALPHON. Thanks, mighty prince, but yet I seek not this;
It is not words must recompense my pain,
But deeds. When first I took up arms for you,
Your promise was, whate'er my sword did win
In fight, as his Alphonsus should it crave.
[*Shew Belinus Flaminius, who lieth all this while dead at his feet.*
See then where lies thy foe Flaminius,
Whose crown my sword hath conquer'd in the field;
Therefore, Belinus, make no long delay,
But that discharge you promis'd for to pay.
BELI. Will nothing* else satisfy thy conquering mind
Besides the crown? Well, since thou hast it won,
Thou shalt it have, though far against my will.
[*Alphonsus sit in the chair; Belinus takes the crown off Flaminius' head, and puts it on Alphonsus.*
Here doth Belinus crown thee with his hand
The king of Arragon; what, are you pleas'd?
[*Sound trumpets and drums within.*
ALPHON. Not so, Belinus, 'till you promise me
All things belonging to the royal crown
Of Arragon, and make your lordings swear
For to defend me to their utmost power
Against all men that shall gainsay the same.
BELI. Mark, what belonged erst unto the crown
Of Arragon, that challenge as thine own;

* *nothing*] Qy. "*nought*."

Belinus gives it frankly unto thee,
And swears * by all the powers of glittering skies
To do my best for to maintain the same,
So that it be not prejudicial
Unto mine honour, or my country soil.
ALBI. And by the sacred seat of mighty Jove
Albinius swears, that first he'll die the death
Before he'll see Alphonsus suffer wrong.
FABI. What erst Albinius vow'd we jointly vow.
ALPHON. Thanks, mighty lords, but yet I greatly [fear
That very few will keep the oaths they swear.
But what, Belinus, why stand you so long,
And cease from offering homage unto me?
What, know you not that I thy sovereign am,
Crowned by thee and all thy other lords,
And now confirmed by your solemn oaths?
Feed not thyself with fond persuasions,
But presently come yield thy crown to me,
And do me homage, or by heavens I swear
I'll force thee do it maugre all thy train.
BELI. How now, base brat? what, are thy wits thine own,
That thou dar'st thus upbraid me in my land?
'Tis best for thee these speeches to recall,
Or else by Jove, I'll make thee to repent
That e'er thou sett'st thy foot in Naples' soil.
ALPHON. Base brat, say'st thou? as good a man [as thou:
But say I came but of a base descent,
My deed shall make my glory for to shine
As clear as Luna in a winter's night.
But for because thou bragg'st so of thy birth,
I'll see how it shall profit thee anon.
FABI. Alphonsus, cease from these thy threatening words,
And lay aside this thy presumptuous mind, [too?
Or else be sure thou shalt the same repent.
ALPHON. How now, sir boy, will you be prattling

* *swears*] The 4to. "*swear*."

'Tis best for thee to hold thy tattling tongue,
Unless I send some one to scourge thy breech.
Why then I see 'tis time to look about,
When every boy Alphonsus dares controul:
But be they sure ere Phœbus' golden beams
Have compassed the circle of the sky,
I'll clog their tongues, since nothing else will serve
To keep those vild and threatening speeches in.
Farewell, Belinus, look thou to thyself;
Alphonsus means to have thy crown ere night.
[*Exit.*

BELI. What, is he gone? the devil break his neck,
The fiends of hell torment his traitorous corps!
Is this the quittance of Belinus' grace,
Which he did show unto that thankless wretch,
That runnagate, that rakehell, yea, that thief?
For, well I wot, he hath robb'd me of a crown.
If ever he had sprung from gentle blood,
He would not thus misuse his favourer.

ALBI. That runnagate, that rakehell, yea, that thief!
Stay there, sir king, your mouth runs over much;
It ill becomes the subject for to use
Such traitorous terms against his sovereign:
Know thou, Belinus, that Carinus' son
Is neither rakehell nor runnagate.
But be thou sure, that ere the darksome night
Do drive god Phœbus to his Thetis' lap
Both thou, and all the rest of this thy train,
Shall well repent the words that you have saine.

BELI. What, traitorous villain, dost thou threaten me?
Lay hold on him, and see he do not 'scape;
I'll teach the slave to know to whom he speaks.

ALBI.* To thee I speak, and to thy fellows all;
And though as now you have me in your power,

* *To thee,* &c.] The 4to. gives these five lines to Belinus.

Yet doubt I not but that in little space
These eyes shall see thy treason recompens'd,
And then I mean to vaunt* our victory.
BELI. Nay, proud Albinius, never build on that;
For though the gods do chance for to appoint
Alphonsus victor of Belinus' land,
Yet shalt thou never live to see that day:
And therefore, Fabius, stand not lingering,
But presently slash off his traitorous head.
ALBI. Slash off his head! as though Albinius' head
Were then so easy to be slashed off:
In faith, sir, no; when you are gone and dead,
I hope to flourish like the pleasant spring.
BELI. Why, how now, Fabius? what, do you stand in doubt
To do the deed? what fear you? who dares seek
For to revenge his death on thee again,
Since that Belinus did command it so?
Or are you wax'd so dainty, that you dare
Not use your sword for staining of your hands?
If it be so, then let me see thy sword,
And I will be his butcher for this time.
[*Fabius give Belinus thy sword drawn; Belinus say as followeth:*
Now, sir, Albinius, are you of the mind
That erst you were? what, do you look to see,
And triumph in, Belinus' overthrow?
I hope the very sight of this my blade,
Hath chang'd your mind into another tune.
ALBI. Not so, Belinus, I am constant still.
My mind is like to the Asbeston stone,
Which, if it once be heat in flames of fire,
Denieth to becommen cold again:
Even so am I, and shall be till I die.
And though I should see Atropos appear
With knife in hand, to slit my thread in twain,

* *vaunt*] The 4to. "vaunt *of*."

Yet ne'er Albinius should persuaded be
But that Belinus he should vanquish'd see.
BELI. Nay then, Albinius, since that words are [vain
For to persuade you from this heresy,
This sword shall sure put you out of doubt.

Belinus offers to strike off Albinius' head; strike up alarum, enter ALPHONSUS *and his Men; fly Belinus and Fabius; follow Alphonsus and Albinius; enter* LŒLIUS, MILES,* *and his Servants.*

LŒLI. My noble lords of Arragon, I know
You wonder much what might the occasion be,
That Lœlius, which erst did fly the field,
Doth egg you forwards now unto the wars;
But when you hear my reason, out of doubt
You'll be content with this my rash attempt.
When first our King, Flaminius I do mean,
Did set upon the Neapolitans,
The worst of you did know and plainly see,
How far they were unable to withstand
The mighty forces of our royal camp,
Until such time as froward fates we thought,
Although the fates ordain'd it for our gain,
Did send a stranger stout, whose sturdy blows
And force alone, did cause our overthrow.
But to our purpose: this same martial knight
Did hap to hit upon Flaminius,
And lent our king then such a friendly blow,
As that his gasping ghost to Limbo went.
Which, when I saw, and seeking to revenge,
My noble lords, did hap on such a prize,
As never king nor keisar got the like.
MILES. Lœlius, of force we must confess to thee,

* MILES] Here, but only here, the 4to. "MILOS."

We wonder'd all, whenas you did persuade
Us to return unto the wars again;
But since our marvel is increased much
By these your words, which sound of happiness:
Therefore, good Lœlius, make no tarrying,
But soon unfold thy happy chance to us.

LŒLI. Then, friends and fellow soldiers, hark to me;
When Lœlius thought for to revenge his king
On that same knight, instead of mortal foe
I found him for to be our chiefest friend.

MILES. Our chiefest friend! I hardly can believe
That he which made such bloody massacres
Of stout Italians, can in any point
Bear friendship to the country, or the king.

LŒLI. As for your king, Miles, I hold with you,
He bear no friendship to Flaminius,
But hated him as bloody Atropos;
But for your country, Lœlius doth avow,
He loves as well as any other land,
Yea sure, he loves it best of all the world.
And for because you shall not think that I
Do say the same without a reason why,
Know that the knight Alphonsus hath to name,
Both son and heir to old Carinus, whom
Flaminius' sire bereaved of his crown;
Who did not seek the ruin of our host
For any envy he did bear to us,
But to revenge him on his mortal foe,
Which by the help of high celestial Jove
He hath atchiev'd with honour in the field.

MILES. Alphonsus, man! I'll ne'er persuaded be
That e'er Alphonsus may survive again,
Who with Carinus, many years ago,
Was said to wander in the Stygian fields.

LŒLI. Truth, noble Miles, these mine ears have [heard
For certainty reported unto me,
That old Carinus, with his peerless son,

Had felt the sharpness of the Sisters' shears,
And had I not of late Alphonsus seen
In good estate, though all the world should say
He is alive, I would not credit them.
But, fellow soldiers, wend you back with me,
And let us lurk within the secret shade,
Which he himself appointed unto us;
And if you find my words to be untroth,
Then let me die to recompense the wrong.

Strike up alarum; enter ALBINIUS *with his sword drawn, and say:*

ALBI. Lœlius, make haste; soldiers of Arragon,
Set lingering by, and come and help your king,
I mean Alphonsus, who, whilst that he did
Pursue Belinus at the very heels,
Was suddenly environed about
With all the troops of mighty Milan land.

MILES. What news is this? and is it very so?
Is our Alphonsus yet in human state,
Whom all the world did judge for to be dead?
Yet can I scarce give credit to the same:
Give credit! yes, and since the Milan duke
Hath broke his league of friendship, be he sure,
Ere Cynthia, the shining lamp of night,
Doth scale the heavens with her horned head,
Both he and his shall very plainly see
The league is burst that caused long the glee.

LŒLI. And could the traitor harbour in his breast
Such mortal treason 'gainst his sovereign,
As when he should with fire and sword defend
Him from his foes, he seeks his overthrow?
March on, my friends, I ne'er shall joy at all,
Until I see that bloody traitor's fall. [*Exeunt.*

[*Strike up alarum; fly Belinus, follow Lœlius; fly Fabius, follow Albinius; fly the Duke of Milan, follow Miles.*

Act III.

Strike ap alarum; enter Venus.

Venus. No sooner did Alphonsus with his troop
Set on the soldiers of Belinus' band,
But that the fury of his sturdy blows
Did strike such terror to their daunted minds
That glad was he which could escape away,
With life and limb, forth of that bloody fray.
Belinus flies unto the Turkish soil,
To crave the aid of Amurack their king;
Unto the which he willingly did consent,
And sends Belinus with two other kings,
To know God Mahomet's pleasure in the same.
Meantime the empress by Medea's help
Did use such charms, that Amurack did see,
In soundest sleep, what afterwards should hap:
How Amurack did recompense her pain,
With mickle more, this act shall shew you plain.

[*Exit.*

Enter one, carrying two crowns upon a crest; Alphonsus, Albinius, Lœlius, *and* Miles, *with their Soldiers.*

Alphon. Welcome, brave youths of Arragon, to me,
Yea, welcome, Miles, Lœlius, and the rest,
Whose prowess alone has been the only cause
That we, like victors, have subdued our foes.
Lord, what a pleasure was it to my mind
To see Belinus, which not long before,
Did with his threatenings terrify the Gods,
Now scud apace from warlike Lœlius' blows!
The duke of Milan, he increas'd our sport,
When doubting that his force was over weak
For to withstand, Miles, thy sturdy arm,

Did give more credence to his frisking skips
Than to the sharpness of his cutting blade.
What Fabius did to pleasure us withal,
Albinius knows as well as I myself;
For, well I wot, if that thy tired steed
Had been as fresh and swift in foot as his,
He should have felt, yea known for certainty,
To check Alphonsus did deserve to die.
Briefly, my friends, and fellow peers in arms,
The worst of you deserve* such mickle praise,
As that my tongue denies for to set forth
The demi-parcel of your valiant deeds;
So that perforce, I must by duty be
Bound to you all, for this your courtesy.

MILES. Not so, my lord, for if our willing arms
Have pleasur'd you so much as you do say,
We have done nought but that becometh us,
For to defend our mighty sovereign.
As for my part, I count my labour small,
Yea, though it had been twice as much again,
Since that Alphonsus doth accept thereof.

ALPHON. Thanks, worthy Miles: lest† all the world
Should count Alphonsus thankless for to be,
Lœlius, sit down, and, Miles, sit by him,
And that receive, the which your swords have won.

[*Sit down Lœlius and Miles.*

First, for because thou, Lœlius, in these broils,
By martial might didst proud Belinus chase
From troop to troop, from side to side about,
And never ceas'd from this thy swift pursuit
Until thou hadst obtain'd his royal crown,
Therefore I say, I'll do thee nought but right,
And give thee that which thou well hast won.

[*Set the crown on his head.*

* *deserve*] The 4to. "*do* deserve." † *lest*] Qy. "*but* lest."

Here doth Alphonsus crown thee, Lælius, king
Of Naples' town, with all dominions
That erst belonged to our traitorous foe,
That proud Belinus in his regiment.*
[*Sound trumpets and drums.*
Miles, thy share the Milan dukedom is,
For, well I wot, thy sword deserv'd no less,
[*Set the crown on his head.*
The which Alphonsus frankly giveth thee,
In presence of his warlike men at arms;
And if that any stomach† this my deed,
Alphonsus can revenge thy wrong with speed.
[*Sound trumpets and drums.*
Now to Albinius, which in all my toils
I have both faithful, yea and friendly, found:
Since that the gods and friendly fates assign
This present time to me to recompense
The sundry pleasures thou hast done to me,
Sit down by them, and on thy faithful head
[*Take the crown from thy own head.*
Receive the crown of peerless Arragon.

ALBI. Pardon, dear lord, Albinius at this time;
It ill becomes me for to wear a crown,
Whenas my lord is destitute himself.
Why, high Alphonsus, if I should receive
This crown of you, the which high Jove forbid,
Where would yourself obtain a diadem?
Naples is gone, Milan possessed is,
And nought is left for you but Arragon.

ALPHON. And nought is left for me but Arragon!
Yes, surely yes, my fates have so decreed,
That Arragon should be too base a thing,
For to obtain Alphonsus for her king.
What, hear you not how that our scatter'd foes,

* *regiment*] i. e. sway. † *stomach*] i. e. be angry at.

Belinus, Fabius, and the Milan duke,
Are fled for succour to the Turkish court?
And think you not that Amurack their king,
Will, with the mightiest power of all his land,
Seek to revenge Belinus' overthrow?
Then doubt I not but ere these broils do end,
Alphonsus shall possess the diadem
That Amurack now wears upon his head.
Sit down therefore, and that receive of me
The which the fates appointed unto thee.

ALBI. Thou king of heaven, which by thy power
Do'st see the secrets of each liver's heart, [divine,
Bear record now with what unwilling mind
I do receive the crown of Arragon!

[*Albinius sit down by Lælius and Miles; Alphonsus set the crown on his head, and say:*

ALPHON. Arise, Albinius, king of Arragon,
Crowned by me, who 'till my gasping ghost
Do part asunder from my breathless corpse,
Will be thy shield against all men alive,
That for thy kingdom any way do strive.

[*Sound trumpets and drums.*

Now since we have, in such an happy hour
Confirm'd three kings, come, let us march with speed
Into the city, for to celebrate
With mirth and joy this blissful festival.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter AMURACK *the great Turk*, BELINUS, FABIUS, ARCASTUS *king of Moors*, CLARAMOUNT *king of Barbary*, BAJAZET *a lord, with their train.*

AMU. Welcome, Belinus, to thy cousin's court,
Whose late arrival in such posting pace
Doth bring both joy and sorrow to us all;
Sorrow, because the fates have been so false

To let Alphonsus drive thee from thy land,
And joy, since that now mighty Mahomet
Hath given me cause to recompense at full
The sundry pleasures I receiv'd of thee.
Therefore, Belinus, do but ask and have,
For Amurack doth grant whate'er you crave. [beams
BELI. Thou second sun, which with thy glimpsing
Do'st clarify each corner of the earth,
Belinus comes not, as erst Midas did
To mighty Bacchus, to desire of him
That whatsoe'er at any time he touch'd,
Might turned be to gold, incontinent.
Nor do I come as Jupiter did erst
Unto the palace of Amphitryon,
For any fond or foul concupiscence,
Which I do bear to Alcumena's* hue.
But as poor Saturn, forc'd by mighty Jove
To fly his country, banish'd and forlorn,
Did crave the aid of Troos* King of Troy,
So comes Belinus to high Amurack;
And if he can but once your aid obtain,
He turns with speed to Naples back again.
AMU. My aid, Belinus, do you doubt of that?
If all the men at arms of Africa,
Of Asia likewise, will sufficient be
To press the pomp of that usurping mate,
Assure thyself thy kingdom shall be thine,
If Mahomet say ay unto the same:
For were I sure to vanquish all our foes,
And find such spoils in ransacking their tents
As never any keisar did obtain,
Yet would I not set foot forth of this land,
If Mahomet our journey did withstand.
BELI. Nor would Belinus, for king Crœsus' trash,
Wish Amurack to displease the Gods,

* *Alcumena's—Troos*] So spelt by Greene, for the sake of the measure.

In pleasuring me in such a trifling toy.
Then, mighty monarch, if it be thy will,
Get their consents, and then the act fulfil.

AMU. You counsel well; therefore, Belinus, haste,
And, Claramount, go bear him company,
With King Arcastus, to the city walls:
Then bend with speed unto the darksome grove,
Where Mahomet, this many a hundred year,
Hath prophesied unto our ancestors.
Tell to his priests, that Amurack, your king,
Is now selecting all his men at arms
To set upon that proud Alphonsus' troop:
The cause you know, and can inform him well,
That makes me take these bloody broils in hand.
And say, that I desire their sacred God,
That Mahomet, which ruleth all the skies,
To send me word, and that most speedily,
Which of us shall obtain the victory.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Bajazet and Amurack.*

You, Bajazet, go post away apace
To Syria, Scythia, and Albania,
To Babylon, with Mesopotamia,
Asia, Armenia, and all other lands,
Which owe their homage to high Amurack:
Charge all their kings with expedition
To gather up the chiefest men at arms,
Which now remain in their dominions,
And on the twenty day of the same month,
To come and wait on Amurack their king,
At his chief city Constantinople.
Tell them, moreover, that whoso doth fail
Naught else but death from prison shall him bail.

[*Exit Bajazet. As soon as he is gone, sound music within.*

What heavenly music soundeth in my ear?
Peace, Amurack, and hearken to the same.

[*Sound music; hearken Amurack, and fall asleep.*

Enter MEDEA, FAUSTA *the Empress*, IPHIGENA *her Daughter.*

MEDEA. Now have our charms fulfill'd our minds
full well:
High Amurack is lulled fast asleep,
And doubt I not, but ere he wakes again,
You shall perceive Medea did not gibe,
Whenas she put this practice in your mind.
Sit, worthy Fausta, at thy spouse his feet.
[*Fausta and Iphigena sit down at Amurack's feet.*
Iphigena, sit thou on the other side.
Whate'er you see, be not aghast thereat,
But bear in mind what Amurack doth chat.
[*Medea do ceremonies belonging to conjuring,*
and say:
Thou, which wert wont, in Agamemnon's days,
To utter forth Apollo's oracles,
At sacred Delphos, Calchas I do mean,
I charge thee come; all lingering set aside,
Unless the penance you thereof abide.
I conjure thee, by Pluto's loathsome lake,
By all the hags which harbour in the same,
By stinking Styx, and filthy Phlegethon,
To come with speed, and truly to fulfil
That which Medea to thee straight shall will.
[*Rise Calchas up in a white surplice,* and a*
Cardinal's mitre, and say:
CALC. Thou wretched witch, when wilt thou make
an end
Of troubling us with these thy cursed charms?
What mean'st thou thus to call me from my grave?
Shall ne'er my ghost obtain his quiet rest?

* *surplice*] The 4to. "*Cirples.*" This stage direction for the dress of CALCHAS is very amusing.

MEDEA. Yes, Calchas, yes, your rest doth now approach;
Medea means to trouble thee no more,
Whenas thou hast fulfill'd her mind this once.
Go, get thee hence to Pluto back again,
And there enquire of the Destinies,
How Amurack shall speed in these his wars?
Peruse their books, and mark what is decreed
By Jove himself, and all his fellow-gods;
And when thou know'st the certainty thereof,
By fleshless visions shew it presently
To Amurack, in pain of penalty.

CALC. Forc'd by thy charm, though with unwilling mind,
I haste to hell, the certainty to find.

[*Calchas sink down where you came up.*

MEDEA. Now, peerless princess, I must needs be gone;
My hasty business calls me from this place.
There resteth nought, but that you bear in mind
What Amurack, in this his fit, doth say;
For mark what dreaming, madam, he doth prate,
Assure yourself that that shall be his fate.

FAU. Though very loth to let thee so depart,
Farewell, Medea, easer of my heart. [*Exit Medea.*

[*Sound instruments within; Amurack, as it were in a dream, say:*

AMU. What, Amurack, dost thou begin to nod?
Is this the care that thou hast of thy wars?
As when thou shouldst be prancing of thy steed,
To egg thy soldiers forward in thy wars,
Thou sittest moping by the fire side?
See where thy viceroys grovel on the ground;
Look where Belinus breatheth forth his ghost;
Behold by millions how thy men do fall,
Before Alphonsus, like to silly sheep;
And can'st thou stand still lazing in this sort?

No, proud Alphonsus, Amurack doth fly
To quail thy courage, and that speedily.
[*Sound instruments awhile within, and then Amurack say :*
And dost thou think, thou proud injurious God,
Mahound I mean, since thy vain prophecies
Led Amurack into this doleful case,
To have his princely feet in irons clapt,
Which erst the proudest kings were forc'd to kiss,
That thou shalt 'scape unpunish'd for the same?
No, no, as soon as by the help of Jove
I 'scape this bondage, down go all thy groves,
Thy altars tumble round about the streets,
And whereas erst we sacrific'd to thee,
Now all the Turks thy mortal foes shall be.
[*Sound instruments awhile within ; Amurack say :*
Behold the gem and jewel of mine age,
See where she comes, whose heavenly majesty
Doth far surpass the brave and gorgeous pace,
Which Cytherea, daughter unto Jove,
Did put in ure,* whenas she had obtain'd
The golden apple at the shepherd's hands.
See, worthy Fausta, where Alphonsus stands,
Whose valiant courage could not daunted be
With all the men at arms of Africa ;
See now he stands, as one that lately saw
Medusa's head, or Gorgon's hoary hue.
[*Sound instruments awhile within ; Amurack say :*
And can it be that it may happen so ?
Can fortune prove so friendly unto me,
As that Alphonsus loves Iphigena ?
The match is made, the wedding is decreed,
Sound trumpets, hah ! strike drums for mirth and glee !
And three times welcome son in law to me !
[*Fausta rise up as it were in a fury ; wake Amurack, and say :*

* *ure*] See note † p. 6.

FAU. Fie, Amurack, what wicked words be these?
How can'st thou look thy Fausta in her face,
Whom thou hast wronged in this shameful sort?
And are the vows so solemnly you sware
Unto Belinus my most friendly niece*
Now wash'd so clearly from thy traitorous heart?
Is all the rancour which you erst did bear
Unto Alphonsus worn so out of mind,
As where† thou shouldest pursue him to death,
You seek to give our daughter to his hands?
The gods forbid that such a heinous deed
With my consent should ever be decreed:
And rather than thou should'st it bring to pass,
If all the army of Amazones
Will be sufficient to withhold the same,
Assure thyself that Fausta means to fight
'Gainst‡ Amurack for to maintain the right.

IPHI. Yea, mother, say, which Mahomet forbid,
That in this conflict you should have the foil,
Ere that Alphonsus should be call'd my spouse,
This heart, this hand, yea, and this blade, should be
A readier means to finish that decree.

[*Amurack rise in a rage from thy chair.*

AMU. What threatening words thus thunder in mine ears?
Or who are they amongst the mortal troops,
That dare§ presume to use such threats to me?
The proudest kings and keisars of the land
Are glad to feed me in my fantasy;
And shall I suffer, then, each prattling dame
For to upbraid me in this spiteful sort?
No, by the heavens, first will I lose my crown,

* *niece*] See Note * p. 17.
† *where*] i. e. whereas.
‡ *'Gainst*] The 4to. "*Against.*"
§ *dare*] The 4to. "*dares.*"

My wife, my children, yea, my life and all.
And therefore, Fausta, thou which Amurack
Did* tender erst as the apple of mine eye,
Avoid my court, and if thou lov'st thy life,
Approach not nigh unto my regiment.†
As for this carping girl, Iphigena,
Take her with thee to bear thee company,
And in my land I rede be seen no more,
For if you do, you both shall die therefore. [*Exit.*

FAU. Nay then, I see 'tis time to look about,
Delay is dangerous, and procureth harm:
The wanton colt is tamed in his youth;
Wounds must be cur'd when they be fresh and green;
And pluresies, when they begin to breed,
With little ease are driven away with speed.
Had Fausta then, when Amurack begun
With spiteful speeches to control and check,
Sought to prevent it by her martial force,
This banishment had never hapt to me.
But the Echinus, fearing to be goar'd,
Doth keep her younglings in her paunch so long,
'Till when their pricks be waxen long and sharp,
They put their dam at length to double pain:
And I, because I loath'd the broils of Mars,
Bridled my thoughts, and pressed down my rage;
In recompense of which my good intent,
I have received this woeful banishment.
Woeful, said I? nay, happy I did mean,
If that be happy which doth set one free;
For by this means I do not doubt ere long
But Fausta shall with ease revenge her wrong.
Come, daughter, come: my mind fortelleth me,
That Amurack shall soon requited be.

[*Make as though you were a going out; Medea meet her and say:*

* *did*] The 4to. "*didst.*"
† *regiment*] See note * p. 29.

MEDEA. Fausta, what means this sudden flight
of yours?
Why do you leave your husband's princely court,
And all alone pass through these thickest groves,
More fit to harbour brutish savage beasts
Than to receive so high a queen as you?
Although your credit would not stay your steps
From bending them into these darkish dens,
Yet should the danger, which is imminent
To every one which passeth by these paths,
Keep you at home with fair Iphigena.
What foolish toy hath tickled you to this?
I greatly fear some hap hath hit amiss.

FAU. No toy, Medea, tickled Fausta's head,
Nor foolish fancy led me to these groves,
But earnest business eggs my trembling steps
To pass all dangers, whatsoe'er they be.
I banish'd am, Medea, I, which erst
Was Empress over all the triple world,
Am banish'd now from palace and from pomp.
But if the gods be favourers to me,
Ere twenty days I will revenged be.

MEDEA. I thought as much when first from thick-[est leaves
I saw you trudging in such posting pace.
But to the purpose; what may be the cause
Of this strange and sudden banishment?

FAU. The cause, ask you? A simple cause, God wot;
'Twas neither treason, nor yet felony,
But for because I blam'd his foolishness.

MEDEA. I hear you say so, but I greatly fear,
Ere that your tale be brought unto an end,
You'll prove yourself the author of the same.
But pray, be brief; what folly did your spouse,
And how will you revenge your wrong on him?

FAU. What folly, quoth you? Such as never yet
Was heard or seen since Phœbus first 'gan shine.
You know how he was gathering in all haste

His men at arms, to set upon the troop
Of proud Alphonsus; yea, you well do know
How you and I did do the best we could
To make him show us in his drowsy dream
What afterward should happen in his wars.
Much talk he had, which now I have forgot,
But at the length this surely was decreed,
How that Alphonsus and Iphigena
Should be conjoin'd in Juno's sacred rites;
Which when I heard, as one that did despise
That such a traitor should be son to me,
I did rebuke my husband, Amurack.
And since my words could take no better place,
My sword with help of all Amazones
Shall make him soon repent his foolishness.

MEDEA. This is the cause, then, of your banish-
And now you go unto Amazone, [ment?
To gather all your maidens in array,
To set upon the mighty Amurack?
O foolish queen, what meant you by this talk?
Those prattling speeches have undone you all.
Do you disdain to have that mighty prince,
I mean Alphonsus, counted for your son?
I tell you, Fausta, he is born to be
The ruler of a mighty monarchy.
I must confess the powers of Amurack
Be great, his confines stretch both far and near,
Yet are they not the third part of the lands
Which shall be ruled by Alphonsus' hands;
And yet you 'dain* to call him son in law.
But when you see his sharp and cutting sword
Piercing the heart of this your gallant girl,
You'll curse the hour wherein you did denay
To join Alphonsus with Iphigena.

* *'dain*] See note † p. 5.

FAU. The gods forbid that e'er it happen so!
MEDEA. Nay, never pray, for it must happen so!
FAU. And is there then no remedy for it?
MEDEA. No, none but one, and that you have foresworn.
FAU. As though an oath can bridle so my mind,
As that I dare not break a thousand oaths
For to eschew the danger imminent!
Speak, good Medea, tell that way to me,
And I will do it, whatsoe'er it be.
MEDEA. Then, as already you have well decreed,
Pack to your country, and in readiness
Select the army of Amazones:
When you have done, march with your female troop
To Naples' town, to succour Amurack:
And so by marriage of Iphigena,
You soon shall drive the danger clean away.
IPHI. So shall we soon eschew Charybdis' lake,
And headlong fall to Scylla's greedy gulf.
I vow'd before, and now do vow again,
Before I wed Alphonsus, I'll be slain.
MEDEA. In vain it is to strive against the stream,
Fates must be follow'd, and the Gods' decree
Must needs take place in every kind of cause.
Therefore, fair maid, bridle these brutish thoughts,
And learn to follow what the fates assign.
When Saturn heard that Jupiter his son
Should drive him headlong from his heavenly seat,
Down to the bottom of the dark Avern,
He did command his mother presently
To do to death the young and guiltless child:
But what of that? the mother loath'd in heart
For to commit so vile a massacre.
Yea, Jove did live, and as the fates did say,
From heavenly seat drave Saturn clean away.
What did avail the castle all of steel,

The which Acrisius caused to be made,
To keep his daughter Danae clogg'd in?
She was with child for all her castle's force;
And by that child Acrisius, her sire,
Was after slain, so did the fates require.
A thousand examples I could bring hereof;
But marble stones need* no colouring,
And that which every one doth know for truth,
Needs no examples to confirm the same.
That which the fates appoint, must happen so,
Though heavenly Jove, and all the Gods, say no.

FAU. Iphigena, she sayeth nought but truth,
Fates must be follow'd in their just decrees;
And therefore setting all delays aside,
Come, let us wend unto Amazone,
And gather up our forces out of hand.

IPHI. Since Fausta wills, and fates do so command,
Iphigena will never it withstand. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.†

Enter VENUS.

VEN. Thus have you seen, how Amurack himself,
Fausta his wife, and every other king,
Which holds their sceptres at the Turk his hands,
Are now in arms, intending to destroy,
And bring to nought, the prince of Arragon.
Charms have been used by wise Medea's art,
To know before what afterwards shall hap;
And King Belinus, with high Claramount,
Join'd to Arcastus,‡ which with princely pomp
Doth rule and govern all the warlike Moors,

* *need*] The 4to. "*needs.*"
† *Act IV.*] The 4to. "*Act III.*"
‡ *Arcastus*] The 4to. "*Alphonsus.*"

Are sent as legates to God Mahomet,
To know his counsel in these high affairs.
Mahound, provok'd by Amurack's discourse,
Which, as you heard, he in his dream did use,
Denies to play the prophet any more;
But by the long entreaty of his priests,
He prophecies in such a crafty sort,
As that the hearers needs must laugh for sport.
Yet poor Belinus, with his fellow kings,
Did give such credence to that forged tale,
As that they lost their dearest lives thereby,
And Amurack became a prisoner
Unto Alphonsus, as straight shall appear. [*Exit.*

Let there be a Brazen Head set in the middle of the place behind the stage, out of the which cast flames of fire. Drums rumble within. Enter two PRIESTS.

FIRST PR. My fellow priest* of Mahound's holy house,
What can you judge of these strange miracles,
Which daily happen in this sacred seat?
[*Drums rumble within.*
Hark, what a rumbling rattleth in our ears!
[*Cast flames of fire forth of the Brazen Head.*
See flakes of fire proceeding from the mouth
Of Mahomet, that God of peerless power!
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet, by these his signs, doth crave.

SEC. PR. Thrice ten times Phœbus with his golden beams
Hath compassed the circle of the sky, [beams
Thrice ten times Ceres hath her workmen hir'd,
And fill'd her barns with fruitful crops of corn,

* *priest*] The 4to. "*priests*."

Since first in priesthood I did lead my life;
Yet in this time I never heard before
Such fearful sounds, nor saw such wondrous sights;
Nor can I tell, with all the wit I have,
What Mahomet, by these his signs, doth crave.

[*Speak* [*Mahomet*] *out of the Brazen Head.*

MAH. You cannot tell, nor will you seek to know;
O perverse priest, how careless are you wax'd!
As when my foes approach unto my gates,
You stand still talking of, I cannot tell.
Go, pack you hence, and meet the Turkish kings,
Which now are drawing to my temple ward;
Tell them from me, God Mahomet is dispos'd
To prophecy no more to Amurack,
Since that his tongue is waxen now so free,
As that it needs must chat and rail at me.

[*Kneel down both.*

FIRST PR. O Mahomet, if all the solemn prayers
Which, from our childhood we have offer'd thee,
Can make thee call this sentence back again,
Bring not thy priest into this dangerous state!
For when the Turk doth hear of this repulse,
We shall be sure to die the death therefore.

MAH. Thou sayest truth: go call the princes in;
I'll prophecy unto them for this once,
But in such wise as they shall neither boast,
Nor you be hurt in any kind of wise.

Enter BELINUS, CLARAMOUNT, ARCASTUS [*and* FABIUS]: *go both the Priests to meet them;** *the first say:*

FIRST PR. You kings of Turkey, Mahomet our God,
By sacred science, having notice that
You were sent legates from high Amurack

* *them*] The 4to. "*him.*"

Unto this place, commanded us, his priests,
That we should cause you make as mickle speed
As well you might, to hear for certainty
Of that shall happen to your king and ye.

BELI. For that intent we came into this place;
And sithens that the mighty Mahomet
Is now at leisure for to tell the same,
Let us make haste and take time while we may,
For mickle danger happeneth through delay.

SEC. PR. Truth, worthy king, and therefore you yourself,
With your companions, kneel before this place,
And listen well what Mahomet doth say.

[*Kneel all down before the Brazen Head.*

BELI. As you do will, we jointly will obey.

MAH. Princes of Turkey, and ambassadors
Of Amurack to mighty Mahomet,
I need must muse, that you which erst have been
The readiest soldiers of the triple world,
Are now become so slack in your affairs,
As when you should with bloody blade in hand
Be hacking helms in thickest of your foes,
You stand still loitering in the Turkish soil.
What, know you not how that it is decreed
By all the gods, and chiefly by myself,
That you with triumph should all crowned be?
Make haste, kings, lest when the fates do see
How carelessly you do neglect their words,
They call a council, and force Mahomet
Against his will some other thing to set.
Send Fabius back to Amurack again,
To haste him forwards in his enterprize;
And march you on, with all the troops you have,
To Naples ward, to conquer Arragon,
For if you stay, both you and all your men
Must needs be sent down straight to limbo den.

SEC. PR. Muse not, brave kings, at Mahomet's discourse,
For mark what he forth of that mouth doth say,
Assure yourself it needs must happen so.
Therefore make haste, go mount you on your steeds,
And set upon Alphonsus presently.
So shall you reap great honour for your pain,
And 'scape the scourge which else the fates ordain.
[*Rise all up.*

BELI. Then, proud Alphonsus, look thou to thy crown:
Belinus comes, in glittering armour clad,
All ready prest* for to revenge the wrong
Which, not long since, you offer'd unto him;
And since we have God Mahound on our side,
The victory must needs to us betide.

CLA. Worthy Belinus, set such threats away,
And let us haste as fast as horse can trot
To set upon presumptuous Arragon.
You, Fabius, haste, as Mahound did command,
To Amurack, with all the speed you may.

FABI. With willing mind I hasten on my way.
[*Exit.*

BELI. And thinking long 'till that we be in fight,
Belinus hastes to quail Alphonsus' might.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Strike up alarum awhile. Enter CARINUS.

CARI. No sooner had God Phœbus' brightsome beams
Begun to dive within the western seas,
And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
Did take possession of Carinus' sense,
And Morpheus† shew'd me strange disguised shapes.

* *prest*] i. e. prepared. † *Morpheus*] The 4to. "*Morphei.*"

Methought I saw Alphonsus, my dear son,
Plac'd in a throne all glittering clear with gold,
Bedeck'd with diamonds, pearls, and precious stones,
Which shin'd so clear, and glitter'd all so bright,
Hyperion's coach that well be term'd it might.
Above his head a canopy was set,
Not deck'd with plumes, as other princes use,
But all beset with heads of conquer'd kings,
Install'd with crowns, which made a gallant shew,
And struck a terror to the viewers' hearts.
Under his feet lay grovelling on the ground
Thousand of princes, which he in his wars
By martial might did conquer and bring low.
Some lay as dead as either stock or stone,
Some other tumbled, wounded to the death;
But most of them, as to their sovereign king,
Did offer duly homage unto him.
As thus I stood beholding of this pomp,
Methought Alphonsus did espy me out,
And at a trice, he leaving throne alone,
Came to embrace me in his blessed arms.
Then noise of drums, and sound of trumpets shrill
Did wake Carinus from this pleasant dream.
Something, I know, is now foreshewn by this;
The Gods forefend that ought should hap amiss!

Carinus walk up and down. Enter the DUKE OF MILAN *in pilgrim's apparel, and say:*

DUKE. This is the chance of fickle fortune's wheel;
A prince at morn, a pilgrim ere it be night.
I, which erewhile did 'dain* for to possess
The proudest palace of the western world,
Would now be glad a cottage for to find,
To hide my head; so fortune hath assign'd.

* *'dain*] See note † p. 5.

Thrice Hesperus with pomp and peerless pride
Hath heav'd his head forth of the eastern seas,
Thrice Cynthia, with Phœbus' borrow'd beams,
Hath shewn her beauty through the darkish clouds,
Since that I wretched duke have tasted ought,
Or drunk a drop of any kind of drink.
Instead of beds set forth with ebony,
The greenish grass hath been my resting place,
And for my pillow stuffed with down
The hardish hillocks have suffic'd my turn.
Thus I which erst had all things at my will,
A life more hard than death do follow still.

CARI. Methinks I hear, not very far from hence,
Some woful wight lamenting his mischance:
I'll go and see if that I can espy
Him where he sits, or overhear his talk.

DUKE. O, Milan, Milan, little do'st thou think
How that thy duke is now in such distress!
For if thou did'st, I soon should be releas'd
Forth of this greedy gulph of misery.

CARI. The Milan duke! I thought as much before,
When first I glanc'd mine eyes upon his face.
This is the man which was the only cause
That I was forc'd to fly from Arragon:
High Jove be prais'd which hath allotted me
So fit a time to quite that injury.
Pilgrim, God speed.

DUKE. Welcome, grave sir, to me.

CARI. Methought as now I heard you for to speak
Of Milan land; pray do you know the same?

DUKE.* Ay, aged father, I have cause to know
Both Milan land, and all the parts thereof.

CARI. Why then, I doubt not but you can resolve
Me of a question that I shall demand.

* *Ay, aged father*, &c.] The 4to. gives these two lines to Carinus.

DUKE. Ay, that I can, whatever that it be.
CARI. Then, to be brief: not twenty winters past,
When these my limbs which wither'd are with age
Were in the prime and spring of all their youth,
I still desirous, as young gallants be,
To see the fashions of Arabia,
My native soil, and in this pilgrim's weed
Began to travel through unkenned lands.
Much ground I pass'd, and many soils I saw;
But when my feet in Milan land I set,
Such sumptuous triumphs daily there I saw
As never in my life I found the like.
I pray, good sir, what might the occasion be,
That made the Milans make such mirth and glee?
DUKE. This solemn joy whereof you now do speak
Was not solemnized, my friend, in vain,
For at that time there came into the land
The happiest tidings that they e'er did hear;
For news was brought upon that solemn day,
Unto our court, that Ferdinandus proud
Was slain himself, Carinus and his son
Were banish'd both for ever from Arragon;
And for these happy news that joy was made.
CARI. But what, I pray, did afterward become
Of old Carinus with his banish'd son?
What, hear you nothing of them all this while?
DUKE. Yes, too, too much, the Milan Duke may say.
Alphonsus first, by secret means did get
To be a soldier in Belinus' wars,
Wherein he did behave himself so well
As that he got the crown of Arragon;
Which being got, he dispossess'd also
The king Belinus which had foster'd him.
As for Carinus, he is dead and gone;
I would his son were his companion.
CARI. A blister build upon that traitor's tongue!

But for thy friendship which thou shewed'st me,
Take that of me, I frankly give it thee. [*Stab him.*
Now will I haste to Naples with all speed,
To see if fortune will so favour me,
To view Alphonsus in his happy state. [*Exit.*

Enter AMURACK, CROCON *king of Arabia*, FAUSTUS *king of Babylon*, FABIUS, *with the Turk's Janissaries.*

AMU. Fabius, come hither; what is that thou sayest?
What did God Mahound prophecy to us?
Why do our viceroys wend unto the wars,
Before their king had notice of the same?
What, do they think to play bob fool with me?
Or are they wax'd so frolic now of late,
Since that they had the leading of our bands,
As that they think that mighty Amurack
Dares do no other than to soothe them up?
Why speak'st thou not? What fond or frantic fit
Did make those careless kings to venture it?

FABI. Pardon, dear lord, no frantic fit at all,
No frolic vein, nor no presumptuous mind
Did make your viceroys take these wars in hand;
But forc'd they were by Mahound's prophecy
To do the same, or else resolve to die.

AMU. So, sir, I hear you, but can scarce believe
That Mahomet would charge them go before,
Against Alphonsus with so small a troop,
Whose number far exceeds king Xerxes' troop.

FABI. Yes, noble lord, and more than that, he said,
That ere that you, with these your warlike men,
Should come to bring your succour to the field,
Belinus, Claramount, and Arcastus too
Should all be crown'd with crowns of beaten gold,
And borne with triumphs round about their tents. [so?

AMU. With triumph, man? did Mahound tell them

Provost, go carry Fabius presently
Unto the Marshalsea; there let him rest,
Clapt sure and safe in fetters all of steel,
'Till Amurack discharge him from the same:
For be he sure, unless it happen so
As he did say Mahound did prophecy,
By this my hand, forthwith the slave shall die.

Lay hold of Fabius, and make as though you carry him out. Enter a SOLDIER *and say:*

SOLD. Stay, Provost, stay, let Fabius alone;
More fitteth now, that every lusty lad
Be buckling on his helmet, than to stand
In carrying soldiers to the Marshalsea. [sume
AMU. Why, what art thou, that darest once pre-
For to gainsay that Amurack did bid?
SOLD. I am, my lord, the wretched'st man alive,
Born underneath the planet of mishap;
Erewhile a soldier of Belinus' band,
But now—
AMU. What now?
SOLD. The mirror of mishap;
Whose captain is slain, and all his army dead,
Only excepted me, unhappy wretch.
AMU. What news is this! And is Belinus slain?
Is this the crown which Mahomet did say
He should with triumph wear upon his head?
Is this the honour which that cursed God
Did prophecy should happen to them all?
O Dædalus, and wert thou now alive
To fasten wings upon high Amurack,
Mahound should know, and that for certainty,
That Turkish kings can brook no injury!
FABI. Tush, tush, my lord; I wonder what you
Thus to exclaim against high Mahomet. [mean,
I'll lay my life, that ere this day be past,
You shall perceive his tidings all be waste.

AMU. We shall perceive, accursed Fabius!
Suffice it not that thou hast been the man
That first did'st beat those baubles in my brain,
But that to help me forward in my grief,
Thou seekest to confirm so foul a lie? [*Stab him.*
Go, get thee hence, and tell thy traitorous king
What gift you had which did such tidings bring.
And now, my lords, since nothing else will serve,
Buckle your helms, clap on your steeled coats,
Mount on your steeds, take lances in your hands,
For Amurack doth mean this very day
Proud Mahomet with weapons to assay.

SOLD. Mercy, high monarch; 'tis no time now
To spend the day in such vain threatenings
Against our God, the mighty Mahomet.
More fitteth thee to place thy men at arms
In battle 'ray, for to withstand your foes,
Which now are drawing towards you with speed.
[*Sound drums within.*
Hark, how their drums with dub a dub do come!
To arms, high lord, and set these trifles by,
That you may set upon them valiantly.

AMU. And do they come? You kings of Turkey,
Now is the time in which your warlike arms
Must raise your names above the starry skies.
Call to your mind your predecessors' acts,
Whose martial might, this many a hundred year,
Did keep those fearful dogs in dread and awe,
And let your weapons shew Alphonsus plain,
That though that they be clapped up in clay,
Yet there be branches sprung up from these trees,
In Turkish land, which brook no injuries.
Besides the same, remember with yourselves
What foes we have; not mighty Tamburlaine,
Nor soldiers trained up amongst the wars,
But fearful boors,* pick'd from their rural flock,

* *boors*] The 4to. "*bodies*."

Which, 'till this time, were wholly ignorant
What weapons meant, or bloody Mars doth crave.
More would I say, but horses that be free
Do need no spurs; and soldiers which themselves
Long and desire to buckle with the foe,
Do need no words to egg them to the same.

Enter ALPHONSUS, *with a canopy carried over him by three lords, having over each corner a king's head, crowned; with him,* ALBINIUS, LŒLIUS, MILES, *with crowns on their heads, and their Soldiers.*

Besides the same, behold whereas our foes
Are marching towards us most speedily.
Courage, my lords, ours is the victory. [bold
ALPHON. Thou Pagan dog, how dar'st thou be so
To set thy foot within Alphonsus' land?
What, art thou come to view thy wretched kings,
Whose traitorous heads bedeck'd my tents so well?
Or else, thou hearing that on top thereof
There is a place left vacant, art thou come
To have thy head possess the highest seat?
If it be so, lie down, and this my sword
Shall presently that honour thee afford.
If not, pack hence, or by the heavens I vow,
Both thou and thine shall very soon perceive
That he that seeks to move my patience
Must yield his life to me* for recompence.
AMU. Why, proud Alphonsus, think'st thou Amu- [rack,
Whose mighty force doth terrify the Gods,
Can e'er be found to turn his heels and fly
Away for fear, from such a boy as thou?
No, no, although that Mars this mickle while
Hath fortified thy weak and feeble arm,
And Fortune oft hath view'd with friendly face
Thy armies marching victors from the field,

* *me*] The 4to. "*thee*."

Yet at the presence of high Amurack
Fortune shall change, and Mars, that God of might,
Shall succour me, and leave Alphonsus quite.
ALPHON. Pagan, I say, thou greatly art deceiv'd.
I clap up Fortune in a cage of gold,
To make her turn her wheel as I think best:
And as for Mars whom you do say will change,
He moping sits behind the kitchen door,
Prest* at command of every scullion's mouth,
Who dares not stir, nor once to move a whit,
For fear Alphonsus then should stomach† it.
AMU. Blasphemous dog, I wonder that the earth
Doth cease from renting underneath thy feet,
To swallow up those canker'd corpse of thine.
I muse that Jove can bridle so his ire,
As when he hears his brother so misus'd,
He can refrain from sending thunderbolts
By thick and threefold, to revenge his wrong.
Mars fight for me, and Fortune be my guide,
And I'll be victor whatsome'er betide.
ALBI. Pray loud enough, lest that you pray in vain,
Perhaps God Mars and Fortune are‡ asleep,
AMU.§ And Mars lies slumbering on his downy bed,
Yet do not think but that the power we have,
Without the help of those celestial Gods,
Will be sufficient, yea, with small ado,
Alphonsus' straggling army to subdue.
LÆLI. You had need as then to call for Mahomet,
With hellish hags to perform the same.
FAU. High Amurack, I wonder what you mean,
That when you may with little toil, or none,
Compel these dogs to keep their tongues in peace,
You let them stand still barking in this sort:

* *Prest*] See note * p. 45.
† *stomach*] See note † p. 29. ‡ *are*] The 4to. "*is*."
§ *And Mars*, &c.] The 4to. gives these five lines to Albinius.

Believe me, sovereign, I do blush to see
These beggars' brats to chat so frolicly.
ALPHON. How now, Sir boy? Let Amurack him-
Or any he, the proudest of you all, [self,
But offer once but to unsheath his sword,
If that he dares, for all the power you have.
AMU. What, dar'st thou us? Myself will venture it.
To arms, my mates!
[*Amurack draw thy sword; Alphonsus and all the other kings draw theirs. Strike up alarum. Fly Amurack and his company: follow Alphonsus and his company.*

ACT V.

Strike up alarum. Enter VENUS.

VEN. Fierce is the fight, and bloody is the broil.
No sooner had the roaring cannon shot
Spit forth the venom of their fired paunch,
And with their pellets sent such troops of souls
Down to the bottom of the dark Avern,
As that it covered all the Stygian fields;
But on a sudden, all the men at arms
Which mounted were on lusty coursers' backs,
Did rush together with so great a noise,
As that I thought the giants one time more
Did scale the heavens, as erst they did before.
Long time dame Fortune temper'd so her wheel,
As that there was no vantage to be seen
On any side, but equal was the gain;
But at the length, so God and fates decreed,
Alphonsus was the victor of the field,
And Amurack became his prisoner;
Who so remain'd until his daughter came,
And by her marrying did his pardon frame. [*Exit.*

Strike up alarum. Fly Amurack; follow Alphonsus, and take him prisoner; carry him in. Strike up alarum. Fly Crocon and Faustus. Enter FAUSTA *and* IPHIGENA, *with their army, and meet them, and say:*

FAU. You Turkish kings, what sudden flight is this?
What mean* the men which for their valiant prowess
Were dreaded erst, clean through the triple world,
Thus cowardly to turn their backs and fly?
What froward fortune happen'd on your side?
I hope your king in safety doth abide.

CRO. Ay, noble madam, Amurack doth live,
And long I hope he shall enjoy his life;
But yet I fear, unless more succour come,
We shall both lose our king and sovereign.

FAU. How so, king Crocon? dost thou speak in jest,
To prove if Fausta would lament his death?
Or else hath any thing hapt him amiss?
Speak quickly, Crocon, what the cause might be,
That thou dost utter forth these words to me.

CRO. Then, worthy Fausta, know that Amurack,
Our mighty king, and your approved spouse,
Prick'd with desire of everlasting fame,
As he was pressing in the thickest ranks
Of Arragonians, was, with much ado,
At length took prisoner, by Alphonsus' hands.
So that unless you succour soon do bring,
You lose your spouse, and we shall want our king.

IPHI. O hapless hap, O dire and cruel fate!
What injury hath Amurack, my sire,
Done to the gods, which now I know are wroth,
Although unjustly, and without a cause?
For well I wot, not any other king,
Which now doth live, or since the world begun
Did sway a sceptre, had a greater care

* *mean*] The 4to. "*meanes.*"

To please the Gods, than mighty Amurack:
And for to quite our father's great good will,
Seek they thus basely all his fame to spill?

FAU. Iphigena, leave off these woeful tunes:
It is not words can cure and ease this wound,
But warlike swords; not tears, but sturdy spears.
High Amurack is prisoner to our foes:
What then? Think you that our Amazones,
Join'd with the forces of the Turkish troop,
Are not sufficient for to set him free?
Yes, daughter, yes, I mean not for to sleep,
Until he is free, or we him company keep.
March on, my mates. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Strike up alarum. Fly Alphonsus; follow Iphigena, and say:*

IPHI. How now, Alphonsus, you which never yet
Could meet your equal in the feats of arms,
How haps it now, that in such sudden sort
You fly the presence of a silly maid?
What have you found mine arm of such a force
As that you think your body over weak
For to withstand the fury of my blows?
Or do you else disdain to fight with me,
For staining of your high nobility?

ALPHON. No, dainty dame, I would not have thee
That ever thou, or any other wight [think
Shall live to see Alphonsus fly the field
From any king or keisar whosome'er:
First will I die in thickest of my foe,
Before I will disbase mine honour so.
Nor do I scorn, thou goddess, for to stain
My prowess with thee, although it be a shame
For knights to combat with the female sect.*
But love, sweet mouse, hath so benumb'd my wit,
That though I would, I must refrain from it.

IPHI. I thought as much when first I came to wars:

* *sect*] i. e. sex.

Your noble acts were fitter to be writ
Within the table of dame Venus' son
Than in God Mars his warlike registers.
Whenas your lords are hacking helms abroad,
And make their spears to shiver in the air,
Your mind is busied in fond Cupid's toys.
Come on, i'faith, I'll teach you for to know,
We came to fight, and not to love, I trow.

ALPHON. Nay, virgin, stay, and if thou wilt vouch-safe
To entertain Alphonsus' simple suit,
Thou shalt ere long be monarch of the world.
All christen'd kings, with all your pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigena.
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground,
Shall be received on the golden mines.
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tivole mount,
Shall be thine own, and all the world beside,
If you will grant to be Alphonsus' bride.

IPHI. Alphonsus' bride! Nay, villain, do not think
That fame or riches can so rule my thoughts,
As for to make me love and fancy him
Whom I do hate, and in such sort despise,
As if my death could bring to pass his bane,
I would not long from Pluto's port remain.

ALPHON. Nay then, proud peacock, since thou art so stout
As that entreaty will not move thy mind,
For to consent to be my wedded spouse,
Thou shalt in spite of gods and fortune too
Serve high Alphonsus as a concubine.

IPHI. I'll rather die than ever that shall hap.

ALPHON. And thou shalt die unless it come to pass.

Alphonsus and Iphigena fight. Iphigena fly: follow Alphonsus. Strike up alarum. Enter AL-

PHONSUS, *with his rapier*, ALBINIUS, LŒLIUS, MILES, *with their Soldiers*; AMURACK, FAUSTA, IPHIGENA, CROCON, *and* FAUSTUS, *all bound, with their hands behind them.* AMURACK *look angrily on Fausta.*

Enter MEDEA *and say:*

MEDEA. Nay, Amurack, this is no time to jar,
Although thy wife did, in her frantic mood,
Use speeches which might better have been spar'd,
Yet do thou not judge the same time to be
A season to requite that injury.
More fitteth thee with all the wit thou hast,
To call to mind which way thou may'st release
Thyself, thy wife, and fair Iphigena,
Forth of the power of stout Alphonsus' hands:
For well I wot, since first you breathed breath,
You never were so nigh the snares of death.
Now, Amurack, your high and kingly seat,
Your royal sceptre, and your stately crown,
Your mighty country, and your men at arms,
Be conquer'd all, and can no succour bring.
Put, then, no trust in these same paltry toys,
But call to mind that thou a prisoner art,
Clapt up in chains, whose life and death depend*
Upon the hands of thy most mortal foe.
Then take thou heed, that whatsome'er he say,
Thou do'st not once presume for to gainsay.

AMU. Away, you fool, think you your cursed charms
Can bridle so the mind of Amurack,
As that he will stand crouching to his foe?
No, no, be sure that if that beggar's brat
Do dare but once to contrary my will,
I'll make him soon in heart for to repent,
That e'er such words 'gainst Amurack he spent.

* *death depend*] The 4to. "*deaths depends.*"

MEDEA. Then since thou do'st disdain my good
Look to thyself, and if you fare amiss, [advice,
Remember that Medea counsel gave,
Which might you safe from all those perils save.
But, Fausta, you, as well you have begun,
Beware you follow still your friend's advice:
If that Alphonsus do desire of thee
To have your daughter for his wedded spouse,
Beware you do not once the same gainsay,
Unless with death he do your rashness pay.
FAU. No, worthy wight; first Fausta means to die
Before Alphonsus she will contrary.
MEDEA. Why then farewell; but you, Iphigena,
Beware you do not over squeamish wax,
Whenas your mother giveth her consent.
IPHI. The gods forbid that e'er I should gainsay
That which Medea bids me to obey. [*Exit Medea.*
[*Rise up Alphonsus out of his chair, who all this while hath been talking to Albinius, and say:*
ALPHON. Now, Amurack, the proud blasphemous dogs
(For so you termed us) which did brawl and rail
Against God Mars, and fickle Fortune's wheel,
Have got the goal for all your solemn prayers.
Yourself are prisoner, which as then did think
That all the forces of the triple world
Were insufficient to fulfil the same.
How like you this? Is Fortune of such might,
Or hath God Mars such force or power divine,
As that he can, with all the power he hath,
Set thee and thine forth of Alphonsus' hands?
I do not think but that your hope's so small,
As that you would with very willing mind
Yield for my spouse the fair Iphigena,
On that condition, that without delay
Fausta and you may scot-free 'scape away.

AMU. What, think'st thou, villain, that high Amu-
Bears such a mind, as for the fear of death [rack
He'll yield his daughter, yea, his only joy,
Into the hands of such a dunghill knight?
No, traitor, no, for as now I lie
Clapt up in irons, and with bolts of steel,
Yet do there lurk within the Turkish soil
Such troops of soldiers, that with small ado,
They'll set me scot-free from your men and you.

ALPHON. Villain, say'st thou? traitor and dunghill knight?
Now by the heavens, since that thou dost deny
For to fulfil that which in gentle wise
Alphonsus craves, both thou and all thy train
Shall with your lives requite that injury.
Albinius, lay hold of Amurack,
And carry him to prison presently,
There to remain until I do return
Into my tent, for by high Jove I vow,
Unless he wax more calmer out of hand,
His head amongst his fellow kings shall stand!

[*Albinius carry Amurack forth, who as he is a going, must say:*

AMU. No, villain, think not that the fear of death
Shall make me calmer while I draw my breath.

ALPHON. Now, Lœlius, take you Iphigena,
Her mother Fausta, with these other kings,
And put them into prison severally;
For Amurack's stout stomach shall undo
Both he himself, and all his other crew.

[*Fausta kneel down.*

FAU. O sacred prince, if that the salt-brine tears,
Distilling down poor Fausta's wither'd cheeks,
Can mollify the hardness of your heart,
Lessen this judgment, which thou in thy rage
Hast given on thy luckless prisoners!

ALPHON. Woman, away, my word is gone and past;
Now if I would I cannot call it back.
You might have yielded at my first demand,
And then you needed* not to fear this hap.
Lœlius, make haste, and go thou presently
For to fulfil, that I commanded thee.

[*Rise up Fausta; kneel down Iphigena and say:*

IPHI. Mighty Alphonsus, since my mother's suit
Is so rejected, that in any case
You will not grant us pardon for her sake,
I now will try if that my woeful prayers
May plead for pity at your Grace's feet.
When first you did amongst the thickest ranks
All clad in glittering arms encounter me,
You know yourself what love you did protest
You then did bear unto Iphigena.
Then for that love, if any love you had,
Revoke this sentence, which is too, too bad.

ALPHON. No, damsel, damsel; he that will not when he may,
When he desires shall surely purchase nay:
If that you had, when first I proffer made,
Yielded to me, mark, what I promis'd you,
I would have done; but since you did deny,
Look for denial at Alphonsus' hands.

Rise up Iphigena, and stand aside. Alphonsus talk with Albinius. Enter CARINUS *in his pilgrim's clothes and say:*

CARI. O friendly Fortune, now thou shew'st thy power,
In raising up my son from banish'd state
Unto the top of thy most mighty wheel!
But, what be these, which at his sacred feet
Do seem to plead for mercy at his hands?
I'll go and sift this matter to the full.

[*Go toward Alphonsus, and speak to one of his soldiers.*

* *needed*] The 4to. "*need.*"

Sir knight, and may a pilgrim be so bold
To put your person to such mickle pain,
For to inform me what great king is this,
And what these be, which, in such woeful sort,
Do seem to seek for mercy at his hands?

Sol. Pilgrim, the king that sits on stately throne
Is called Alphonsus; and this matron hight,*
Fausta, the wife to Amurack the Turk;
That is their daughter, fair Iphigena;
Both which, together with the Turk himself,
He did take prisoners in a battle fought.

[*Alphonsus*] *spy out Carinus, and say:*

Alphon. And can the gods be found so kind to me,
As that Carinus now I do espy?
'Tis he indeed. Come on, Albinius:
The mighty conquest which I have atchiev'd,
And victories the which I oft have won,
Bring not such pleasure to Alphonsus' heart,
As now my father's presence doth impart.

[*Alphonsus and Albinius go toward Carinus; Alphonsus stand looking on Carinus; Carinus say:*

Cari. What ne'er a word, Alphonsus? art thou dumb?
Or doth my presence so perturb thy mind,
That for because I come in pilgrim's weed,
You think each word which you do spend to me
A great disgrace unto your name to be?
Why speak'st thou not? If that my place you crave,
I will begone, and you my place shall have.

Alphon. Nay, father, stay; the Gods of heaven forbid
That e'er Alphonsus should desire or wish
To have his absence, whom he doth account
To be the loadstone of his life!
What though the Fates and Fortune both in one,
Have been content to call your loving son

* *hight*] See note † p. 16.

From beggar's state unto this princely seat,
Should I therefore disdain my aged sire?
No, first both crown and life I will detest,
Before such venom breed within my breast.
What erst I did, the sudden joy I took
To see Carinus in such happy state,
Did make me do, and nothing else at all,
High Jove himself, do I to witness call.

CARI. These words are vain, I knew as much
But yet, Alphonsus, I must wonder needs, [before.
That you, whose years are prone* to Cupid's snares,
Can suffer such a goddess as this dame
Thus for to shed such store of crystal tears.
Believe me, son, although my years be spent,
Her sighs and sobs in twain my heart do rent.

ALPHON. Like power, dear father, had she over me,
Until for love, I looking to receive
Love back again, not only was denied,
But also taunted in most spiteful sort:
Which made me loathe that which I erst did love,
As she herself, with all her friends shall prove.

CARI. How now, Alphonsus? You which have so long
Been trained up in bloody broils of Mars,
What, know you not that castles are not won
At first assault, and women are not woo'd
When first their suitors proffer love to them?
As for my part, I should account that maid
A wanton wench, unconstant, lewd and light,
That yields the field before she venture fight;
Especially unto her mortal foe,
As you were then unto Iphigena.
But, for because I see you fitter are
To enter lists, and combat with your foes,

* *prone*] The 4to. "*proue*."

Than court fair ladies in God Cupid's tents,
Carinus means your spokesman for to be,
And if that she consent, you shall agree.
ALPHON. What you command Alphonsus must
Though otherwise perhaps he would deny. [not fly,
CARI. Then, dainty damsel, stint these trickling
tears,
Cease sighs and sobs, yea, make a merry cheer:
Your pardon is already purchased,
So that you be not over curious *
In granting to Alphonsus' just demand.
IPHI. Thanks, mighty prince, no curioser I'll be
Than doth become a maid of my degree.
CARI. The gods forbid that e'er Carinus tongue
Should go about to make a maid consent
Unto the thing which modesty denies.
That which I ask, is neither hurt to thee,
Danger to parents, nor disgrace to friends,
But good and honest, and will profit bring
To thee, and those which lean unto that thing.
And that is this: since first Alphonsus' eyes
Did hap to glance upon your heavenly hue,
And saw the rare perfection of the same,
He hath desired to become your spouse:
Now, if you will unto the same agree,
I dare assure you that you shall be free.
IPHI. Pardon, dear lord, the world goes very hard,
When womenkind are forced for to woo;
If that your son had loved me so well,
Why did he not inform me of the same?
CARI. Why did he not! What, have you clean
What ample proffers he did make to you, [forgot
When, hand to hand, he did encounter you?
IPHI. No, worthy sir, I have not it forgot,
But Cupid cannot enter in the breast,

* *curious*] i. e. scrupulous.

Where Mars before had took possession.
That was no time to talk of Venus' games,
When all our fellows were press'd in the wars.
CARI. Well, let that pass: now can'st thou be content
To love Alphonsus, and become his spouse?
IPHI. Ay, if the high Alphonsus could vouchsafe
To entertain me as his wedded spouse.
ALPHON. If that he could! What, do'st thou doubt of that?
Jason did jet* whenas he had obtain'd
The golden fleece by wise Medea's art;
The Greeks rejoiced when they had subdued
The famous bulwarks of most stately Troy;
But all their mirth was nothing in respect
Of this my joy, since that I now have got
That which I long desired in my heart.
CARI. But what says Fausta to her daughter's choice?
FAU. Fausta doth say, the Gods have been her friends,
To let her live to see Iphigena
Bestowed so unto her heart's content.
ALPHON. Thanks, mighty empress, for your gentleness;
And if Alphonsus can at any time
With all his power requite this courtesy,
You shall perceive how kindly he doth take
Your forwardness in this his happy chance.
CARI. Albinius, go call forth Amurack:
We'll see what he doth say unto this match.
[*Exit Albinius; bring forth Amurack.*
Most mighty Turk, I with my warlike son,
Alphonsus, loathing that so great a prince
As you should live in such unseemly sort,

* *jet*] i. e. strut.

Have sent for you to proffer life or death;
Life, if you do consent to our demand,
And death, if that you dare gainsay the same.
Your wife, high Fausta, with Iphigena,
Have given consent that this my warlike son
Should have your daughter for his bedfellow:
Now resteth nought but that you do agree,
And so to purchase sure tranquillity.

AMU. Now, Amurack, advise thee what thou sayest;
Bethink thee well what answer thou wilt make:
Thy life and death dependeth on thy words.
If thou deny to be Alphonsus' sire,
Death is thy share, but if that thou consent,
Thy life is sav'd. Consent! nay, rather die:
Should I consent to give Iphigena
Into the hands of such a beggar's brat?
What, Amurack, thou dost deceive thyself;
Alphonsus is the son unto a king:
What then? then worthy of thy daughter's love.
She is agreed, and Fausta is content;
Then Amurack will not be discontent.

[*Take Iphigena by the hand, give her to Alphonsus.*
Here, brave Alphonsus, take thou at my hand
Iphigena, I give her unto thee;
And for her dowry, when her father die,
Thou shalt possess the Turkish empery.
Take her, I say, and live king Nestor's years:
So would the Turk, and all his noble peers.

ALPHON. Immortal thanks I give unto your Grace.

CARI. Now, worthy princes, since by help of Jove
On either side the wedding is decreed,
Come, let us wend to Naples speedily,
For to solemnize it with mirth and glee.

AMU. As you do will, we jointly do agree.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter VENUS, *with the* MUSES, *and say :*

VEN. Now, worthy Muses, with unwilling mind,
Venus is forc'd to trudge to heavens again,
For Jupiter, that God of peerless power
Proclaimed hath a solemn festival,
In honour of dame Danae's luckless death ;
Unto the which, in pain of his displeasure,
He hath invited all the immortal gods
And goddesses, so that I must be there,
Unless I will his high displeasure bear.
You see Alphonsus hath, with much ado,
At length obtained fair Iphigena
Of Amurack her father, for his wife,
Who now are going to the temple wards,
For to perform dame Juno's sacred rites,
Where we will leave them, till the feast be done,
Which, in the heavens, by this time is begun.
Meantime, dear Muses, wander you not far
Forth of the path of high Parnassus' hill,
That when I come to finish up his life,
You may be ready for to succour me :
Adieu, dear dames, farewell, Calliope.

[*Exit Venus ; or, if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up.*

CAL. Adieu, you sacred goddess of the sky.
Well, loving sisters, since that she is gone,
Come, let us haste unto Parnassus' hill
As Cytherea did lately will.

MELPOM. Then make you haste her mind for to fulfill.

[*Exeunt omnes, playing on their instruments.*

JAMES THE FOURTH.

The Scottish Historie of James the fourth, slaine at Flodden. Intermixed with a pleasant Comedie, presented by Oboram King of Fayeries: As it hath bene sundrie times publikely plaide. Written by Robert Greene, Maister of Arts. Omne tulit punctum. London Printed by Thomas Creede. 1598. 4to.

This play is most incorrectly printed; and several passages are corrupted beyond the power of emendation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF ENGLAND,
KING OF SCOTS,
DOUGLAS,
MORTON,
ROSS,
BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS,
SIR BARTRAM,
EUSTACE,
SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON,
ATEUKIN,
JAQUES,
A LAWYER,
A MERCHANT,
A DIVINE,
SLIPPER,
NANO, *a Dwarf*, } *Sons to Bohan*,
ANDREW,
PURVEYOR, HERALD, SCOUT, HUNTSMEN,
SOLDIERS, &c.

DOROTHEA, *Queen of Scots*,
COUNTESS OF ARRAN,
IDA, *her Daughter*,
LADY ANDERSON,
LADIES, &c.

OBERON, *King of Fairies*,
BOHAN,
ANTICS, FAIRIES, &c.

JAMES THE FOURTH.

Music playing within. Enter ASTER OBERON, *king of fairies,* [*and*] *an* ANTIC,* *who dance about a tomb placed conveniently on the stage, out of the which suddenly starts up, as they dance,* BOHAN, *a Scot, attired like a ridstall*† *man, from whom the Antic flies.* OBERON *manet.*

BOH. AY say, what's thou?
OBER. Thy friend, Bohan.
BOH. What wot I, or reck I that? Whay, guid man, I reck no friend, nor ay reck no foe; als ene to me. Get thee ganging, and trouble not may whayet, or ays gar thee recon me nene of thay friend, by the mary mass sall I.

OBER. Why, angry Scot, I visit thee for love; then what moves thee to wrath?

BOH. The deil awhit reck I thy love; for I know too well that true love took her flight twenty winter sence to heaven, whither till ay can, weel I wot, ay sall ne'er find love: an thou lovest me, leave me to myself. But what were those puppets that hopped and skipped about me year whayle?

* *an Antic*] But from the conversation between Oberon and Bohan, it is plain that more than one Antic dances, and that Oberon does not join in the sport.

† *ridstall*] Qy. "*Riddesdale.*"

Ober. My subjects.

Boh. Thay subjects! whay, art thou a king?

Ober. I am.

Boh. The deil thou art! whay, thou lookest not so big as the king of clubs, nor so sharp as the king of spades, nor so fain as the king a' daymonds: be the mass, ay take thee to be the king of false hearts; therefore I rid thee away, or ayse so curry your kingdom, that you's be glad to run to save your life.

Ober. Why, stoical Scot, do what thou darest to me; here is my breast, strike.

Boh. Thou wilt not threap me, this whinyard has gard many better men to lope than thou. But how now? Gos sayds, what, wilt not out? Whay, thou witch, thou deil! Gads fute, may whinyard!

Ober. Why, pull, man: but what an 'twere out, how then?

Boh. This, then, thou wear't best begone first: for ay'l so lop thy limbs, that thou's go with half a knave's carcass to the deil.

Ober. Draw it out: now strike, fool, canst thou not?

Boh. Bread ay gad, what deil is in me? Whay, tell me, thou skipjack, what art thou?

Ober. Nay first tell me what thou wast from thy birth, what thou hast past hitherto, why thou dwellest in a tomb, and leavest the world? and then I will release thee of these bonds; before, not.

Boh. And not before! then needs must, needs sall. I was born a gentleman of the best blood in all Scotland, except the king. When time brought me to age, and death took my parents, I became a courtier, where though ay list not praise myself, ay engraved the memory of Bohan* on the skin-coat of some of them, and revelled with the proudest.

* *Bohan*] Here the 4to. "*Boughon*."

Ober. But why, living in such reputation, didst thou leave to be a courtier?

Boh. Because my pride was vanity, my expense loss, my reward fair words and large promises, and my hopes spilt, for that after many years' service one outran me, and what the deil should I then do there? No, no; flattering knaves that can cog and prate fastest, speed best in the court.

Ober. To what life didst thou then betake thee?

Boh. I then changed the court for the country, and the wars for a wife: but I found the craft of swains more wise than the servants, and wives' tongues worse than the wars itself, and therefore I gave o'er that, and went to the city to dwell; and there, I kept a great house with small cheer, but all was ne'er the near.*

Ober. And why?

Boh. Because, in seeking friends, I found table-guests to eat me and my meat, my wife's gossips to bewray the secrets of my heart, kindred to betray the effect of my life: which when I noted, the court ill, the country worse, and the city worst of all, in good time my wife died,—ay would she had died twenty winter sooner by the mass,—leaving† my two sons to the world, and shutting myself into this tomb, where if I die I am sure I am safe from wild beasts, but whilst I live cannot be free from ill company. Besides now I am [sure] gif all my friends fail me, I sall have a grave of mine own providing, this is all. Now, what art thou?

Ober. Oberon, king of fairies, that loves thee because thou hatest the world; and to gratulate thee, I brought these Antics to shew thee some sport in dancing, which thou hast loved well.

* *ne'er the near*] See note † vol. i. p. 167.

† *leaving*, &c.] Some words seem wanting here. Greene, now and then, forgets to make Bohan adhere to the Scottish dialect.

Boh. Ha, ha, ha! Thinkest thou those puppets can please me? whay, I have two sons, that with one Scottish jig shall break the necks of thy Antics.

Ober. That I would fain see.

Boh. Why, thou shalt. How, boys!

Enter Slipper *and* Nano.

Haud your clucks, lads, trattle not for thy life, but gather opp your legs and dance me forthwith a jig worth the sight.

Slip. Why, I must talk, an* I die for't: wherefore was my tongue made?

Boh. Prattle, an thou darest, one word more, and ais dab this whinyard in thy womb.

Ober. Be quiet, Bohan. I'll strike him dumb, and his brother too: their talk shall not hinder our jig. Fall to it, dance, I say, man.

Boh. Dance Heimore, dance, ay rid thee.

[*The two dance a jig devised for the nonst.*† Now get you to the wide world with more than my father gave me, that's learning enough both kinds, knavery and honesty; and that I gave you, spend at pleasure.

Ober. Nay, for their sport I will give them this gift: to the dwarf I give a quick wit, pretty of body, and a warrant his preferment to a prince's service, where by his wisdom he shall gain more love than common; and to loggerhead your son I give a wandering life, and promise he shall never lack, and avow that, if in all distresses he call upon me, to help him. Now let them go.

[*Exeunt* [*Slipper and Nano*] *with courtesies.*

Boh. Now, king, if thou be a king, I will shew thee whay I hate the world by demonstration. In the year 1520, was in Scotland a king, over-ruled with parasites, misled by lust, and many circum-

* *an*] The 4to. "*on*." † *nonst*] or *nonce*—i. e. occasion.

stances too long to trattle on now, much like our court of Scotland this day. That story have I set down. Gang with me to the gallery, and I'll* shew thee the same in action, by guid fellows of our countrymen, and then when thou see'st that, judge if any wise man would not leave the world if he could.

OBER. That will I see: lead, and I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Laus Deo deter in eternum.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the KING OF ENGLAND, *the* KING OF SCOTS, DOROTHEA *his Queen, the* COUNTESS, LADY IDA, *with other Lords; and* ATEUKIN *with them, aloof.*

K. OF SCOTS. Brother of England, since our neighbouring land,
And near alliance, do† invite our loves,
The more I think upon our last accord,
The more I grieve your sudden parting hence.
First, laws of friendship did confirm our peace,
Now both the seal of faith and marriage bed,
The name of father, and the style of friend;
These force in me affection full confirm'd;
So that I grieve, and this my hearty grief
The heavens record, the world may witness well,
To lose your presence, who are now to me
A father, brother, and a vowed friend. [in one:

K. OF ENG. Link all these lovely styles, good king,
And since thy grief exceeds in my depart,
I leave my Dorothea to enjoy
Thy whole compact [of] loves and plighted vows.
Brother of Scotland, this is my joy, my life,

* *I'll*] The 4to. "*he.*" † *do*] The 4to. "*doth.*"

Her father's honour, and her country's hope,
Her mother's comfort, and her husband's bliss:
I tell thee, king, in loving of my Doll,
Thou bind'st her father's heart, and all his friends,
In bands of love, that death cannot dissolve.

K. of Scots. Nor can her father love her like to me,
My life's light, and the comfort of my soul.
Fair Dorothea, that wast England's pride,
Welcome to Scotland; and, in sign of love,
Lo, I invest thee with the Scottish crown.
Nobles and ladies, stoop unto your queen,
And trumpets sound, that heralds may proclaim
Fair Dorothea peerless queen of Scots!

All. Long live and prosper our fair queen of Scots!

[*Install and crown her.*

Dor. Thanks to the king of kings for my dignity;
Thanks to my father that provides so carefully;
Thanks to my lord and husband for this honour;
And thanks to all that love their king and me.

All. Long live fair Dorothea, our true queen!

K. of Eng. Long shine the sun of Scotland in her pride,
Her father's comfort, and fair Scotland's bride!
But, Dorothea, since I must depart,
And leave thee from thy tender mother's charge,
Let me advise my lovely daughter first
What best befits her in a foreign land.
Live, Doll, for many eyes shall look on thee,
Have care of honour and the present state;
For she that steps to height of majesty
Is even the mark whereat the enemy aims:
Thy virtues shall be construed to vice;
Thine affable discourse to abject mind;
If coy, detracting tongues will call thee proud.
Be therefore wary in this slippery state:
Honour thy husband, love him as thy life,

Make choice of friends, as eagles of their young,
Who soothe no vice, who flatter not for gain,
But love such friends as do the truth maintain.
Think on these lessons when thou art alone,
And thou shalt live in health when I am gone.

DOR. I will engrave these precepts in my heart:
And as the wind with calmness wooes you hence,
Even so I wish the heavens in all mishaps
May bless my father with continual grace.

K. OF ENG. Then, son, farewell:
The favouring winds invite* us to depart.
Long circumstance in taking princely leaves
Is more officious than convenient.
Brother of Scotland, love me in my child;
You greet me well, if so you will her good.

K. OF SCOTS. Then, lovely Doll, and all that favour me,
Attend to see our English friends at sea:
Let all their charge depend upon my purse:
They are our neighbours, by whose kind accord
We dare attempt the proudest potentate.
Only, fair countess, and your daughter, stay;
With you I have some other thing to say.

[*Exeunt all, save the King, the Countess, Ida, Ateukin, in all royalty.*

K. OF SCOTS. So let them triumph, that have cause to joy:
But, wretched king, thy nuptial knot is death,
Thy bride the breeder of thy country's ill;
For thy false heart dissenting from thy hand,
Misled by love, hath† made another choice,
Another choice, even when thou vow'd'st thy soul
To Dorothea, England's choicest pride:
O, then thy wandering eyes bewitch'd thy heart!
Even in the chapel did thy fancy change,
When, perjur'd man, though fair Doll had thy hand,

* *invite*] The 4to. "*invites*." † *hath*] The 4to. "*hast*."

The Scottish Ida's beauty stale thy heart:
Yet fear and love have* tied thy ready tongue
From blabbing forth the passions of thy mind,
'Less† fearful silence have in subtle looks
Bewray'd the treason of my new vow'd love.
Be fair and lovely, Doll; but here's the prize,
That lodgeth here, and enter'd through mine eyes:
Yet, howsoe'er I love, I must be wise.
Now, lovely countess, what reward or grace
May I impose‡ on you for this your zeal,
And humble honours done us in our court,
In entertainment of the English king?

COUNT. It was of duty, prince, that I have done;
And what in favour may content me most,
Is, that it please your grace to give me leave
For to return unto my country home. [same?

K. OF SCOTS. But, lovely Ida, is your mind the

IDA. I count of court, my lord, as wise men do,
'Tis fit for those that know§ what 'longs thereto:
Each person to his place; the wise to art,
The cobler to his clout, the swain to cart. [shines,

K. OF SCOTS. But, Ida, you are fair, and beauty
And seemeth best, where pomp her pride refines.

IDA. If beauty, as I know there's none in me,
Were sworn my love, and I his life should be,
The farther from the court I were remov'd,
The more I think of heaven I were belov'd.

K. OF SCOTS. And why?

IDA. Because the court is counted Venus' net,
Where gifts and vows for stales are often set:
None, be she chaste as Vesta, but shall meet
A curious tongue to charm her ears with sweet.

K. OF SCOTS. Why, Ida, then I see you set at
The force of love. [naught

IDA. In sooth this is my thought,

* *have*] The 4to. "*hath*."
† '*Less*] The 4to. "*Lest*."
‡ *impose*] The 4to. "*imploy*."
§ *know*] The 4to. "*knowes*."

Most gracious king: that they that little prove,
Are mickle blest from bitter sweets of love.
And weel I wot, I heard a shepherd sing,
That, like a bee, Love hath a little sting:
He lurks in flowers, he percheth on the trees,
He on king's pillows bends his pretty knees;
The boy is blind, but when he will not spy,
He hath a leaden foot and wings to fly:
Beshrow me yet, for all these strange effects,
If I would like the lad that so infects.

K. of Scots. Rare wit, fair face, what heart could more desire?

But Doll is fair and doth concern thee near:
Let Doll be fair, she is won; but I must woo,
And win fair Ida, there's some choice in two.
But, Ida, thou art coy.

Ida. And why, dread king?

K. of Scots. In that you will dispraise so sweet a thing
As love. Had I my wish—

Ida. What then?

K. of Scots. Then would I place
His arrow here, his beauty in that face.

Ida. And were Apollo mov'd and rul'd by me,
His wisdom should be yours, and mine his tree.

K. of Scots. But here returns our train.

Enters the Train back [i. e. the Queen and Lords.]

Welcome, fair Doll:
How fares our father, is he shipp'd and gone?

Dor. My royal father is both shipp'd and gone:
God and fair winds direct him to his home!

K. of Scots. Amen, say I—would thou wert with him too!
Then might I have a fitter time to woo.—
But, countess, you would be gone, therefore, farewell:
Yet, Ida, if thou wilt, stay thou behind

To accompany my queen:
But if thou like the pleasures of the court,
Or if she like'd me though she left the court,—
What should I say? I know not what to say.
You may depart: and you, my courteous queen,
Leave me a space, I have a weighty cause
To think upon: Ida, it nips me near;
It came from thence, I feel it burning here.
[*Exeunt all saving the King and Ateukin.*
Now am I free from sight of common eye,
Where to myself I may disclose the grief,
That hath too great a part in mine affects. [rise,
ATEU. And now is my time by wiles and words to
Greater than those that think * themselves more wise.
K. OF SCOTS. And first, fond king, thy honour doth engrave
Upon thy brows the drift of thy disgrace.
Thy new-vow'd love, in sight of God and men,
Links † thee to Dorothea, during life:
For who more fair and virtuous than thy wife?
Deceitful murderer of a quiet mind,
Fond love, vile lust, that thus misleads us men,
To vow our faiths, and fall to sin again!
But kings stoop not to every common thought:
Ida is fair and wise, fit for a king;
And for fair Ida will I hazard life,
Venture my kingdom, country, and my crown:
Such fire hath love to burn a kingdom down.
Say, Doll dislikes that I estrange my love;
Am I obedient to a woman's look?
Nay say, her father frown, when he shall hear
That I do hold fair Ida's love so dear;
Let father frown and fret, and fret and die,

* *think*] The 4to. "*thinks.*"
† *Links*] The 4to. "*Link.*"

Nor earth nor heaven shall part my love and I.
Yea, they shall part us, but we first must meet,
And woo and win, and yet the world not see't.
Yea, there's the wound, and wounded with that thought,
So let me die, for all my drift is naught.
ATEU. Most gracious and imperial majesty—
A little flattery more were but too much.*
K. OF SCOTS. Villain, what art thou
That thus dar'st interrupt a prince's secrets?
ATEU. Dread king, thy vassal is a man of art,
Who knows by constellation of the stars,
By oppositions and by dry aspects,
The things are past, and those that are to come.
K. OF SCOTS. But where's thy warrant to approach my presence?
ATEU. My zeal and ruth to see your Grace's wrong,
Makes me lament I did detract so long.
K. OF SCOTS. If thou know'st thoughts, tell me, what mean I now?
ATEU. I'll calculate the cause
Of those your Highness' smiles, and tell your thoughts.
K. OF SCOTS. But lest thou spend thy time in idleness,
And miss the matter that my mind aims at,
Tell me,
What star was opposite when that was thought?
[*He strikes him on the ear.*
ATEU. 'Tis inconvenient, mighty potentate,
Whose looks resemble Jove in majesty,
To scorn the sooth of science with contempt:
I see in those imperial looks of yours
The whole discourse of love. Saturn combust,
With direful looks at your nativity,
Beheld fair Venus in her silver orb.
I know by certain axioms I have read,

* *A little*, &c.] This line the 4to. gives to the king.

Your Grace's griefs, and further can express
Her name, that holds you thus in fancy's bands.
K. of Scots. Thou talkest wonders.
Ateu. Nought but truth, O king.
'Tis Ida is the mistress of your heart,
Whose youth must take impression of affects;
For tender twigs will bow, and milder minds
Will yield to fancy, be they follow'd well.
K. of Scots. What god art thou, compos'd in human shape,
Or bold Trophonius, to decide our doubts?
How know'st thou this?
Ateu. Even as I know the means
To work your Grace's freedom and your love.
Had I the mind, as many courtiers have,
To creep into your bosom for your coin,
And beg rewards for every cap and knee,
I then would say, if that your Grace would give
This lease, this manor, or this patent seal'd,
For this or that I would effect your love:
But Ateukin is no parasite, O prince!
I know your Grace knows scholars are but poor,
And therefore, as I blush to beg a fee,
Your Mightiness is so magnificent,
You cannot choose but cast some gift apart,
To ease my bashful need that cannot beg.
As for your love, O might I be employ'd,
How faithfully would Ateukin compass it!
But princes rather trust a smoothing tongue,
Than men of art that can accept the time.
K. of Scots. Ateukin, if so thy name, for so thou
Thine art appears in entrance of my love; [say'st,
And since I deem thy wisdom match'd with truth,
I will exalt thee, and thyself alone
Shall be the agent to dissolve my grief.
Sooth is, I love, and Ida is my love;

But my new marriage nips me near, Ateukin,
For Dorothea may not brook th' abuse.
ATEU. These lets are but as moths against the sun,
Yet not so great; like dust before the wind,
Yet not so light. Tut, pacify your Grace:
You have the sword and sceptre in your hand;
You are the king, the state depends on you;
Your will is law. Say that the case were mine:
Were she my sister whom your Highness loves,
She should consent, for that our lives, our goods,
Depend on you; and if your queen repine,
Although my nature cannot brook of blood,
And scholars grieve to hear of murderous deeds,
But if the lamb should let the lion's way,
By my advice the lamb should lose her life.
Thus am I bold to speak unto your Grace,
Who am too base to kiss your royal feet,
For I am poor, nor have I land nor rent,
Nor countenance here in court, but for my love,
Your Grace shall find none such within the realm.
K. OF SCOTS. Wilt thou effect my love, shall she be mine?
ATEU. I'll gather moly-rocus, and the herbs
That heal* the wounds of body and the mind;
I'll set out charms and spells, nought† shall be left
To tame the wanton if she shall rebel:
Give me but tokens of your Highness' trust.
K. OF SCOTS. Thou shalt have gold, honour, and wealth enough;
Win my love, and I will make thee great.
ATEU. These words do make me rich, most noble prince;
I am more proud of them than any wealth.
Did not your Grace suppose I flatter you,

* *heal*] The 4to. "*heales.*"
† *nought*] The 4to. "nought *else.*"

Believe me, I would boldly publish this;
Was never eye that saw a sweeter face,
Nor never ear that heard a deeper wit:
O God, how I am ravish'd in your worth! [ease.

K. OF SCOTS. Ateukin, follow me; love must have

ATEU. I'll kiss your Highness' feet, march when you please. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SLIPPER, NANO, *and* ANDREW, *with their bills, ready written, in their hands.*

AND. Stand back, sir; mine shall stand highest.

SLIP. Come under mine arm, sir, or get a foot-stool; or else, by the light of the moon, I must come to it.

NANO. Agree, my masters; every man to his height; though I stand lowest, I hope to get the best master.

AND. Ere I will stoop to a thistle, I will change turns; as good luck comes on the right hand as the left: here's for me, and me, and mine. But tell me, fellows, till better occasion come, do you seek masters?

AMBO. We do.

AND. But what can you do worthy preferment?

NANO. Marry, I can smell a knave from a rat.

SLIP. And I can lick a dish before a cat.

AND. And I can find too fools unsought,—how like you that? But in earnest, now tell me of what trades are you two?

SLIP. How mean you that, sir, of what trade? Marry, I'll tell you, I have many trades: the honest trade when I needs must; the filching trade, when time serves; the cozening trade, as I find occasion. And I have more qualities; I cannot abide a full cup unkissed, a fat capon uncarved, a full purse unpicked, nor a fool to prove a justice as you do.

And. Why, sot, why callest thou me fool?
Nano. For examining wiser than thyself.
And. So do* many more than I in Scotland.
Nano. Yea, those are such as have more authority than wit, and more wealth than honesty.
Slip. This is my little brother with the great wit; ware him. But what canst thou do, tell me, that art so inquisitive of us?
And. Any thing that concerns a gentleman to do, that can I do.
Slip. So you are of the gentle trade?
And. True.
Slip. Then, gentle sir, leave us to ourselves, for here comes one as if he would lack a servant ere he went. [*Andrew stands aside.*

Enter Ateukin.

Ateu. Why, so, Ateukin, this becomes thee best,
Wealth, honour, ease, and angels in thy chest:
Now may I say, as many often sing,
No fishing to the sea, nor service to a king.
Unto this high promotion† doth belong
Means to be talk'd of in the thickest throng.
And first, to fit the humours of my lord,
Sweet lays and lines of love I must record;
And such sweet lines and love-lays I'll indite,
As men may wish for, and my liege‡ delight.
And next a train of gallants at my heels,
That men may say, the world doth run on wheels;
For men of art that rise by indirection
To honour and the favour of their king,
Must use all means to save what they have got,
And win their favours whom he never knew.

* *do*] The 4to. "*doth*."
† *promotion*] The 4to. "*promotions*."
‡ *liege*] The 4to. "*leech*."

If any frown to see my fortunes such,
A man must bear a little, not too much.
But in good time, these bills portend, I think,
That some good fellows do for service seek. [*Read.*

If any gentleman, spiritual or temporal, will entertain out of his service a young stripling of the age of thirty years, that can sleep with the soundest, eat with the hungriest, work with the sickest, lie with the loudest, face with the proudest, &c., that can wait in a gentleman's chamber, when his master is a mile off, keep his stable when 'tis empty, and his purse when 'tis full, and hath many qualities worse than all these, let him write his name and go his way, and attendance shall be given.

By my faith a good servant: which is he?

SLIP. Truly, sir, that am I.

ATEU. And why doest thou write such a bill? are all these qualities in thee?

SLIP. O Lord, ay, sir, and a great many more, some better, some worse, some richer, some poorer. Why, sir, do you look so? do they not please you?

ATEU. Truly, no, for they are nought, and so art thou: if thou hast no better qualities, stand by.

SLIP. O sir, I tell the worst first; but, and you lack a man, I am for you; I'll tell you the best qualities I have.

ATEU. Be brief then.

SLIP. If you need me in your chamber, I can keep the door at a whistle; in your kitchen, turn the spit, and lick the pan, and make the fire burn; but if in the stable——

ATEU. Yea, there would I use thee.

SLIP. Why there you kill me, there am I,* and turn me to a horse and a wench, and I have no peer.

* *am I*] Something seems wanting here.

ATEU. Art thou so good in keeping a horse? I pray thee tell me how many good qualities hath a horse?

SLIP. Why so, sir; a horse hath two properties of a man, that is a proud heart, and a hardy stomach; four properties of a lion, a broad breast, a stiff docket,—hold your nose, master,—a wild countenance, and four good legs; nine properties of a fox, nine of a hare, nine of an ass, and ten of a woman.

ATEU. A woman! why, what properties of a woman hath a horse?

SLIP. O master, know you not that? draw your tables, and write what wise I speak. First, a merry countenance; second, a soft pace; third, a broad forehead; fourth, broad buttocks; fifth, hard of ward; sixth, easy to leap upon; seventh, good at long journey; eighth, moving under a man; ninth, alway busy with the mouth; tenth, ever chewing on the bridle.

ATEU. Thou art a man for me: what's thy name?

SLIP. An ancient name, sir, belonging to the chamber and the night gown: guess you that?

ATEU. What's that? Slipper?

SLIP. By my faith, well guessed; and so 'tis indeed. You'll be my master?

ATEU. I mean so.

SLIP. Read this first.

ATEU. *Pleaseth it any gentleman to entertain a servant of more wit than stature, let them subscribe, and attendance shall be given.*
What of this?

SLIP. He is my brother, sir; and we two were born together, must serve together, and will die together, though we be both hanged.

ATEU. What's thy name?
NANO. Nano.
ATEU. The etymology of which word is a dwarf.

Art not thou the old stoick's son that dwells in his tomb?

AMBO. We are.

ATEU. Thou art welcome to me. Wilt thou give thyself wholly to be at my disposition?

NANO. In all humility I submit myself.

ATEU. Then will I deck thee princely, instruct thee courtly, and present thee to the queen as my gift: art thou content?

NANO. Yes, and thank your honour too.

SLIP. Then welcome, brother, and fellow now.

AND. May it please your honour to abase your eye so low, as to look either on my bill or myself?

ATEU. What are you?

AND. By birth a gentleman; in profession a scholar; and one that knew your honour in Edinburgh, before your worthiness called you to this reputation: by me, Andrew Snoord.

ATEU. Andrew, I remember thee: follow me, and we will confer further, for my weighty affairs for the king command† me to be brief at this time. Come on, Nano. Slipper, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR BARTRAM, *with* EUSTACE, *and others, booted.*

SIR BAR. But tell me, lovely Eustace, as thou lov'st me,
Among the many pleasures we have past,
Which is the rifest in thy memory,
To draw thee over to thine ancient friend?

EUST. What makes Sir Bartram thus inquisitive?
Tell me, good knight, am I welcome or no?

SIR BAR. By sweet St. Andrew, and may sale,‡ I swear
As welcome is my honest Dick to me,

† *command*] The 4to. "*commands*."

‡ *may sale*] i. e. my soul,—the author thinking it necessary to interlard the dialogue with Scottish words.

As morning's sun, or as the watery moon
In merkest night, when we the borders tract.
I tell thee, Dick, thy sight hath clear'd my thoughts
Of many baneful troubles that there woon'd:
Welcome to Sir Bartram as his life!
Tell me, bonny Dick, hast got a wife? [ill,
EUST. A wife! God shield, Sir Bartram, that were
To leave my wife and wander thus astray:
But time and good advice ere many years
May chance to make my fancy bend that way.
What news in Scotland? therefore came I hither,
To see your country and to chat together.
SIR BAR. Why, man, our country's blithe, our king is well,
Our queen so, so, the nobles well and worse,
And weel are they that are* about the king,
But better are the country gentlemen:
And I may tell thee, Eustace, in our lives
We old men never saw so wondrous change.
But leave this trattle, and tell me what news
In lovely England with our honest friends?
EUST. The king, the court, and all our noble friends
Are well, and God in mercy keep them so.
The northern lords and ladies here abouts,
That know† I came to see your queen and court,
Commend‡ them to my honest friend Sir Bartram,
And many others that I have not seen.
Amongst the rest, the Countess Elinor,
From Carlisle, where we merry oft have been,
Greets well my lord, and hath directed me
By message this fair lady's face to see.
[*Shews a portrait.*
SIR BAR. I tell thee, Eustace, 'less§ mine old eyes daze,

* *are*] The 4to. "*were.*"
† *know*] The 4to. "*knowes.*"
‡ *commend*] The 4to. "*commends.*"
§ *'less*] The 4to. "*lest.*"

This is our Scottish moon and evening's pride;
This is the blemish of your English bride.
Who sails by her, are sure of wind at will;
Her face is dangerous, her sight is ill;
And yet in sooth, sweet Dick, it may be said,
The king hath folly, there's virtue in the maid.

EUST. But knows my friend this portrait? be advis'd.

SIR BAR. Is it not Ida, the Countess of Arran's daughter's?

EUST. So was I told by Elinor of Carlisle:
But tell me, lovely Bartram, is the maid
Evil-inclin'd, misled, or concubine
Unto the king or any other lord? [my Dick.

SIR BAR. Should I be brief and true, then thus,
All England's grounds yield * not a blither lass,
Nor Europe can surpass † her for her gifts
Of virtue, honour, beauty, and the rest:
But our fond king, not knowing sin in lust,
Makes love by endless means and precious gifts;
And men that see it dare not say't, my friend,
But we may wish that it were otherwise.
But I rede thee to view the picture still,
For by the person's sights there hangs some ill.

EUST. ‡ O, good Sir Bartram, you suspect I love
(Then were I mad) her § whom I never saw.
But howsoe'er I fear not enticings;
Desire will give no place unto a king:
I'll see her whom the world admires so much,
That I may say with them, there lives none such.

SIR BAR. Be gad, and sall both see and talk with her;

* *yield*] The 4to. "*yeelds.*"
† *surpass*] The 4to "*art.*"
‡ *Eust.*] The 4to. gives these six lines to Sir Bartram.
§ *her*] The 4to. "*hee.*"

And when th' hast done, whate'er her beauty be,
I'll warrant thee her virtues may compare
With the proudest she that waits upon your queen.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV.* My lady entreats your worship in to supper.
SIR BAR. Guid, bonny, Dick, my wife will tell thee more;
Was never no man† in her book before:
Be gad, she's blithe, fair, lewly, bonny, &c.‡
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BOHAN *and* [OBERON] *the Fairy-king, after the first act; to them a round of Fairies, or some pretty dance.*

BOH. Be gad, gramercies, little king, for this;
This sport is better in my exile life
Than ever the deceitful werld could yield.
OBER. I tell thee, Bohan, Oberon is king
Of quiet, pleasure, profit, and content,
Of wealth, of honour, and of all the world;
Tied to no place, yet all are tied to me.§
Live thou in this life, exil'd from world and men,
And I will shew thee wonders ere we part.
BOH. Then mark my story,‖ and the strange doubts
That follow flatterers, lust, and lawless will,
And then say I have reason to forsake
The world and all that are within the same.
Go, shrowd us in our harbour where we'll see
The pride of folly, as it ought to be. [*Exeunt.*

* *My lady*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Eustace, and does not mark the entrance of the Servant.

† *no man*] Qy. "*woman.*"

‡ &c.] Was the player here to speak extempore whatever he chose? See note † vol. i. p. 43.

§ *me*] The 4to. "*one.*"

‖ *story*] The 4to. "*stay.*"

*After the first Act.**

OBER. Here see I good fond actions in thy jig,
And means to paint the world's inconstant ways:
But turn thine ene, see what† I can command.

[*Enter two battles, strongly fighting, the one* Semiramis, *the other* Stabrobates: *she flies, and her crown is taken, and she hurt.*

BOH. What gars this din of mirk and baleful harm,
Where every wean is all betaint with blood?

OBER. This shews thee, Bohan, what is worldly pomp:
Semiramis, the proud Assyrian queen,
When Ninus died, did tene‡ in her wars
Three millions of footmen to the fight,
Five hundred thousand horse, of armed cars
A hundred thousand more, yet in her pride
Was hurt and conquer'd by Stabrobates.
Then what is pomp?

BOH. I see thou art thine ene,
Thou bonny king, if princes fall from high;
My fall is past, until I fall to die.
Now mark my talk, and prosecute my jig.

2.

OBER. How should these crafts withdraw thee from the world!
But look, my Bohan, pomp allureth.

[*Enter* Cyrus, *kings humbling themselves; himself crowned by olive Pat: at last dying, laid in a marble tomb, with this inscription:*

Who so thou be that passest [by],
For I know one shall pass, know I

* *After the first Act.*] The whole of what follows, till the beginning of the next act, is a mass of confusion and corruption: perhaps the "2" and "3" refer to the second and third acts of the play. The misprints here defy emendation.

† *what*] The 4to. "*which for.*"

‡ *tene*] i. e. (if it be not a misprint) kindle, excite.

I am Cyrus of Persia,
And, I prithee, leave me not thus like a clod of clay
Wherewith my body is covered. [*All exeunt.*

[*Enter the king in great pomp, who reads it, and issueth, crieth vermeum.**

Boh. What meaneth this?

Ober. Cyrus of Persia,
Mighty in life, within a marble grave
Was laid to rot, whom Alexander once
Beheld entomb'd, and weeping did confess,
Nothing in life could scape from wretchedness:
Why then boast men?

Boh. What reck I then of life,
Who makes the grave my tomb, the earth my wife?

Ober.† But mark me more.

3.

Boh. I can no more, my patience will not warp
To see these flatteries how they scorn and carp.

Ober. Turn but thy head.

[*Enter* [*f*] *our kings carrying crowns, ladies presenting odours to potentate*‡ *enthroned, who suddenly is slain by his servants, and thrust out; and so, they eat.* [*Exeunt.*

Boh. Sike is the world; but whilk is he I saw?

Ober. Sesostris, who was conqueror of the world,
Slain at the last, and stamp'd on by his slaves.

Boh. How blest are peur men then that know their graves!§
Now mark the sequel of my jig;
An he weele meet ends. The mirk and sable night
Doth leave the peering morn to pry abroad;

* *vermeum*] Qy. if a misprint for "*vermium*" the first word of some Latin sentence on the vanity of earthly grandeur.

† *But mark me more*] The 4to. gives this to Bohan.

‡ *potentate*] The 4to. "*potentates.*"

§ *graves*] The 4to. "*grave.*"

Thou nill me stay: hail then, thou pride of kings!
I ken the world, and wot well worldly things.
Mark thou my jig, in mirkest terms that tells,
The loath of sins, and where corruption dwells.
Hail me ne mere with shows of guidly sights;
My grave is mine, that rids me from despights;
Accept my jig, guid king, and let me rest;
The grave with guid men is a gay-built nest.
OBER. The rising sun doth call me hence away;
Thanks for thy jig, I may no longer stay:
But if my train did wake thee from thy rest,
So shall they sing thy lullaby to nest. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter the COUNTESS OF ARRAN, *with* IDA *her daughter, in their porch, sitting at work.*

A Song.

COUNT. Fair Ida, might you choose the greatest
Midst all the world in blessings that abound, [good,
Wherein, my daughter, should your liking be?
IDA. Not in delights, or pomp, or majesty.
COUNT. And why?
IDA. Since these are means to draw the mind
From perfect good, and make true judgment blind.
COUNT. Might you have wealth, and fortune's richest store?
IDA. Yet would I (might I choose) be honest poor:
For she that sits at fortune's feet a-low,
Is sure she shall not taste a further woe,
But those that prank on top of fortune's ball,
Still fear a change, and, fearing, catch a fall.
COUNT. Tut, foolish maid, each one contemneth need.

IDA. Good reason why, they know not good indeed.
COUNT. Many, marry, then, on whom distress doth lour.
IDA. Yes, they that virtue deem an honest dower.
Madam, by right this world I may compare
Unto my work, wherein with heedful care
The heavenly workman plants with curious hand,
As I with needle draw each thing on land,
Even as he list: some men like to the rose
Are fashion'd fresh; some in their stalks do close,
And, born, do sudden die; some are but weeds,
And yet from them a secret good proceeds.
I with my needle, if I please, may blot
The fairest rose within my cambric plot:
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,
The poor to earth, the beggar to the king.
What then hath man, wherein he well may boast,
Since by a beck he lives, a lour* is lost?

Enter EUSTACE, *with letters.*

COUNT. Peace, Ida, here are strangers near at hand.
EUST. Madam, God speed.
COUNT. I thank you, gentle squire.
EUST. The country Countess of Northumberland
Doth greet you well, and hath requested me
To bring these letters to your ladyship.
[*He carries the letters.*
COUNT. I thank her honour, and yourself, my friend: [*She receives and peruseth them.*
I see she means you good, brave gentleman.
Daughter, the Lady Elinor salutes
Yourself as well as me: then for her sake
'Twere good you entertain'd that courtier well.
IDA. As much salute as may become my sex,
And he in virtue can vouchsafe to think,

* *lour*] The 4to. "*lover.*"

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I yield him for the courteous Countess' sake.
Good sir, sit down: my mother here, and I,
Count time misspent an endless vanity.
EUST. Beyond report, the wit, the fair,* the shape!
What work you here, fair mistress? may I see it?
IDA. Good sir, look on: how like you this compact?
EUST. Methinks in this I see true love in act:
The woodbines with their leaves do sweetly spread,
The roses blushing prank them in their red;
No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;
This bird hath life indeed if it could sing.
What means, fair mistress, had you in this work?
IDA. My needle, sir.
EUST. In needles then there lurks
Some hidden grace, I deem, beyond my reach.
IDA. Not grace in them, good sir, but those that teach.
EUST. Say, that your needle now were Cupid's
But ah! her eye must be no less, [sting,—
In which is heaven and heavenliness,
In which the food of God is shut,
Whose powers the purest minds do glut.
IDA. What, if it were?
EUST. Then see a wondrous thing;
I fear me you would paint in Tereus'† heart
Affection in his power and chiefest part.‡
IDA. Good lord, sir, no! for hearts but pricked soft
Are wounded sore, for so I hear it oft.
EUST. What recks the wound,§ where but your happy eye
May make him live, whom Jove hath judg'd to die?
IDA. Should life and death within this needle lurk,
I'll prick no hearts, I'll prick upon my work.

* *fair*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 61.
† *Tereus*] The 4to. "*Teneus*."
‡ *part*] The 4to. "*parts*."
§ *wound*] The 4to. "*second*."

Enter ATEUKIN, *with* SLIPPER, *the clown.*

COUNT. Peace, Ida, I perceive the fox at hand.
EUST. The fox! why, fetch your hounds, and chase him hence.
COUNT. O, sir, these great men bark at small offence. Come,* will it please you to enter, gentle sir?
[*Offer to Exeunt.*
ATEU. Stay, courteous ladies, favour me so much, As to discourse a word or two apart.
COUNT. Good sir, my daughter learns this rule of me, To shun resort, and strangers' company; For some are shifting mates that carry letters, Some such as you too good, because our betters.
SLIP. Now I pray you, sir, what a kin are you to a pickerel?
ATEU. Why, knave?
SLIP. By my troth, sir, because I never knew a proper situation fellow of your pitch fitter to swallow a gudgeon.
ATEU. What meanest thou by this?
SLIP. Shifting fellow, sir; these be thy words, shifting fellow: this gentlewoman, I fear me, knew your bringing up.
ATEU. How so?
SLIP. Why, sir, your father was a miller, that could shift for a peck of grist in a bushel, and you a fair-spoken gentleman that can get more land by a lie, than an honest man by his ready money.
ATEU. Caitiff, what sayest thou?
SLIP. I say, sir, that if she call you shifting knave, you shall not put her to the proof.
ATEU. And why?
SLIP. Because, sir, living by your wit as you do,

* *Come*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Ateukin.

shifting is your letters patents: it were a hard matter for me to get my dinner that day, wherein my master had not sold a dozen of devices, a case of cogs, and a suit of shifts, in the morning. I speak this in your commendation, sir, and, I pray you, so take it.

ATEU. If I live, knave, I will be revenged. What gentleman would entertain a rascal thus to derogate from his honour?

IDA. My lord, why are you thus impatient?

ATEU. Not angry, Ida; but I teach this knave
How to behave himself among his betters.
Behold, fair countess, to assure your stay,
I here present the signet of the king,
Who now by me, fair Ida, doth salute you:
And since in secret I have certain things
In his behalf, good madam, to impart,
I crave your daughter to discourse apart.

COUNT. She shall in humble duty be addrest
To do his Highness' will in what she may.

IDA. Now, gentle sir, what would his Grace with me?

ATEU. Fair, comely nymph, the beauty of your face,
Sufficient to bewitch the heavenly powers,
Hath wrought so much in him, that now of late
He finds himself made captive unto love;
And though his power and majesty require*
A straight command before an humble suit,
Yet he his mightiness doth so abase,
As to entreat your favour, honest maid.

IDA. Is he not married, sir, unto our queen?

ATEU. He is.

IDA. And are not they by God accurst,
That sever them whom he hath knit in one? [place

ATEU. They be: what then? we seek not to dis-
The princess from her seat, but since by love

* *require*] The 4to. "*requires.*"

The king is made your own, she is resolv'd
In private to accept your dalliance,
In spite of war, watch, or worldly eye.
IDA. O how he talks, as if he should not die!
As if that God in justice once could wink
Upon that fault I am asham'd to think!
ATEU. Tut, mistress, man at first was born to err;
Women are all not formed to be saints:
'Tis impious for to kill our native king,
Whom by a little favour we may save.
IDA. Better than live unchaste, to live in grave.
ATEU. He shall erect your state, and wed you well.
IDA. But can his warrant keep my soul from hell?
ATEU. He will enforce, if you resist his suit.
IDA. What tho?* the world may shame to him
To be a king of men and worldly pelf, [account
Yet hath† no power to rule and guide himself.
ATEU. I know you, gentle lady, and the care
Both of your honour and his Grace's health
Makes me confused in this dangerous state.
IDA. So counsel him, but soothe thou not his sin:
'Tis vain allurement that doth make him love;
I shame to hear, be you asham'd to move.
COUNT. I see my daughter grows impatient:
I fear me, he pretends‡ some bad intent.
ATEU. Will you despise the king, and scorn him so?
IDA. In all allegiance I will serve his Grace,
But not in lust: O, how I blush to name it!
ATEU. An endless work is this: how should I frame it? [*They discourse privately.*
SLIP. O mistress, may I turn a word upon you?
COUNT. Friend, what wilt thou?
SLIP. O, what a happy gentlewoman be you truly! the world reports this of you, mistress, that a man

* *tho*] i. e. then.
† *Yet hath*] The 4to. gives this line to Ateukin.
‡ *pretends*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 94.

can no sooner come to your house, but the butler comes with a black jack and says, welcome, friend, here's a cup of the best for you: verily, mistress, you are said to have the best ale in all Scotland.

COUNT. Sirrah, go fetch him drink.

[*An attendant brings drink.*

How likest thou this?

SLIP. Like it, mistress! why this is quincy quarie pepper de watchet, single goby, of all that ever I tasted. I'll prove in this ale and toast the compass of the whole world. First, this is the earth, it ties in the middle a fair brown toast, a goodly country for hungry teeth to dwell upon; next, this is the sea, a fair pool for a dry tongue to fish in: now come I, and seeing the world is naught, I divide it thus; and because the sea cannot stand without the earth, as Aristotle saith, I put them both into their first chaos, which is my belly: and so, mistress, you may see your ale is become a miracle.

EUST. A merry mate, madam, I promise you.

COUNT. Why sigh you, sirrah?

SLIP. Truly, madam, to think upon the world, which, since I denounced it, keeps such a rumbling in my stomach, that unless your cook give it a counterbuff with some of your roasted capons or beef, I fear me I shall become a loose body, so dainty, I think, I shall neither hold fast before nor behind.

COUNT. Go take him in, and feast this merry swain.
Sirrah, my cook is your physician;
He hath a purge for to disgest* the world.

[*Exeunt Slipper and Servant.*

* *disgest*] Used frequently by old writers for *digest*: so Chamberlayne;

"A short delay, which lets not Fancy rest
In idle thought, their actions did *disgest*
Into a method." *Pharonnida*, 1659. B. iii. C. v. p. 249.

ATEU. Will you not, Ida, grant his Highness this ?
IDA. As I have said, in duty I am his :
For other lawless lusts, that ill beseem him,
I cannot like, and good I will not deem him.
COUNT. Ida, come in : and, sir, if so you please,
Come, take a homely widow's entertain.
IDA. If he have no great haste, he may come nigh ;
If haste, though he be gone, I will not cry.
[*Exeunt all but Ateukin.*
ATEU. I see this labour lost, my hope is vain ;
Yet will I try another drift again. [*Exit.*

Enter the BISHOP OF ST. ANDREWS, EARL DOUGLAS, MORTON, *with others, one way : the Queen* [DOROTHEA] *with* NANO,* *another way.*

BP. OF ST. AND. O wrack of commonweal, O wretched state!
DOUG. O hapless flock, whereas the guide is blind!
[*They all are in a muse.*
MORT. O heedless youth, where counsel is despis'd!
DOR. Come, pretty knave, and prank it by my side ;
Let's see your best attendance out of hand.
NANO. Madam, although my limbs are very small,
My heart is good, I'll serve you therewithal.
DOR. How, if I were assail'd, what could'st thou do ?
NANO. Madam, call help, and boldly fight it too :
Although a bee be but a little thing,
You know, fair queen, it hath a bitter sting.
DOR. How could'st thou do me good, were I in grief ?
NANO. Counsel, dear princess, is a choice relief :
Though Nestor wanted force, great was his wit,
And though I am but weak, my words are fit.

* *Nano*] The 4to. "*Dwarfs :*" but there is only one such diminutive person in the play,—Nano, whom Ateukin has presented to the Queen : see p. 90.

Bp. of St. And. Like to a ship upon the ocean seas,
Tost in the doubtful stream, without a helm,
Such is a monarch without good advice.
I am o'erheard: cast rein upon thy tongue;
Andrews, beware; reproof will breed a scar.
Mor. Good day, my lord.
Bp. of St. And. Lord Morton, well y-met.
Whereon deems Lord Douglas all this while?
Doug. Of that which yours and my poor heart doth break;
Although fear shuts our mouths we dare not speak.
Dor. What mean these princes sadly to consult?
Somewhat, I fear, betideth them amiss,
They are so pale in looks, so vex'd in mind.
In happy hour, ye* noble Scottish peers,
Have I encounter'd you: what makes you mourn?
Bp. of St. And. If we with patience may attention† gain,
Your grace shall know the cause of all our grief.
Dor. Speak on, good father; come, and sit by me:
I know thy care is for the common good.
Bp. of St. And. As fortune, mighty princess, reareth some
To high estate and place in commonweal,
So by divine bequest to them is lent
A riper judgment and more searching eye,
Whereby they may discern the common harm;
For where importunes in the world are most,
Where all our profits rise and still encrease,
There is our mind, thereon we meditate,
And what we do partake of good advice,
That we employ for to concern the same.
To this intent, these nobles and myself,

* *ye*] The 4to. "*the*."
† *attention*] The 4to. "*attentive*."

That are, or should be, eyes of commonweal,
Seeing his Highness' reckless course of youth,
His lawless and unbridled vein in love,
His too intentive trust to flatterers,
His abject care of counsel and his friends,
Cannot but grieve; and since we cannot draw
His eye or judgment to discern his faults,
Since we have spoke* and counsel is not heard,
I for my part,—let others as they list—
Will leave the court, and leave him to his will,
Lest with a ruthful eye I should behold
His overthrow, which, sore I fear, is nigh.

Dor. Ah father, are you so estrang'd from love,
From due allegiance to your prince and land,
To leave your king, when most he needs your help?
The thrifty husbandmen are never wont,
That see their lands unfruitful, to forsake them;
But when the mould is barren and unapt,
They toil, they plough, and make the fallow fat:
The pilot in the dangerous seas is known;
In calmer waves the silly sailor strives.
Are you not members, lords, of commonweal,
And can your head, your dear anointed king,
Default ye, lords, except yourselves do fail?
O, stay your steps, return, and counsel him!

Doug. Men seek not moss upon a rolling stone,
Or water from the sieve, or fire from ice,
Or comfort from a reckless monarch's hands.
Madam, he sets us light, that serv'd in court,
In place of credit, in his father's days:
If we but enter presence of his Grace,
Our payment is a frown, a scoff, a frump;†
Whil'st flattering Gnatho‡ pranks it by his side,
Soothing the careless king in his misdeeds:

* *spoke*] The 4to. "*spake*."
† *frump*] i. e. flout.
‡ *Gnatho*] i. e. Ateukin: *Gnatho* is the parasite in the *Eunuchus* of Terence.

And if your Grace consider your estate,
His life should urge you too, if all be true.
DOR. Why, Douglas, why?
DOUG. As if you have not heard
His lawless love to Ida grown of late,
His careless estimate of your estate.
DOR. Ah Douglas, thou misconst'rest* his intent!
He doth but tempt his wife, he tries my love:
This injury pertains to me, not to you.
The king is young, and if he step awry,
He may amend, and I will love him still.
Should we disdain our vines, because they sprout
Before their time? or young men, if they strain
Beyond their reach? No; vines that bloom and spread,
Do promise fruits, and young men that are wild,
In age grow wise. My friends, and Scottish peers,
If that an English princess may prevail,
Stay, stay with him: lo, how my zealous prayer
Is plead with tears! fie, peers, will you hence?
BP. OF ST. AND. Madam, 'tis virtue in your Grace
to plead;
But we that see his vain untoward course,
Cannot but fly the fire before it burns,
And shun the court before we see his fall. [well.
DOR. Will you not stay? then, lordings, fare you
Though you forsake your king, the heavens, I hope,
Will favour him through mine incessant prayer.
NANO. Content you, madam; thus old Ovid sings,
'Tis foolish to bewail recureless things.
DOR. Peace, dwarf; these words my patience move.
NANO. Although you charm my speech, charm
not my love. [*Exeunt Queen and Nano.*†

* *misconst'rest*] From *misconster*, not *misconstrue*: "wherein, lest any one should *misconster* my meaning, (as I hope none will,)" &c. Preface to Barnfield's *Cynthia*, 1595. See too my note on Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 24, ed. 1829.

† *Nano*] The 4to. "*Dwarfs*:" see note * p. 103.

Enter the KING OF SCOTS; *the Nobles* [spying him as they are about to go off] return.*

K. OF SCOTS. Douglas, how now? why changest thou thy chear?

DOUG. My private troubles are so great, my liege,
As I must crave your licence for a while,
For to intend mine own affairs at home.

K. OF SCOTS. You may depart. [*Exit Douglas.*
But why is Morton sad?

MOR. The like occasion doth import me too,
So I desire your Grace to give me leave.

K. OF SCOTS. Well, sir, you may betake you to your ease. [*Exit Morton.*
When such grim sirs are gone, I see no let
To work my will.

BP. OF ST. AND.† What, like the eagle then
With often flight wilt thou thy feathers lose?
O king, canst thou endure to see thy court
Of finest wits and judgments dispossest,
Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high,
As each bewails ambition is so bad?
Thy father left thee with estate and crown,
A learned council to direct thy court:
These carelessly, O king, thou castest off,
To entertain a train of sycophants.
Thou well may'st see, although thou wilt not see,
That every eye and ear both sees and hears
The certain signs of thine incontinence.
Thou art allied unto the English king
By marriage; a happy friend indeed,
If used well, if not, a mighty foe.

* *Enter the King of Scots, the Nobles,* &c.] The 4to. "Enter the King of Scots, *Arius*, the nobles," &c.

† *Bp. of St. And.*] The 4to. "8 *Atten.*" but it is plain, from the King's reply, that the Bishop of St. Andrews is the speaker.

Thinketh your Grace, he can endure and brook
To have a partner in his daughter's love?
Thinketh your Grace the grudge of privy wrongs
Will not procure him change his smiles to threats?
O, be not blind to good! call home your lords,
Displace these flattering Gnathoes, drive them hence;
Love, and with kindness take your wedlock wife:
Or else, which God forbid, I fear a change;
Sin cannot thrive in courts without a plague.

K. of Scots. Go, pack thou too, unless thou mend thy talk:
On pain of death, proud bishop, get you gone,
Unless you headless mean to hop away.

Bp. of St. And.* Thou God of heaven prevent my country's fall! [*Exit.*

K. of Scots. These stays and lets to pleasure plague my thoughts,
Forcing my grievous wounds anew to bleed:
But care that hath transported me so far,
Fair Ida, is dispers'd in thought of thee,
Whose answer yields me life, or breeds my death.
Yond comes the messenger of weal or woe.

Enter Ateukin.†

Ateukin, what news?

Ateu. The adamant, O king, will not be fil'd
But by itself, and beauty that exceeds,
By some exceeding favour must be wrought.
Ida is coy as yet, and doth repine,
Objecting marriage, honour, fear, and death:
She's holy, wise, and too precise for me.

K. of Scots. Are these thy fruits of wits, thy sight in art,
Thine eloquence, thy policy, thy drift, [

* *Bp. of St. And.*] The 4to. "8 *Atten.*"
† *Ateukin*] The 4to. "*Gnato.*" See note ‡ p. 105.

To mock thy prince? Then, caitiff, pack thee hence,
And let me die devoured in my love.

ATEU. Good Lord, how rage gainsayeth reason's [power!
My dear, my gracious, and beloved prince,
The essence of my suit, my god on earth,
Sit down, and rest yourself: appease your wrath,
Lest with a frown ye wound me to the death.
O, that I were included in my grave,
That either now, to save my prince's life,
Must counsel cruelty, or lose my king!

K. OF SCOTS. Why, sirrah, is there means to move her mind?

ATEU. O, should I not offend my royal liege—

K. OF SCOTS. Tell all, spare nought, so I may gain my love.

ATEU. Alas, my soul, why art thou torn in twain,
For fear thou talk a thing that should displease!

K. OF SCOTS. Tut, speak what so thou wilt, I pardon thee.

ATEU. How kind a word, how courteous is his Grace!
Who would not die to succour such a king?
My liege, this lovely maid of modest mind,
Could well incline to love, but that she fears
Fair Dorothea's power: your Grace doth know,
Your wedlock is a mighty let to love.
Were Ida sure to be your wedded wife,
That then the twig would bow, you might command:
Ladies love presents, pomp, and high estate.

K. OF SCOTS. Ah Ateukin, how should we displace* this let?

ATEU. Tut, mighty prince,—O, that I might be

K. OF SCOTS. Why dalliest thou? [whist!†

ATEU. I will not move my prince:

* *displace*] The 4to. "*display*."
† *whist*] i. e. silent.

I will prefer his safety before my life.
Hear me, O king! 'tis Dorothea's death
Must do you good.
K. of Scots. What, murder of my queen!
Yet to enjoy my love, what is my queen?
O, but my vow, and promise to my queen!
Ay, but my hope to gain a fairer queen:
With how contrarious thoughts am I withdrawn!
Why linger I twixt hope and doubtful fear?
If Dorothea die, will Ida love?
Ateu. She will, my lord. [means;
K. of Scots. Then let her die: devise, advise the
All likes me well that lends me hope in love.
Ateu. What, will your Grace consent? then let me work.
There's here in court a Frenchman, Jaques call'd,
A fit performer of our enterprise,
Whom I by gifts and promise will corrupt
To slay the queen, so that your Grace will seal
A warrant for the man, to save his life.
K. of Scots. Nought shall he want; write thou, and I will sign:
And, gentle Gnatho, if my Ida yield,
Thou shalt have what thou wilt; I'll give thee straight
A barony, an earldom for reward. [own:
Ateu. Frolic, young king, the lass shall be your
I'll make her blithe and wanton by my wit.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bohan, *with* Oberon.

Boh. So, Oberon, now it begins to work in kind.
The ancient lords by leaving him alone,*
Disliking of his humours and despite,†
Let‡ him run headlong, till his flatterers,

* *alone*] The 4to. "*alive.*"
† *despite*] The 4to. "*respight.*"
‡ *Let*] The 4to. "*Lets.*"

Sweeting his thoughts of luckless lust
With vile persuasions and alluring words,
Make* him make way by murder to his will.
Judge, fairy king, hast heard a greater ill?

OBER. Nor seen† more virtue in a country maid.
I tell thee, Bohan, it doth make me merry,
To think the deeds the king means to perform.

BOH. To change that humour, stand and see the rest.
I trow, my son Slipper will shew 's a jest.

Enter SLIPPER *with a companion, boy,‡ or wench, dancing a hornpipe, and dance out again.*

BOH. Now after this beguiling of our thoughts,
And changing them from sad to better glee,
Let's to our cell, and sit and see the rest,
For, I believe, this jig will prove no jest.

Chorus. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter SLIPPER *one way, and* SIR BARTRAM *another way.*

SIR BAR. Ho, fellow! stay, and let me speak with thee.

SLIP. Fellow! friend, thou doest abuse me; I am a gentleman.

SIR BAR. A gentleman! how so!

SLIP. Why, I rub horses, sir.

SIR BAR. And what of that?

SLIP. O simple-witted! mark my reason. They that do good service in the commonweal are gentlemen, but such as rub horses do good service in the commonweal, ergo, tarbox, master courtier, a horse-keeper is a gentleman.

* *Make*] The 4to. "*Makes.*"
† *seen*] The 4to. "*send.*"
‡ *boy*] The 4to. "*hog.*"

SIR BAR. Here is overmuch wit in good earnest. But, sirrah, where is thy master?

SLIP. Neither above ground, nor under ground, drawing out red into white, swallowing that down without chawing, that was never made without treading.

SIR BAR. Why, where is he then?

SLIP. Why in his cellar, drinking a cup of neat and brisk claret, in a bowl of silver. O, sir, the wine runs trillill down his throat, which cost the poor vintner many a stamp before it was made. But I must hence, sir, I have haste.

SIR BAR. Why, whither now, I prithee?

SLIP. Faith, sir, to Sir Silvester, a knight, hard by, upon my master's errand, whom I must certify this, that the lease of East Spring shall be confirmed: and therefore must I bid him provide trash, for my master is no friend without money.

SIR BAR. This is the thing for which I sued so long,
This is the lease, which I, by Gnatho's means,
Sought to possess by patent from the king:
But he, injurious man, who lives by crafts,
And sells king's favours for who will give most,
Hath taken bribes of me, yet covertly
Will sell away the thing pertains to me.
But I have found a present help, I hope,
For to prevent his purpose and deceit.
Stay, gentle friend.

SLIP. A good word; thou hast won me: this word is like a warm caudle* to a cold stomach.

SIR BAR. Sirrah, wilt thou, for money and reward,
Convey me certain letters, out of hand,
From out thy master's pocket?

SLIP. Will I, sir? why, were it to rob my father,

* *caudle*] The 4to. "*candle*."

hang my mother, or any such like trifles, I am at your commandment, sir. What will you give me, sir?

SIR BAR. A hundred pounds.

SLIP. I am your man: give me earnest. I am dead at a pocket, sir: why, I am a lifter, master, by my occupation.

SIR BAR. A lifter! what is that?

SLIP. Why, sir, I can lift a pot as well as any man, and pick a purse as soon as any thief in my country.

SIR BAR. Why, fellow, hold; here is earnest, ten pound to assure thee. Go, dispatch, and bring it me to yonder tavern thou seest; and assure thyself, thou shalt both have thy skin full of wine and the rest of thy money.

SLIP. I will, sir. Now room for a gentleman, my masters: who gives me money for a fair new angel, a trim new angel? [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDREW, *and* PURVEYOR.

PUR. Sirrah, I must needs have your master's horses: the king cannot be unserved.

AND. Sirrah, you must needs go without them, because my master must be served.

PUR. Why, I am the king's purveyor, and I tell thee, I will have them.

AND. I am Ateukin's servant, Signior Andrew, and I say, thou shalt not have them.

PUR. Here's my ticket, deny it if thou darest.

AND. There is the stable, fetch them out if thou darest.

PUR. Sirrah, sirrah, tame your tongue, lest I make you.

AND. Sirrah, sirrah, hold your hand, lest I bum you.

PUR. I tell thee, thy master's geldings are good, and therefore fit for the king.

AND. I tell thee, my master's horses have galled backs, and therefore cannot fit the king. Purveyor, purveyor, purvey thee of more wit: darest thou presume to wrong my lord Ateukin, being the chiefest man in court?

PUR. The more unhappy commonweal, where flatterers are chief in court.

AND. What sayest thou?

PUR. I say thou art too presumptuous, and the officers shall school thee.

AND. A fig for them and thee, purveyor: they seek a knot in a ring that would wrong my master, or his servants, in this court.

Enter JAQUES.

PUR. The world is at a wise pass, when nobility is afraid of a flatterer.

JAQ. Sirrah, what be you that parley contra monsieur my lord Ateukin? en bonne foi, prate you against Sir Altesse, me maka your tete to leap from your shoulders, par ma foi c'y ferai-je.

AND. O signior captain, you shew yourself a forward and friendly gentleman in my master's behalf: I will cause him to thank you.

JAQ. Poltron, speak me one parola against my bon gentilhomme, I shall estramp your guts, and thump your backa, that you no point manage this ten ours.

PUR. Sirrah, come open me the stable, and let me have the horses: and, fellow, for all your French brags, I will do my duty.

AND. I'll make garters of thy guts, thou villain, if thou enter this office.

JAQ. Mort dieu, take me that cappa pour votre labeur: be gone, villain, in the mort. [*Exit.*

Pur. What, will you resist me then? well, the council, fellow, shall know of your insolency. [*Exit.*

And. Tell them what thou wilt, and eat that I can best spare from my back parts, and get you gone with a vengeance.

Enter Ateukin.*

Ateu. Andrew.

And. Sir.

Ateu. Where be my writings I put in my pocket last night?

And. Which, sir? your annotations upon Machiavel?

Ateu. No, sir; the letters patents for East Spring.

And. Why, sir, you talk wonders to me, if you ask that question.

Ateu. Yea, sir, and will work wonders too with † you, unless you find them out: villain, search me them out, and bring them me, or thou art but dead.

And. A terrible word in the latter end of a sessions. Master, were you in your right wits yesternight?

Ateu. Doest thou doubt it?

And. Ay, and why not, sir? for the greatest clerks are not the wisest, and a fool may dance in a hood, as well as a wise man in a bare frock: besides, such as give‡ themselves to Plulantia, as you do, master, are so cholerick of complexion that that which they burn in fire over night, they seek for with fury the next morning. Ah, I take care of your worship! this commonweal should have a great loss of so good a member as you are.

Ateu. Thou flatterest me.

And. Is it flattery in me, sir, to speak you fair? what is it then in you to dally with the king?

Ateu. Are you prating, knave? I will teach you

* Ateukin] The 4to. "Gnato." See note ‡ p. 105, and † p. 108.
† *with*] The 4to. "*which*." ‡ *give*] The 4to. "*gives*."

better nurture. Is this the care you have of my wardrobe, of my accounts, and matters of trust?

And. Why, alas, sir, in times past your garments have been so well inhabited, as your tenants would give no place to a moth to mangle them; but since you are grown greater, and your garments more fine and gay, if your garments are not fit for hospitality, blame your pride and commend my cleanliness: as for your writings, I am not for them, nor they for me.

Ateu. Villain, go, fly, find them out: if thou losest them, thou losest my credit.

And. Alas, sir, can I lose that you never had?

Ateu. Say you so? then hold, feel you that you never felt.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. O monsieur, ayez patience; pardon your pauvre valet: me be at your commandment.

Ateu. Signior Jaques, well met; you shall command me. Sirrah, go cause my writings be proclaimed in the market place; promise a great reward to them that find* them: look where I supped, and every where.

And. I will, sir. Now are two knaves well met, and three well parted: if you conceive mine enigma, gentlemen, what shall I be then? faith, a plain harp shilling.† [*Exit.*

* *find*] The 4to. "*findes.*"

† *harp shilling*] So called from having a *harp* on it, was coined for the use of Ireland, and was not worth more than nine-pence English money:

"Lyke to an other Orpheus can she play
Vpon her *treble Harpe*, whose siluer sound
Inchaunts the eare, and steales the hart away:
Nor hardly can deceit therein be found.
Although such musique some a Shilling cost,
Yet is it worth but *Nine-pence* at the most."

Barnfield's *Encomion of the Lady Pecunia*, 1598, Sig. C 2.

ATEU. Sieur Jaques, this our happy meeting hinders*
Your friends and me of care and grievous toil,
For I that look into deserts of men,
And see among the soldiers in this court
A noble forward mind, and judge thereof,
Cannot but seek the means to raise them up
Who merit credit in the commonweal.
To this intent, friend Jaques, I have found
A means to make you great and well esteem'd
Both with the king and with the best in court;
For I espy in you a valiant mind,
Which makes me love, admire, and honour you.
To this intent, if so your trust, and faith,
Your secrecy be equal with your force,
I will impart a service to thyself,
Which if thou dost effect, the king, myself,
And what or he, and I with him, can work,
Shall be employ'd in what thou wilt desire.

JAQ. Me sweara by my ten bones, my signior, to be loyal to your lordship's intents, affairs: yea, my monsignieur que non ferai-je pour your pleasure? †
By my sword, me be no baby, lord. ‡

ATEU. Then hoping on thy truth, I prithee see
How kind Ateukin is to forward thee.§
Hold, take this earnest-penny of my love,
And mark my words; the king, by me, requires
No slender service, Jaques, at thy hands.
Thou must by privy practice make away
The queen, fair Dorothea, as she sleeps,
Or how thou wilt, so she be done to death:
Thou shalt not want promotion here in court.

JAQ. Stabba the woman! par ma foi, monsignieur, me thrusta my weapon into her belly, so me may be

* *hinders*] The 4to. "*hides.*"

† *yea, my monsignieur, que non ferai-je pour your pleasure*] The 4to. "*ye my monsignieur, qui non fera ic pour. Yea pleasure?*"

‡ *lord*] The 4to. "*lords.*" § *thee*] The 4to. "*me.*"

guard par le roy. Me de your service: but me no be hanged pour my labour?

ATEU. Thou shalt have warrant, Jaques, from the king:
None shall outface, gainsay, and wrong my friend.
Do not I love thee, Jaques? fear not then:
I tell thee, whoso toucheth thee in ought,
Shall injure me: I love, I tender thee:
Thou art a subject fit to serve his Grace.
Jaques, I had a written warrant once,
But that by great misfortune late is lost.
Come, wend we to St. Andrews, where his Grace
Is now in progress, where he shall assure
Thy safety, and confirm thee to the act.

JAQ. We will attend your nobleness. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DOROTHEA *the Queen*, SIR BARTRAM, NANO, LORD ROSS, LADIES, ATTENDANTS.

DOR. Thy credit, Bartram, in the Scottish court,
Thy reverend years, the strictness of thy vows,
All these are means sufficient to persuade;
But love, the faithful link of loyal hearts,
That hath possession of my constant mind,
Exiles all dread, subdueth vain suspect.
Methinks no craft should harbour in that breast,
Where majesty and virtue are * install'd:
Methinks† my beauty should not cause my death.

SIR BAR. How gladly, sovereign princess, would
And bind my shame to save your royal life! [I err,
'Tis princely in yourself to think the best,
To hope his Grace is guiltless of this crime:
But if in due prevention you default,
How blind are you that were forewarn'd before!

DOR. Suspicion without cause deserveth blame.

* *are*] The 4to. "*is*."
† *Methinks*] The 4to. "*Me thinke*."

SIR BAR. Who see,* and shun not, harms, deserve
Behold the tenor of this traitorous plot. [the same.
DOR. What should I read? perhaps he wrote it not.
SIR BAR. Here is his warrant, under seal and sign,
To Jaques, born in France, to murder you.
DOR. Ah careless king, would God this were not thine!
What, though I read? ah, should I think it true?
ROSS. The hand and seal confirm† the deed is his.
DOR. What know I though, if now he thinketh this?
NANO. Madam, Lucretius saith that to repent
Is childish, wisdom to prevent.
DOR. What tho?‡ [you,
NANO. Then cease your tears that have dismay'd
And cross the foe before he have betray'd you.
SIR BAR. What need these§ long suggestions in this cause,
When every circumstance confirmeth truth?
First, let the hidden mercy from above
Confirm your Grace, since by a wondrous means
The practice of your dangers came to light:
Next, let the tokens of approved truth
Govern and stay your thoughts too much seduc'd,
And mark the sooth and listen the intent.
Your Highness knows, and these my noble lords
Can witness this, that whilst your husband's sire
In happy peace possess'd the Scottish crown,
I was his sworn attendant here in court;
In dangerous fight I never fail'd my lord,
And since his death, and this your husband's reign,
No labour, duty, have I left undone,
To testify my zeal unto the crown.

* *see*] The 4to. "*sees.*"
† *confirm*] The 4to. "*confirms.*"
‡ *tho*] See note * p. 101.
§ *need these*] The 4to. "*needes this.*"

But now my limbs are weak, mine eyes are dim,
Mine age unwieldy and unmeet for toil,
I came to court, in hope, for service past,
To gain some lease to keep me, being old.
There found I all was upsy turvy turn'd,
My friends displac'd, the nobles loth to crave:
Then sought I to the minion of the king,
Ateukin, who allured by a bribe,
Assur'd me of the lease for which I sought.
But see the craft! when he had got the grant,
He wrought to sell it to Sir Silvester,
In hope of greater earnings from his hands.
In brief, I learn'd his craft, and wrought the means,
By one his needy servant* for reward,
To steal from out his pocket all the briefs;
Which he perform'd, and with reward resign'd.
Them when I read,—now, mark the power of God,—
I found this warrant seal'd among the rest,
To kill your Grace, whom God long keep alive!
Thus in effect by wonder are you sav'd:
Trifle not then, but seek a speedy flight;
God will conduct your steps, and shield the right.

DOR. What should I do? ah poor unhappy queen,
Born to endure what fortune can contain!
Alas, the deed is too apparent now!
But, O mine eyes, were you as bent to hide,
As my poor heart is forward to forgive,
Ah cruel king, my love would thee acquit!
O, what avails to be allied and match'd
With high estates, that marry but in show!
Were I baser born, my mean estate
Could warrant me from this impendent harm:
But to be great and happy, these are twain.
Ah Ross, what shall I do? how shall I work?

* *servant*] The 4to. "*servants.*"

Ross. With speedy letters to your father send,
Who will revenge you, and defend your right.
Dor. As if they kill not me, who with him fight!
As if his breast be touch'd, I am not wounded!
As if he wail'd, my joys were not confounded!
We are one heart, though rent by hate in twain;
One soul, one essence doth our weal contain:
What then can conquer him, that kills not me?
Ross. If this advice displease, then, madam, flee.
Dor. Where may I wend or travel without fear?
Nano. Where not, in changing this attire you wear.
Dor. What, shall I clad me like a country maid?
Nano. The policy is base, I am afraid.
Dor. Why, Nano?
Nano. Ask you why? What, may a queen
March forth in homely weed, and be not seen?
The rose, although in thorny shrubs she spread,
Is still the rose, her beauties wax not dead;
And noble minds, although the coat be bare,
Are by their semblance known, how great they are.
Sir Bar. The dwarf saith true.
Dor. What garments lik'st thou than?*
Nano. Such as may make you seem a proper man.
Dor. He makes me blush and smile, though I
am sad.
Nano. The meanest coat for safety is not bad.
Dor. What, shall I jet† in breeches, like a squire?
Alas, poor dwarf, thy mistress is unmeet!
Nano. Tut, go me thus, your cloak before your
face,
Your sword uprear'd with quaint and comely grace:
If any come and question what you be,
Say you, a man, and call for witness me.

* *than*] For *then*: so written for the sake of the rhyme.
† *jet*] See note * p. 65.

Dor. What should I wear a sword, to what intent?
Nano. Madam, for shew; it is an ornament:
If any wrong you, draw a shining blade,
Withdraws a coward thief that would invade.
Dor. But if I strike, and he should strike again,
What should I do? I fear I should be slain.
Nano. No, take it single on your dagger so:
I'll teach you, madam, how to ward a blow.
Dor. How little shapes much substance may include!
Sir Bartram, Ross, ye ladies, and my friends,
Since presence yields me death, and absence life,
Hence will I fly disguised like a squire,
As one that seeks to live in Irish wars:
You, gentle Ross, shall furnish my depart.
Ross. Yea, prince, and die with you with all my heart:
Vouchsafe me then, in all extremest states,
To wait on you, and serve you with my best.
Dor. To me pertains the woe: live then in rest.
Friends, fare you well; keep secret my depart:
Nano alone shall my attendant be.
Nano. Then, madam, are you mann'd, I warrant ye:
Give me a sword, and if there grow debate,
I'll come behind, and break your enemy's pate.
Ross. How sore we grieve to part so soon away!
Dor. Grieve not for those that perish if they stay.
Nano. The time in words mispent is little worth:
Madam, walk on, and let them bring us forth.

[*Exeunt.*

Chorus. Enter Bohan.

Boh. So, these sad motions make* the fairy sleep;
And sleep he shall in quiet and content:

* *make*] The 4to. "*makes*."

For it would make a marble melt and weep,
To see these treasons 'gainst the innocent.
But since she 'scapes by flight to save her life,
The king may chance repent she was his wife.
The rest is ruthful; yet, to beguile the time,
'Tis interlac'd with merriment and rhyme. [*Exit.*

Act IV.

After a noise of horns and shoutings, enter certain Huntsmen, *(if you please, singing) one way; another way* Ateukin *and* Jaques.*

Ateu. Say, gentlemen, where may we find the king?
Hunts. Even here at hand, on hunting;
And at this hour he taken hath a stand,
To kill a deer.
Ateu. A pleasant work in hand:
Follow your sport, and we will seek his Grace.
Hunts. When such him seek, it is a woful case.

[*Exeunt Huntsmen one way, Ateukin and Jaques another.*

Enter Eustace, Ida, *and the* Countess.

Count. Lord Eustace, as your youth and virtuous
Deserve† a fair more fair, and richer wife; [life
So, since I am a mother, and do wit
What wedlock is, and that which 'longs to it,
Before I mean my daughter to bestow,
'Twere meet that she and I your state did know.
Eust. Madam, if I consider Ida's worth,
I know my portions merit none so fair,
And yet I hold in farm and yearly rent
A thousand pound, which may her state content.

* *Jaques*] The 4to. adds "*Gnato;*" but *Gnatho* is only another name for Ateukin. See note ‡ p. 105, and † p. 108.

† *deserve*] The 4to. "*deserves.*"

COUNT. But what estate, my lord, shall she possess?
EUST. All that is mine, grave countess, and no less.
But, Ida, will you love?
IDA. I cannot hate.
EUST. But will you wed?
IDA. 'Tis Greek to me, my lord:
I'll wish you well, and thereon take my word.
EUST. Shall I some sign of favour then receive?
IDA. Ay, if her ladyship will give me leave.
COUNT. Do what thou wilt.
IDA. Then, noble English peer,
Accept this ring, wherein my heart is set,
A constant heart with burning flames befret,
But under written this, *O morte dura:*
Hereon when so you look with eyes pura,
The maid you fancy most will favour you.
EUST. I'll try this heart, in hope to find it true.

Enter certain HUNTSMEN *and* LADIES.

HUNTS. Widow Countess, well y-met;
Ever may thy joys be many.
Gentle Ida, fair beset,
Fair and wise, not fairer any;
Frolic huntsmen of the game
Will* you well and give† you greeting.
IDA. Thanks, good woodman, for the same,
And our sport, and merry meeting.
HUNTS. Unto thee we do present
Silver hart with arrow wounded.
EUST. This doth shadow my lament,
Both [with] fear and love confounded.
LADIES. To the mother of the maid,
Fair as the lillies, red as roses,
Even so many goods are said,
As herself in heart supposes.

* *Will*] The 4to. "*Willes.*" † *give*] The 4to. "*gives.*"

COUNT. What are you, friends, that thus do * wish
us well? [ing been,
HUNTS. Your neighbours nigh, that have on hunt-
Who understanding of your walking forth,
Prepar'd this train to entertain you with:
This Lady Douglas, this Sir Egmond is. [for this:
COUNT. Welcome, ye ladies, and thousand thanks
Come, enter you a homely widow's house,
And if mine entertainment please you, let us feast.
HUNTS. A lovely lady never wants a guest.

[*Exeunt Countess, Huntsmen, and Ladies; manent Eustace, Ida.*

EUST. Stay, gentle Ida, tell me what you deem
What doth this hart,† this tender hart beseem?
IDA. Why not, my lord, since nature teacheth art
To senseless beasts to cure their grievous smart;
Dictamnum‡ serves to close the wound again.
EUST. What help for those that love?
IDA. Why, love again.
EUST. Were I the hart——
IDA. Then I the herb would be:
You shall not die for help; come, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDREW *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. Mon dieu, what malheur be this! Me come a the chamber, Signior Andrew, mon dieu; taka my poniard en ma maine, to give the estocade to the

* *do*] The 4to. "*doth.*" † *hart*] The 4to. "*haste.*"

‡ *Dictamnum*] or *Dictamnus* is the herb *dittany*: see Virg. *Æn.* xii. 411, and my note on the following lines of *The Arraignment of Paris*;

"And whither wends yon thriveless swain, like to the stricken deer,
Seeks he *dictamnum* for his wound within our forest here?"
Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 33. ed. 1829.

damoisella: par ma foi, there was no person; elle s'est en allé.

And. The worse luck, Jaques: but because I am thy friend, I will advise thee somewhat towards the attainment of the gallows.

Jaq. Gallows! what be that?

And. Marry, sir, a place of great promotion, where thou shalt by one turn above ground rid the world of a knave, and make a goodly ensample for all bloody villains of thy profession.

Jaq. Que dites vous, Monsieur Andrew?

And. I say, Jaques, thou must keep this path, and hie thee; for the queen, as I am certified, is departed with her dwarf, apparelled like a squire. Overtake her, Frenchman, stab her: I'll promise thee, this doublet shall be happy.

Jaq. Pourquoi?

And. It shall serve a jolly gentleman, Sir Dominus Monsignieur Hangman.

Jaq. C'est tout un; me will rama pour le monoy. [*Exit.*

And. Go, and the rot consume thee. O, what a trim world is this! My master lives by cozening the king, I by flattering him; Slipper, my fellow, by stealing, and I by lying: is not this a wily accord, gentlemen? This last night, our jolly horsekeeper, being well steeped in liquor, confessed to me the stealing of my master's writings, and his great reward: now dare I not bewray him, lest he discover my knavery, but thus have I wrought. I understand he will pass this way, to provide him necessaries; but if I and my fellows fail not, we will teach him such a lesson as shall cost him a chief place on pennyless bench for his labour: but yond he comes.

Enter SLIPPER, *with a Tailor, a Shoemaker, and a Cutler.*

SLIP. Tailor.

TAI. Sir.

SLIP. Let my doublet be white northern, five groats the yard: I tell thee, I will be brave.*

TAI. It shall, sir.

SLIP. Now, sir, cut it me like the battlements of a custard, full of round holes: edge me the sleeves with Coventry blue, and let the linings be of ten-penny lockeram.

TAI. Very good, sir.

SLIP. Make it the amorous cut, a flap before.

TAI. And why so? that fashion is stale.

SLIP. O friend, thou art a simple fellow. I tell thee a flap is a great friend to a storrie, it stands him instead of clean napery; and if a man's shirt be torn, it is a present penthouse to defend him from a clean housewife's scoff.

TAI. You say sooth, sir.

SLIP. Hold, take thy money; there is seven shillings for the doublet, and eight for the breeches: seven and eight; birlady, thirty-six is a fair deal of money.

TAI. Farewell, sir.

SLIP. Nay, but stay, tailor.

TAI. Why, sir.

SLIP. Forget not this special make,† let my back parts be well lined, for there come many winter storms from a windy belly, I tell thee. [*Exit Tailor.* Shoemaker.

SHOE. Gentleman, what shoe will it please you to have?

SLIP. A fine neat calves' leather, my friend.

* *brave*] i. e. fine.

† *make*] The 4to. "*mate*."

Shoe. O, sir, that is too thin, it will not last you.

Slip. I tell thee, it is my near kinsman, for I am Slipper, which hath his best grace in summer to be suited in lakus skins. Goodwife Clark was my grandmother, and goodman Netherleather mine uncle; but my mother, good woman, alas, she was a Spaniard, and being well tanned and dressed by a goodfellow, an Englishman, is grown to some wealth: as when I have but my upper parts clad in her husband's costly Spanish leather, I may be bold to kiss the fairest lady's foot in this country.

Shoe. You are of high birth, sir: but have you all your mother's marks on you?

Slip. Why, knave?

Shoe. Because if thou come of the blood of the Slippers, you should have a shoemaker's awl thrust through your ear.

Slip. Take your earnest, friend, and be packing, and meddle not with my progenitors.
Cutler. [*Exit Shoemaker.*

Cut. Here, sir.

Slip. I must have a rapier and dagger.*

Cut. A rapier and dagger, you mean, sir.

Slip. Thou sayest true; but it must have a very fair edge.

Cut. Why so, sir?

Slip. Because it may cut by himself, for truely, my friend, I am a man of peace, and wear weapons but for fashion.

Cut. Well, sir, give me earnest, I will fit you.

Slip. Hold, take it; I betrust thee, friend: let me be well armed.

Cut. You shall. [*Exit.*

* *a rapier and dagger*] From the Cutler's reply, it seems that Slipper miscalled the weapons; but there is no peculiarity in the spelling of the words in the 4to.

SLIP. Now what remains? there's twenty crowns for a house, three crowns for household stuff, sixpence to buy a constable's staff; nay I will be the chief of my parish. There wants nothing but a wench, a cat, a dog, a wife, and a servant, to make an whole family. Shall I marry with Alice, good man Grimshawe's daughter? she is fair, but indeed her tongue is like clocks on Shrovetuesday, always out of temper. Shall I wed Sisley of the Whighton? O, no; she is like a frog in a parsley-bed; as skittish as an eel: if I seek to hamper her, she will horn me. But a wench must be had, master Slipper; yea, and shall be, dear friend.

AND. I now will drive him from his contemplations. O, my mates, come forward: the lamb is unpent, the fox shall prevail.

Enter three Antics, who dance round, and take SLIPPER *with them.*

SLIP. I will, my friend, and I thank you heartily: pray keep your courtesy: I am yours in the way of an hornpipe. They are strangers, I see they understand not my language: wee, wee! *

[*Whilst they are dancing, Andrew takes away his money, and* [*he and*] *the other Antics depart.*

SLIP. Nay but, my friends, one hornpipe further, a refluence back, and two doubles forward: what, not one cross point against Sundays? What ho, sirrah, you gone, you with the nose like an eagle, and you be a right Greek, one turn more. Thieves, thieves! I am robbed! thieves! Is this the knavery of fiddlers? Well, I will then bind the whole credit of their occupation on a bag-piper, and he for my money. But I will after, and teach them to caper in a halter, that have cozened me of my money. [*Exit.*

* *wee, wee*] Perhaps this is not an exclamation, but a misprint for "*well, well.*"

Enter NANO, DOROTHEA, *in man's apparel.*

DOR. Ah Nano, I am weary of these weeds,
Weary to wield this weapon that I bear,
Weary of love, from whom my woe proceeds,
Weary of toil, since I have lost my dear!
O weary life, where wanteth* no distress,
But every thought is paid with heaviness!
NANO. Too much of weary, madam, if you please:
Sit down, let weary die, and take your ease.
DOR. How look I, Nano? like a man, or no?
NANO. If not a man, yet like a manly shrow.†
DOR. If any come and meet us on the way,
What should we do, if they enforce us stay.
NANO. Set cap a-huff, and challenge him the field:
Suppose the worst, the weak may fight to yield.
DOR. The battle, Nano, in this troubled mind
Is far more fierce than ever we may find.
The bodies' wounds by medicines may be eas'd,
But griefs of minds by salves are not appeas'd.
NANO. Say, madam, will you hear your Nano sing?
DOR. Of woe, good boy, but of no other thing.
NANO. What, if I sing of fancy,‡ will it please?
DOR. To such as hope success, such notes breed ease.
NANO. What, if I sing, like Damon, to my sheep?
DOR. Like Phillis, I will sit me down to weep.
NANO. Nay, since my songs afford such pleasure small,
I'll sit me down, and sing you none at all.
DOR. O, be not angry, Nano!
NANO. Nay, you loathe
To think on that which doth content us both.

* *wanteth*] The 4to. "*wanted.*"
† *shrow*] i. e. shrew,—so written for the sake of the rhyme.
‡ *fancy*] See note * vol. i. p. 179.

DOR. And how?
NANO. You scorn disport when you are weary,
And loathe my mirth, who live to make you merry.
DOR. Danger and fear withdraw me from delight.
NANO. 'Tis virtue to contemn false fortune's spite.
DOR. What should I do to please thee, friendly squire?
NANO. A smile a day, is all I will require;
And if you pay me well the smiles you owe me,
I'll kill this cursed care, or else beshrow me.
DOR. We are descried; O Nano, we are dead!

Enter JAQUES, *his sword drawn.*

NANO. Tut, yet you walk, you are not dead indeed.
Draw me your sword, if he your way withstand,
And I will seek for rescue out of hand.*
DOR. Run, Nano, run, prevent thy princess' death.
NANO. Fear not, I'll run all danger out of breath.
[*Exit.*
JAQ. Ah, you calleta, you strumpet! ta Maitressa Doretie, etes vous surprise? Come, say your paternoster, car vous etes morte par ma foi.
DOR. Callet, me strumpet! caitiff as thou art!
But even a princess born, who scorn thy threats:
Shall never Frenchman say, an English maid
Of threats of foreign force will be afraid.
JAQ. You no dire votres prieges? morbleu, mechante femme,† guarda your breasta: there, me make you die on my morglay.‡

* *And I will*, &c.] The 4to. gives this line to Dorothea.
† *morbleu, mechante femme*] Old copy "*urbleme merchants famme.*"
‡ *morglay*] The name of the sword of Sir Beris of Southampton;

"And how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And *morglay* his good sword."
Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, Song Second.

Dor. God shield me, hapless princess, and a wife,
And save my soul, although I lose my life!
[*They fight, and she is sore wounded.*
Ah, I am slain! some piteous power repay
This murderer's cursed deed, that doth me slay!

Jaq. Elle est tout morte: me will run pour a wager, for fear me be surpris and pendu for my labour. Bien, je m'en allerai au roi lui dire * mes affaires. Je serai un chevalier, for this day's travail. [*Exit.*

Enter Nano, *and* Sir Cuthbert Anderson, *his sword drawn.*

Sir Cuth. Where is this poor distressed gentleman?

Nano. Here laid on ground, and wounded to the death.
Ah gentle heart, how are these beauteous looks
Dimm'd by the tyrant cruelties of death!
O weary soul, break thou from forth my breast,
And join thee with the soul I honour'd most!

Sir Cuth. Leave mourning, friend, the man is yet alive.
Some help me to convey him to my house:
There will I see him carefully recur'd,
And send privy search to catch the murderer.

Nano. The God of heaven reward thee, courteous knight!

[*Exeunt; and they bear out Dorothea.*

Enter the King of Scots, Jaques, Ateukin, Andrew; *Jaques running with his sword one way, the King with his train another way.*

K. of Scots. Stay, Jaques, fear not, sheathe thy murdering blade:
Lo, here thy king and friends are come abroad,
To save thee from the terrors of pursuit.
What, is she dead?

* *lui dire*] The 4to. "*auy cits.*"

Jaq. Oui, Monsieur, elle est blessée par . . . . la tête sur les épaules : * I warrant, she no trouble you.

Ateu. O then, my liege, how happy art thou grown,
How favour'd of the heavens, and blest by love !
Methinks I see fair Ida in thine arms,
Craving remission for her late contempt ; †
Methinks I see her blushing steal a kiss,
Uniting both your souls by such a sweet,
And you, my king, suck nectar from her lips.
Why then delays your Grace to gain the rest,
You long desir'd ? why lose we forward time ?
Write, make me spokesman now, vow marriage :
If she deny your favour, let me die.

And. Mighty and magnificent potentate, give credence to mine honourable good lord, for I heard the midwife swear at his nativity, that the Fairies gave him the property of the Thracian stone ; for who toucheth it, is exempted from grief, and he that heareth my master's counsel, is already possessed of happiness ; nay, which is more miraculous, as the nobleman in his infancy lay in his cradle, a swarm of bees laid honey on his lips in token of his eloquence, for *melle dulcior fluit oratio.*

Ateu. Your Grace must bear with imperfections :
This is exceeding love that makes him speak.

K. of Scots. Ateukin, I am ravish'd in conceit,
And yet deprest again with earnest thoughts.
Methinks, this murder soundeth in mine ear
A threatening noise of dire and sharp revenge :
I am incens'd with grief, yet fain would joy.
What may I do to end me of these doubts ?

Ateu. Why, prince, it is no murder in a king,
To end another's life, to save his own :

* *par . . . . la tête sur les épaules*] The 4to. "*per lake teste oues les espanles,*" of which I can make nothing : I suppose some words are wanting.

† *contempt*] The 4to. "*attempt.*"

For you are not as common people be,
Who die and perish with a few men's * tears:
But if you fail, the state doth whole default,
The realm is rent in twain, in such a loss.
And Aristotle holdeth this for true,
Of evils needs we must choose the least:
Then better were it that a woman died,
Than all the help of Scotland should be blent. †
'Tis policy, my liege, in every state,
To cut off members that disturb the head:
And by corruption generation grows,
And contraries maintain the world and state.

K. of Scots. Enough, I am confirm'd. Ateukin,
Rid me of love, and rid me of my grief; [come,
Drive thou the tyrant from this tainted breast,
Then may I triumph in the height of joy.
Go to mine Ida, tell her that I vow
To raise her head, and make her honours great.
Go to mine Ida, tell her that her hairs
Shall be embellished with orient pearls,
And crowns of sapphires compassing her brows,
Shall war‖ with those sweet beauties of her eyes.
Go to mine Ida, tell her that my soul
Shall keep her semblance closed in my breast;
And I, in touching of her milkwhite mould,
Will think me deified in such a grace.
I like no stay; go write, and I will sign:
Reward me Jaques; give him store of crowns. ‡
And, sirrah Andrew, scout thou here in court,
And bring me tidings, if thou canst perceive
The least intent of muttering in my train;
For either those that wrong thy lord or thee
Shall suffer death.

Ateu. How much, O mighty king,
Is thy Ateukin bound to honour thee!

* *men's*] The 4to. "*mans.*"
† *blent*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 77.
‡ *crowns*] The 4to. "*crown.*"
‖ *war*] The 4to. "*wear.*"

Bow thee, Andrew, bend thine sturdy knees;
Seest thou not here thine only God on earth?
[*Exit the King.*

JAQ. Mais ou est mon argent, seigneur?

ATEU. Come, follow me. His grave, I see, is made,
That thus on sudden he hath left us here.
Come, Jaques: we will have our packet soon dis-
And you shall be my mate upon the way. [patch'd,

JAQ. Comme vous plaira, monsieur.
[*Exeunt Ateukin and Jaques.*

AND. Was never such a world, I think, before,
When sinners seem to dance within a net:
The flatterer and the murderer, they grow big;
By hook or crook promotion now is sought.
In such a world, where men are so misled,
What should I do, but, as the proverb saith,
Run with the hare, and hunt with the hound?
To have two means, beseems a witty man.
Now here in court I may aspire and climb
By subtlety, for* my master's death:
And if that fail, well fare another drift;
I will, in secret, certain letters send
Unto the English king, and let him know
The order of his daughter's overthrow,
That if my master crack his credit here,
As I am sure long flattery cannot hold,
I may have means within the English court
To 'scape the scourge that waits on bad advice.
[*Exit.*

Chorus. Enter BOHAN *and* OBERON.

OBER. Believe me, bonny Scot, these strange events
Are passing pleasing, may they end as well.

BOH. Else say that Bohan hath a barren skull,
If better motions yet than any past

* *for*] Qy. "*before.*"

Do not more glee to make the fairy greet.
But my small son made pretty handsome shift
To save the queen, his mistress, by his speed.

OBER. Yea, [and] yon laddy,* for the sport he made,
Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
Or else he capers in a halter's end.

BOH. What, hang my son! I trow not, Oberon:
I'll rather die than see him woe begone.

Enter a round, or some dance at pleasure.

OBER. Bohan, be pleas'd, for do they what they will,
Here is my hand, I'll save thy son from ill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter [DOROTHEA] *the Queen in a night-gown,* LADY ANDERSON, *and* NANO [*and* SIR CUTHBERT ANDERSON, *behind.*]

LADY AN. My gentle friend, beware, in taking air,
Your walks grow not offensive to your wounds.

DOR. Madam, I thank you of your courteous care:
My wounds are well nigh clos'd, though sore they are.

LADY AN. Methinks these closed wounds should breed more grief,
Since open wounds have cure, and find relief.

DOR. Madam, if undiscover'd wounds you mean,
They are not cur'd, because they are not seen.

LADY AN. I mean the wounds which do the heart subdue.

NANO. O, that is love: Madam, speak I not true?
[*Lady Anderson overhears.*

LADY AN. Say it were true, what salve for such a sore? [door.

NANO. Be wise, and shut such neighbours out of

* *laddy*] The 4to. "*lady:*" Oberon alludes to Slipper. See p. 151.

LADY AN. How if I cannot drive him from my
breast?
NANO. Then chain him well, and let him do his best.
SIR CUTH. In ripping up their wounds, I see their wit;
But if these wounds be cur'd, I sorrow it.
DOR. Why are you so intentive to behold
My pale and woeful looks, by care controll'd?
LADY AN. Because in them a ready way is found
To cure my care and heal my hidden wound.
NANO. Good master, shut your eyes, keep that conceit;
Surgeons give coin to get a good receipt.
DOR. Peace, wanton son; this lady did amend
My wounds; mine eyes her hidden grief shall end:
Look not too much, it is a weighty case.
NANO. Whereas a man puts on a maiden's face,
For many times, if ladies 'ware them not,
A nine months wound with little work is got.
SIR CUTH. I'll break off their dispute, lest love proceed
From covert smiles to perfect love indeed.
NANO. The cat's abroad, stir not, the mice be still.
LADY AN. Tut, we can fly such cats, when so we will.
SIR CUTH. How fares my guest? take cheer, nought shall default,
That either doth concern your health or joy:
Use me, my house; and what is mine is yours.
DOR. Thanks, gentle knight, and if all hopes be true,
I hope ere long, to do as much for you.
SIR CUTH. Your virtue doth acquit me of that doubt:
But, courteous sir, since troubles call* me hence,
I must to Edinburgh, unto the king,
There to take charge and wait him in his wars.
Meanwhile, good madam, take this squire in charge,
And use him so as if it were myself.

* *call*] The 4to. "*calles*."

Lady An. Sir Cuthbert, doubt not of my diligence:
Meanwhile, till your return, God send you health.
Dor. God bless his Grace, and if his cause be just,
Prosper his wars; if not, he'll mend, I trust.
Good sir, what moves the king to fall to arms?
Sir Cuth. The king of England forageth his land,
And hath besieg'd Dunbar* with mighty force.
What other news are common in the court,
Read you these letters, madam, tell the squire
The whole affairs of state, for I must hence.
Dor. God prosper you, and bring you back from
thence. [*Exit Sir Cuthbert Anderson.*
Madam, what news?
Lady An. They say the queen is slain.
Dor. Tut, such reports more false than truth contain.
Lady An. But these reports have made his nobles
leave him. [him?
Dor. Ah, careless men, and would they so deceive
Lady An. The land is spoil'd, the commons fear
the cross;
All cry against the king, their cause of loss:
The English king subdues and conquers all.
Dor. Alas, this war grows great on causes small!
Lady An. Our court is desolate, our prince alone,
Still dreading death.
Dor. Woes me, for him I moan!
Help, now help, a sudden qualm
Assails my heart!
Nano. Good madam, stand her friend:
Give us some liquor to refresh her heart.
Lady An. Daw† thou her up, and I will fetch
thee forth
Potions of comfort, to repress her pain. [*Exit.*

* *Dunbar*] The 4to. "*Dambac.*"

† *daw*] i. e. revive, resuscitate—still used in the north of England.

NANO. Fie, princess, faint on every fond report!
How well nigh had you open'd your estate!
Cover these sorrows with the veil of joy,
And hope the best; for why, this war will cause
A great repentance in your husband's mind.
DOR. Ah, Nano, trees live not without their sap,
And Clytie cannot blush but on the sun;
The thirsty earth is broke with many a gap,
And lands are lean, where rivers do not run:
Where soul is reft from that it loveth best,
How can it thrive or boast of quiet rest?
Thou know'st the prince's loss must be my death,
His grief, my grief; his mischief must be mine.
O, if thou love me, Nano, hie to court!
Tell Ross, tell Bartram, that I am alive;
Conceal thou yet the place of my abode:
Will them, even as they love their queen,
As they are chary of my soul and joy,
To guard the king, to serve him as my lord.
Haste thee, good Nano, for my husband's care
Consumeth me, and wounds me to the heart.
NANO. Madam, I go, yet loath to leave you here.
DOR. Go thou with speed: even as thou hold'st me dear,
Return in haste. [*Exit Nano.*

Enter LADY ANDERSON.

LADY AN. Now, sir, what cheer? come taste the broth I bring.
DOR. My grief is past, I feel no further sting.
LADY AN. Where is your dwarf? why hath he left you, sir?
DOR. For some affairs: he is not travelled far.
LADY AN. If so you please, come in and take your rest.
DOR. Fear keeps awake a discontented breast.
[*Exeunt.*

[*After a solemn service, enter from the widow's house a service, musical songs of marriages, or a masque, or what pretty triumph you list: to them* ATEUKIN,* [*and* JAQUES.]

ATEU. What means this triumph, friend? Why
are these feasts?

SERV. Fair Ida, sir, was married yesterday
Unto Sir Eustace, and for that intent
We feast and sport it thus to honour them:
And if you please, come in and take your part,
My lady is no niggard of her cheer. [*Exit.*

JAQ. Monsignieur, why be you so sadda? faites bonne chere: foutre de ce monde!

ATEU. What! was I born to be the scorn of kin?
To gather feathers like to a hopper crow,
And lose them in the height of all my pomp?
Accursed man, now is my credit lost!
Where are† my vows I made unto the king?
What shall become of me, if he shall hear
That I have caus'd him kill a virtuous queen,
And hope in vain for that which now is lost?
Where shall I hide my head? I know the heavens
Are just and will revenge: I know my sins
Exceed compare. Should I proceed in this?
This Eustace must amain‡ be made away.
O, were I dead, how happy should I be!

JAQ. Est ce donc à tel point votre etat? faith then, adieu Scotland, adieu Signieur Ateukin: me will homa to France, and no be hanged in a strange country. [*Exit.*

ATEU. Thou dost me good to leave me thus alone,
That galling grief and I may yoke in one.

* *Ateukin*] The 4to. adds "*and Gnato:*" but see note ‡ p. 105, and note † p. 108.

† *are*] The 4to. "*is.*" ‡ *amain*] The 4to. "*a man.*"

O, what are subtle means to climb on high,
When every fall swarms with exceeding shame?
I promis'd Ida's love unto the prince,
But she is lost, and I am false forsworn.
I practis'd Dorothea's hapless death,
And by this practice have commenc'd a war.
O cursed race of men, that traffic guile,
And in the end themselves and kings beguile!
Asham'd to look upon my prince again,
Asham'd of my suggestions and advice,
Asham'd of life, asham'd that I have err'd,
I'll hide myself, expecting for my shame.
Thus God doth work with those that purchase fame
By flattery, and make their prince their gain.*

[*Exit.*

Enter the King of ENGLAND, *Lord* PERCY, SAMLES, *and others.*

K. OF ENG.† Thus far then,‡ English peers, have we display'd
Our waving ensigns with a happy war;
Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
My daughter's death upon the traitrous Scot.
And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd;
Which, if it yield not to our compromise,
The plough§ shall furrow where the palace stood,
And fury shall envy‖ so high a power
That mercy shall be banish'd from our swords.

Enter DOUGLAS, *on the walls.*

DOUG. What seeks the English king? [enter in:
K. OF ENG. Scot, open those gates, and let me

* *gain*] Qy. "*game.*"

† *K. of Eng.*] To the speeches of the King of England throughout this scene is prefixed "*Arius.*"

‡ *then*] Old copy "*the.*"

§ *plough*] The 4to. "*place.*"

‖ *envy*] Qy. "*enjoy.*"

Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
Or I will put each mother's son to death,
And lay this city level with the ground.

DOUG. For what offence, for what default of ours,
Art thou incens'd so sore against our state?
Can generous hearts in nature be so stern
To prey on those that never did offend?
What though the lion, king of brutish race,
Through outrage sin, shall lambs be therefore slain?
Or is it lawful that the humble die,
Because the mighty do gainsay the right?
O English king, thou bearest in thy crest*
The king of beasts, that harms not yielding ones;
The roseal cross is spread within thy field,
A sign of peace, not of revenging war.
Be gracious then unto this little town;
And, though we have withstood thee for a while
To shew allegiance to our liefest liege,
Yet since we know no hope of any help,
Take us to mercy, for we yield ourselves.

K. OF ENG. What, shall I enter then, and be your lord?

DOUG. We will submit us to the English king.

[*They descend down, open the gates, and humble them.*

K. OF ENG. Now life and death dependeth on my sword:
This hand now rear'd, my Douglas, if I list,
Could part thy head and shoulders both in twain;
But since I see thee wise and old in years,
True to thy king, and faithful in his wars,
Live thou and thine. Dunbar is too too small
To give an entrance to the English king:
I, eagle-like, disdain these little fowls,
And look on none but those that dare resist.
Enter your town, as those that live by me:

* *crest*] The 4to. "*brest*."

For others that resist, kill, forage, spoil.
Mine English soldiers, as you love your king,
Revenge his daughter's death, and do me right.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the LAWYER, *the* MERCHANT, *and the* DIVINE.

LAW. My friends, what think you of this present state?
Were ever seen such changes in a time?
The manners and the fashions of this age
Are like the ermine's skin so full of spots:
As soon may the Moor be washed white,
Than these corruptions banish'd from this realm.
MERCH. What sees Mas Lawyer in this state amiss?
LAW. A wrestling power that makes a nose of wax
Of grounded law, a damn'd and subtle drift,
In all estates to climb by others' loss,
An eager thirst* of wealth, forgetting truth:
Might I ascend unto the highest states,
And by descent discover every crime,
My friends, I should lament, and you would grieve
To see the hapless ruins of this realm.
DIV. O lawyer, thou hast curious eyes to pry
Into the secret maims of their estate;
But if thy veil of error were unmask'd,
Thyself should see your sect do maim her most.
Are you not those that should maintain the peace,
Yet only are the patrons of our strife?
If your profession have his ground and spring
First from the laws of God, then country's right,
Not any ways inverting nature's power,
Why thrive you by contentions? why devise you
Clauses, and subtle reasons to except?
Our state was first, before you grew so great,

* *thirst*] The 4to. "*thrift*."

A lantern to the world for unity;
Now they that are befriended and are rich,
Oppress* the poor: come Homer without coin,
He is not heard. What shall we term this drift?
To say the poor man's cause is good and just,
And yet the rich man gains the best in law.
It is your guise (the more the world laments)
To coin provisos to beguile your laws,
To make a gay pretext of due proceeding,
When you delay your common pleas for years.
Mark what these dealings lately here have wrought:
The crafty men have purchas'd great men's lands;
They powl,† they pinch, their tenants are undone;
If these complain, by you they are undone;
You fleece them of their coin, their children beg,
And many want, because you may be rich:
This scar is mighty, master lawyer.
Now war‡ hath gotten head within this land,
Mark but the guise. The poor man that is wrong'd,
Is ready to rebel; he spoils, he pills;
We need no foes to forage that we have:
The law, say they, in peace consumed us,
And now in war we will consume the law.
Look to this mischief, lawyers: conscience knows
You live amiss; amend it, lest you end.

Law. Good Lord, that their divines should see so far
In others' faults, without amending theirs!
Sir, sir, the general defaults in state
(If you would read before you did correct)
Are by a hidden working from above,
By their successive changes still remov'd.§
Were not the law by contraries maintain'd,

* *Oppress*] The 4to. "*Or press.*"
† *powl*] See note * vol. i. p. 121.
‡ *war*] The 4to. "*man.*"
§ *remov'd*] The 4to. "*remainde.*"

How could the truth from falsehood be discern'd?
Did we not taste the bitterness of war,
How could we know the sweet effects of peace?
Did we not feel the nipping winter frosts,
How should we know the sweetness of the spring?
Should all things still remain in one estate,
Should not in greatest arts some scars be found,
Were all upright nor* chang'd, what world were this?
A chaos, made of quiet, yet no world,
Because the parts thereof did still accord:
This matter craves a variance, not a speech.
But, sir Divine, to you; look on your maims,
Divisions, sects, your symonies, and bribes,
Your cloaking with the great for fear to fall,
You shall perceive you are the cause of all.
Did each man know there were a storm at hand,
Who would not cloathe him well, to shun the wet?
Did prince and peer, the lawyer and the least,
Know what were sin without a partial gloss,
We need no long discovery† then of crimes,
For each would mend, advis'd by holy men.
Thus [I] but slightly shadow out your sins,
But if they were depainted out for life,
Alas, we both had wounds enough to heal!

MERCH. None of you both, I see, but are in fault;
Thus simple men, as I, do swallow flies.
This grave divine can tell us what to do,
But we may say, physician, mend thyself.
This lawyer hath a pregnant wit to talk,
But all are words, I see no deeds of worth.

LAW. Good merchant, lay your fingers on your mouth;
Be not a blab, for fear you bite yourself.
What should I term your state, but even the way
To every ruin in this commonweal?

* *nor*] The 4to. "*and.*"
† *discovery*] Qy. "*discoursing.*"

You bring us in the means of all excess,
You rate it, and retail* it, as you please;
You swear, forswear, and all to compass wealth;
Your money is your god, your hoard your heaven;
You are the ground-work of contention.
First heedless youth by you is over-reach'd;
We are corrupted by your many crowns:
The gentlemen, whose titles you have bought,
Lose all their fathers' toil within a day,
Whilst Hob your son, and Sib your nutbrown child,
Are gentlefolks, and gentles are beguil'd.
This makes so many noble minds† to stray,
And take sinister courses in the state.

Enter a SCOUT.

SCOUT. My friends, begone, and if you love your lives,
The king of England marcheth here at hand:
Enter the camp, for fear you be surpris'd.
DIV. Thanks, gentle scout, God mend that is amiss,
And place true zeal, whereas corruption is!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DOROTHEA, LADY ANDERSON, *and* NANO.

DOR. What news in court, Nano? let us know it.
NANO. If so you please, my lord, I straight will shew it:
The English king hath all the borders spoil'd,
Hath taken Morton prisoner, and hath slain
Seven thousand Scottish lords, not far from Tweed.
DOR. A woeful murder, and a bloody deed!
NANO. The king,‡ our liege, hath sought by many means
For to appease his enemy by prayers;

* *retail*] The 4to. "*retalde.*"
† *minds*] The 4to. "*maids.*"
‡ *The king*] The 4to. "*Thinking.*"

Nought will prevail unless he can restore
Fair Dorothea, long supposed dead:
To this intent he hath proclaimed late,
That whosoever return the queen to court
Shall have a thousand marks for his reward.

LADY AN. He loves her then, I see, although enforc'd,
That would bestow such gifts for to regain her.
Why sit you sad, good sir? be not dismay'd.

NANO. I'll lay my life, this man would be a maid.

DOR. Fain would I shew myself, and change my ['tire.

LADY AN. Whereon divine you, sir?

NANO. Upon desire.
Madam, mark but my skill, I'll lay my life,
My master here will prove a married wife.

DOR. Wilt thou bewray me, Nano?

NANO. Madam, no:
You are a man, and like a man you go:
But I that am in speculation seen,*
Know you would change your state to be a queen.

DOR. Thou art not, dwarf, to learn thy mistress' mind:
Fain would I with thyself disclose my kind,
But yet I blush.

NANO. What blush you, madam, than,†
To be yourself, who are a feigned man?
Let me alone. [so?

LADY AN. Deceitful beauty, hast thou scorn'd me

NANO. Nay, muse not, madam,‡ for she tells you true.

LADY AN. Beauty bred love, and love hath bred my shame.

NANO. And women's faces work more wrongs than these.

* *seen*] i. e. skilled.
† *than*] See note * p. 121.
‡ *madam*] The 4to. "*maiden*."

Take comfort, madam, to cure your* disease.
And yet he loves a man as well as you,
Only this difference, he† cannot fancy two.

LADY AN. Blush, grieve, and die in thine insatiate lust.

DOR. Nay, live, and joy that thou hast won a friend,
That loves thee as his life by good desert.

LADY AN. I joy, my lord, more than my tongue can tell,
Although not as I desir'd, I love you well;
But modesty, that never blush'd before,
Discover my false heart: I say no more.
Let me alone.

DOR. Good Nano, stay awhile.
Were I not sad, how kindly could I smile,
To see how fain I am to leave this weed;
And yet I faint to shew myself indeed:
But danger hates delay, I will be bold.
Fair lady, I am not suppose
A man, but even that queen, more hapless I,
Whom Scottish king appointed hath to die;
I am the hapless princess, for whose right
These kings in bloody wars revenge dispite.
I am that Dorothea, whom they seek,
Yours bounden for your kindness and relief;
And since you are the means that save my life,
Yourself and I will to the camp repair,
Whereas your husband shall enjoy reward,
And bring me to his highness once again.

LADY AN. Pardon, most gracious princess, if you please,
My rude discourse and homely entertain;
And if my words may savour any worth,
Vouchsafe my counsel in this weighty cause:

* *your*] The 4to. "*our*."
† *he*] The 4to. "*she*."

Since that our liege hath so unkindly dealt,
Give him no trust, return unto your sire,
There may you safely live in spite of him.
DOR. Ah lady, so would worldly counsel work!
But constancy, obedience, and my love,
In that my husband is my lord and chief,
These call me to compassion of his estate:
Dissuade me not, for virtue will not change.
LADY AN. What wondrous constancy is this I hear!
If English dames their husbands love so dear,
I fear me, in the world they have no peer.
NANO. Come, princess, wend, and let us change
your weed:
I long to see you now a queen indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING OF SCOTS, *the* ENGLISH HERALD, *&c. and* LORDS.

K. OF SCOTS. He would have parley, lords: herald,
say he shall,
And get thee gone: go, leave me to myself.
[*Exit Herald.*
'Twixt love and fear continual are* the wars:
The one assures me of my Ida's love,
The other moves me for my murder'd queen.
Thus find I grief of that whereon I joy,
And doubt in greatest hope, and death in weal,
Alas, what hell may be compar'd with mine,
Since in extremes my comforts do consist!
War then will cease, when dead ones are reviv'd;
Some then will yield, when I am dead for hope.
Who doth disturb me? Andrew?

ANDREW *enter, with* SLIPPER.

AND. Ay, my liege.
K. OF SCOTS. What news?

* *are*] The 4to. "*is.*"

And. I think my mouth was made at first
To tell these tragic tales, my liefest lord.
K. of Scots. What, is Ateukin dead? tell me the worst.
And. No, but your Ida—shall I tell him all?—
Is married late—ah! shall I say to whom?—
My master sad—for why, he shames the court,—
Is fled away; ah most unhappy flight!
Only myself—ah who can love you more!—
To shew my duty, duty past belief,
Am come unto your grace, O gracious liege,
To let you know—O would it were not thus!—
That love is vain, and maids soon lost and won.
K. of Scots. How have the partial heavens then dealt with me,
Boding my weal for to abase my power!
Alas, what thronging thoughts do me oppress!
Injurious love is partial in my right,
And flattering tongues by whom I was misled,
Have laid a snare to spoil my state and me.
Methinks I hear my Dorothea's ghost
Howling revenge for my accursed hate.
The ghosts* of those my subjects that are slain
Pursue me crying out, woe, woe to lust!
The foe pursues me at my palace door,
He breaks my rest, and spoils me in my camp.
Ah, flattering brood of sycophants, my foes!
First shall my dire revenge begin on you.
I will reward thee, Andrew.
Slip. Nay, sir, if you be in your deeds of charity, remember me. I rubbed master Ateukin's horse-heels, when he rid to the meadows.
K. of Scots. And thou shalt have thy recompence for that.
Lords, bear them to the prison, chain them fast,
Until we take some order for their deaths.

* *ghosts*] The 4to. "*gifts*."

And. If so your Grace in such sort give rewards,
Let me have nought; I am content to want.

Slip. Then, I pray, sir, give me all; I am as ready for a reward as an oyster for a fresh tide; spare not me, sir.

K. of Scots. Then hang them both as traitors to the king.

Slip. The case is altered, sir: I'll none of your gifts. What, I take a reward at your hands, master! faith, sir, no; I am a man of a better conscience.

K. of Scots. Why dally you? go draw them hence away.

Slip. Why, alas, sir, I will go away. I thank you, gentle friends; I pray you spare your pains. I will not trouble his honour's mastership; I'll run away.

Enter Oberon* *and* Antics, *and carry away the Clown* [Slipper]; *he makes mops,*† *and sports, and scorns.* [Andrew *is carried out.*]

K. of Scots. Why stay you? move me not. Let search be made
For vile Ateukin: whoso finds him out,
Shall have five hundred marks for his reward.
Away with them. Lords, troop about my tent:‡

* Oberon] The 4to. "Adam." Oberon had told Bohan that he would save his son on this critical occasion;

"*Ober.* Yea, [and] yon laddy; for the sport he made,
Shall see, when least he hopes, I'll stand his friend,
Or else he capers in a halter's end.
Boh. What, hang my son," &c. See p. 136.

† *mops*] i. e. grimaces. The 4to. "*pots.*" I once conjectured "*pouts.*"

‡ *Away with them. Lords, troop about my tent*] The 4to.
"Away with *the Lords troupes* about my tent."
I suppose the entrance of Oberon and the removal of Slipper and Andrew were not intended to take place till after the king had spoken the words, "Away with them." In our old dramas, which were generally printed from manuscript copies used at the theatres, the stage directions very frequently occur too soon, in order to give the players notice to be in readiness.

Let all our soldiers stand in battle 'ray,
For lo the English to their parley come.

[*March over bravely, first the English host, the sword carried before the king by Percy: the Scottish on the other side, with all their pomp, bravely.*

K. OF SCOTS. What seeks the king of England in this land?

K. OF ENG. False, traitrous Scot, I come for to revenge
My daughter's death; I come to spoil thy wealth,
Since thou hast spoil'd me of my marriage joy;
I come to heap thy land with carcasses,
That this thy thirsty soil, chok'd up with blood,
May thunder forth revenge upon thy head;
I come to quite thy loveless love with death:
In brief, no means of peace shall e'er be found,
Except I have my daughter or thy head.

K. OF SCOTS. My head, proud king! abase thy pranking plumes:*
So striving fondly may'st thou catch thy grave.
But if true judgment do direct thy course,
These lawful reasons should divide† the war:
Faith, not by my consent thy daughter died.

K. OF ENG. Thou liest, false Scot! thy agents have confess'd it.
These are but fond delays: thou canst not think
A means to‡ reconcile me for thy friend.
I have thy parasite's confession penn'd;
What then canst thou allege in thy excuse?

K. OF SCOTS. I will repay the ransom for her blood.

K. OF ENG. What, think'st thou, caitiff, I will sell my child?

* *plumes*] The 4to. "*plains.*"
† *divide*] Qy. "*decide.*"
‡ *to*] The 4to. "*for* to."

No, if thou be a prince and man at arms,
In single combat come and try thy right,
Else will I prove thee recreant to thy face.

K. of Scots. I brook* no combat, false injurious king.
But since thou needless art inclin'd to war,
Do what thou dar'st; we are in open field:
Arming my† battles, I will fight with thee.

K. of Eng. Agreed. Now trumpets sound a dreadful charge.
Fight for your princess, [my] brave Englishmen!

K. of Scots. Now‡ for your lands, your children, and your wives,
My Scottish peers, and lastly for your king!

Alarum sounded: both the battles offer to meet, and, as the Kings are joining battle, enter Sir Cuthbert [Anderson] *and* Lady Anderson,§ *with the Queen,* Dorothea, *richly attired,* [*and* Nano.]

Sir Cuth. Stay, princes, wage not war: a privy grudge
Twixt such as you, most high in majesty,
Afflicts both nocent and the innocent.
How many swords, dear princes, see I drawn!
The friend against his friend, a deadly fiend;‖
A desperate division in those lands,
Which if they join in one, command the world.
O, stay! with reason mitigate your rage;
And let an old man, humbled on his knees,
Entreat a boon, good princes, of you both.

K. of Eng. I condescend, for why thy reverend years

* *brook*] The 4to. "*took*."

† *my*] The 4to. "*thy*."

‡ *Now*, &c.] The 4to. gives these two lines to the King of England.

§ *and* Lady Anderson] The 4to. "*to* his Lady *Cuthbert*."

‖ *fiend*] The 4to. "*friend*."

Import some news of truth and consequence:
I am content, for Anderson I know. [me good.
K. of Scots. Thou art my subject, and dost mean
Sir Cuth. But by your gracious favours grant me this,
To swear upon your sword to do me right.
K. of Eng. See, by my sword, and by a prince's
In every lawful sort I am thine own. [faith,
K. of Scots. And by my sceptre and the Scottish
I am resolv'd to grant thee thy request. [crown,
Sir Cuth. I see you trust me, princes, who repose
The weight of such a war upon my will.
Now mark my suit. A tender lion's whelp,
This other day, came straggling in the woods,
Attended by a young and tender hind,
In courage haughty, yet 'tir'd like a lamb.
The prince of beasts had left this young in keep,
To foster up as love-mate and compeer,
Unto the lion's mate, and neighbour friend:
This stately guide, seduced by the fox,
Sent forth an eager wolf, bred up in France,
That grip'd the tender whelp, and wounded it.
By chance, as I was hunting in the woods,
I heard the moan the hind made for the whelp:
I took them both and brought them to my house.
With chary care I have recur'd the one;
And since I know the lions are at strife
About the loss and damage of the young,
I bring her home; make claim to her who list.
[*He discovereth her.*
Dor. I am the whelp, bred by this lion up,
This royal English king, my happy sire:
Poor Nano is the hind that tended me.
My father, Scottish king, gave me to thee,
A hapless wife: thou, quite misled by youth,
Hast sought sinister loves and foreign joys.

The fox Ateukin, cursed parasite,
Incens'd your grace to send the wolf abroad,
The French-born Jaques, for to end my days:
He, traitorous man, pursu'd me in the woods,
And left me wounded, where this noble knight
Both rescu'd me and mine, and sav'd my life.
Now keep thy promise; Dorothea lives;
Give Anderson his due and just reward:
And since, you kings, your wars began by me,
Since I am safe, return, surcease your fight.

K. OF SCOTS. Durst I presume to look upon those eyes,
Which I have tired with a world of woes,
Or did I think submission were enough,
Or sighs might make an entrance to my soul,
You heavens, you know how willing I would weep;
You heavens can tell how glad I would submit;
You heavens can say, how firmly I would sigh.

DOR. Shame me not, prince, companion in thy bed:
Youth hath misled,—tut, but a little fault;
'Tis kingly to amend what is amiss.
Might I with twice as many pains as these
Unite our hearts, then should my wedded lord
See how incessant labours I would take.
My gracious father, govern your affects:
Give me that hand, that oft hath blest this head,
And clasp thine arms, that have embrac'd this [neck],
About the shoulders of my wedded spouse.
Ah, mighty prince! this king and I am one;
Spoil thou his subjects, thou despoilest me;
Touch thou his breast, thou dost attaint this heart:
O, be my father then in loving him!

K. OF ENG. Thou provident kind mother of increase,
Thou must prevail, ah, nature, thou must rule!
Hold, daughter, join my hand and his in one;
I will embrace him for to favour thee:
I call him friend, and take him for my son.

Dor. Ah, royal husband, see what God hath wrought!
Thy foe is now thy friend. Good men at arms,
Do you the like. These nations if they join,
What monarch, with his liege-men, in this world,
Dare but encounter you in open field?

K. of Scots. All wisdom, join'd with godly piety!
Thou English king, pardon my former youth;
And pardon, courteous queen, my great misdeed:
And, for assurance of mine after life,
I take religious vows before my God,
To honour thee for father,* her for wife.

Sir Cuth.† But yet my boons, good princes, are not past.
First, English king, I humbly do request,
That by your means our princess may unite
Her love unto mine aldertruest‡ love,
Now you will love, maintain, and help them both.

K. of Eng. Good Anderson, I grant thee thy request.

Sir Cuth. But you, my prince, must yield me mickle more.
You know your nobles are your chiefest states,
And long time have been banish'd from your court:
Embrace, and reconcile them to yourself:
They are your hands, whereby you ought to work.
As for Ateukin, and his lewd compeers,
That sooth'd you in your sins and youthly pomp,
Exile, torment, and punish such as they;
For greater vipers never may be found
Within a state than such aspiring heads,
That reck not how they climb, so that they climb.

K. of Scots. Guid knight, I grant thy suit. First I submit,

* *father*] The 4to. "*favour*."

† Sir Cuth.] The 4to. gives to Lady Anderson this, and the next speech of Sir Cuthbert Anderson.

‡ *aldertruest*] i. e. truest of all: *alder* being used as the genitive of *all*. So Chaucer *alderfirst*, and Shakespeare *alderliefest*.

And humble crave a pardon of your Grace.
Next, courteous queen, I pray thee by thy loves
Forgive mine errors past, and pardon me.
My lords and princes, if I have misdone,
As I have wrong'd indeed both you and yours,
Hereafter trust me, you are dear to me.
As for Ateukin, whoso finds the man,
Let him have martial law, and straight be hang'd,
As all his vain abettors now are dead.*
And, Anderson, our treasurer shall pay
Three thousand marks for friendly recompence.

NANO.† But, princes, whilst you friend it thus in
Methinks of friendship Nano shall have none. [one,

DOR. What would my dwarf, that I will not bestow?

NANO. My boon, fair queen, is this, that you would go:
Although my body is but small and neat,
My stomach, after toil, requireth meat:
An easy suit, dread princes, will you wend?

K. OF SCOTS. Art thou a pigmy born, my pretty friend?

NANO. Not so, great king, but nature, when she fram'd me,
Was scant of earth, and Nano therefore nam'd me;
And, when she saw my body was so small,
She gave me wit, to make it big withal.

K. OF ENG.‡ Till time when . . . . .

DOR. Eat then.

K. OF ENG. My friend, it stands with wit,
To take repast when stomach serveth it.

DOR. Thy policy, my Nano, shall prevail.

* *As all his vain abettors now are dead*] The 4to;
" As (all his vain *arbitters* now are *diuided*)."

† NANO] The 4to. " L. AND."

‡ *Till time when*] To this and the next speech of the King of England the 4to. prefixes " *K.*" Part of the text appears to be wanting here.

Come, royal father, enter we my tent:
And, soldiers, feast it, frolic it, like friends.
My princes, bid this kind and courteous train
Partake some favours of our late accord.
Thus wars have end, and, after dreadful hate,
Men learn at last to know their good estate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

GEORGE-A-GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

A Pleasant conceyted comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield. As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right Honourable the Earle of Sussex. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599. 4to.

Reprinted in the different editions of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

The measure of this drama is in many places mutilated, apparently by the dropping out of words.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD, *King of England*,
JAMES, *King of Scotland*,
EARL OF KENDAL,
EARL OF WARWICK,
LORD BONFIELD,
LORD HUMES,
SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG,
SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING,
GEORGE-A-GREENE,
MUSGROVE,
CUDDY, *his son*,
GRIME,
ROBIN HOOD,
MUCH,
SCARLET,
JENKIN,
WILY,
JOHN,
JUSTICE,
TOWNSMAN,
SHOEMAKER, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, &c.

JANE-A-BARLEY,
BETTRIS, *daughter to Grime*,
MAID MARIAN.

THE PINNER* OF WAKEFIELD.

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL; *with him the* LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, [SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING,] *and* JOHN.

KEN. WELCOME to Bradford, martial gentlemen,
Lord Bonfield, and sir Gilbert Armstrong both,
And all my troops, even to my basest groom,
Courage and welcome; for the day is ours.
Our cause is good, it is for the land's avail:
Then let us fight, and die for England's good.

OMNES. We will, my lord.

KEN. As I am Henry Momford, Kendal's earl,
You honour me with this assent of yours;
And here upon my sword I make protest,
For to relieve the poor, or die myself.
And know, my lords, that James, the king of Scots,
Wars hard upon the borders of this land:
Here is his post.
Say, John Taylor, what news with king James?

JOHN. War, my lord, [I] tell, and good news I trow; for king James vows to meet you the twenty-sixth of this month, God willing; marry doth he, sir.

KEN. My friends, you see what we have to win.

* *Pinner*] Or *Pindar*; the keeper of the Pinfolds belonging to the common fields about Wakefield. Junius, in his *Etymologicon*, voce *Pende*, says: "*Pende* Includere. Ch. ab A. S. pennan pyndan idem significante. Hinc *pinder*, *pinner*, Qui pecora ultra fines vagantia septo includit." Mr. Steevens observes, that the figure of this rustic hero is still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-Lane.—*Reed*.

Well, John, commend me to king James, and tell him,
I will meet him the twenty-sixth of this month,
And all the rest; and so farewell. [*Exit John.*
Bonfield, why stand'st thou as a man in dumps?
Courage; for if I win, I'll make thee duke.
I Henry Momford will be king myself,
And I will make thee duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armstrong lord of Doncaster.

Bon. Nothing, my lord, makes me amaz'd at all,
But that our soldiers find* our victuals scant.
We must make havoc of those country swains;
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly send provision to your camp.

Arm. My lord Bonfield gives good advice;
They make a scorn and stand upon the king:
So what is brought is sent from them perforce;
Ask Mannering else.

Ken. What say'st thou, Mannering?

Man. Whenas I shew'd your high commission,
They made this answer,
Only to send provision for your horses.

Ken. Well, hie thee to Wakefield, bid the town
To send me all provision that I want;
Lest I, like martial Tamberlaine, lay waste
Their bordering countries, leaving† none alive
That contradicts my commission.

Man. Let me alone, my lord, I'll make them vail
Their plumes;
For whatsoe'er he be, the proudest knight,
Justice, or other, that gainsay'th your word,
I'll clap him fast, to make the rest to fear.

Ken. Do so, Nick! hie thee thither presently,
And let us hear of thee again to-morrow.

Man. Will you not remove, my lord?

* *find*] The 4to. "*findes.*"
† *leaving*] The 4to. "*and* leaving."

KEN. No, I will lie at Bradford all this night,
And all the next. Come, Bonfield, let us go,
And listen out some bonny lasses here.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the JUSTICE, *a* TOWNSMAN,* GEORGE-A-GREENE, *and* SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING *with his commission.*

JUS. Master Mannering, stand aside, whilst we confer
What is best to do. Townsmen of Wakefield,
The earl of Kendal here hath sent for victuals;
And in aiding him we shew ourselves no less
Than traitors to the king; therefore
Let me hear, townsmen, what is your consents.
TOWNS. Even as you please, we are all content.
JUS. Then, Master Mannering, we are resolv'd—
MAN. As how?
JUS. Marry, sir, thus.
We will send the earl of Kendal no victuals,
Because he is a traitor to the king;
And in aiding him we shew ourselves no less.
MAN. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen mad,
That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wisely to make provision of yourselves?
The earl is thirty thousand men strong in power,
And what town soever him resist,
He lays it flat and level with the ground.
Ye silly men, you seek your own decay:
Therefore
Send my lord such provision as he wants,
So he will spare your town, and come no nearer
Wakefield than he is.

* *a Townsman*] i.e. the spokesman of the whole body of townsmen, several of whom must be on the stage during the scene.

Jus. Master Mannering, you have your answer,
You may be gone.
Man. Well, Woodroffe, for so I guess is thy name,
I'll make thee curse thy overthwart denial;
And all that sit upon the bench this day
Shall rue the hour they have withstood my lord's
Commission.
Jus. Do thy worst, we fear thee not.
Man. See you these seals? before you pass the
I will have all things my lord doth want, [town,
In spite of you.
Geo. Proud dapper Jack, vail bonnet to the bench,
That represents the person of the king;
Or, sirrah, I'll lay thy head before thy feet.
Man. Why, who art thou?
Geo. Why, I am George-a-Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scorns that men of such esteem as these,
Should brook the braves of any traitrous squire.
You of the bench, and you, my fellow-friends,
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,
Vow'd unto him even in our mothers' womb,
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our king;
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses,
Be all king Edward's. Then, sirrah, we have
Nothing left for traitors, but our swords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and die
Against you, before we send you any victuals.
Jus. Well spoken, George-a-Greene!
Towns. Pray let George-a-Greene speak for us.
Geo. Sirrah, you get no victuals here,
Not if a hoof of beef would save your lives.
Man. Fellow, I stand amaz'd at thy presumption.
Why, what art thou that dar'st gainsay my lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of myself;
For see, I have a large commission.

GEO. Let me see it, sirrah. Whose seals be these?

MAN. This is the earl of Kendal's seal at arms;
This lord Charnel Bonfield's;
And this sir Gilbert Armstrong's.

GEO. I tell thee, sirrah, did good king Edward's son
Seal a commission against the king his father,
Thus would I tear it in despite of him,
[*He tears the commission.*
Being traitor to my sovereign.

MAN. What! hast thou torn my lord's commission?
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

GEO. What, are you in choler? I will give you pills
To cool your stomach. Seest thou these seals?
Now, by my father's soul,
Which was a yeoman, when he was alive,
Eat them,* or eat my dagger's point, proud squire.

MAN. But thou doest but jest, I hope.

GEO. Sure that shall you see before we two part.

MAN. Well, and there be no remedy, so George:
One is gone; I pray thee, no more now.

GEO. O sir,
If one be good, the others cannot hurt.
So, sir,
Now you may go tell the earl of Kendal,
Although I have rent his large commission,
Yet of courtesy I have sent all his seals
Back again by you.

MAN. Well, sir, I will do your errand. [*Exit.*

GEO. Now let him tell his lord, that he hath spoke

* *Eat them*, &c.] The resemblance between this incident and an adventure in which Greene was concerned is pointed out in my remarks on *The Pinner of Wakefield*, in the account of our author's Life: see also the extract from the prose *History of George-a-Greene* at the end of this play.

With George-a-Greene,
Right Pinner of merry Wakefield town,
That hath physick for a fool,
Pills for a traitor that doth wrong his sovereign.
Are you content with this that I have done?

JUST. Ay, content, George;
For highly hast thou honour'd Wakefield town,
In cutting off proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to day;
For well thou hast deserv'd reward and favour.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter old MUSGROVE, *and young* CUDDY *his son.*

CUD. Now, gentle father, list unto thy son,
And for my mother's love,
That erst was blithe and bonny in thine eye
Grant one petition that I shall demand.

MUS. What is that, my Cuddy?

CUD. Father,
You know the ancient enmity of late
Between the Musgroves and the wily Scots,
Whereof they have oath,
Not to leave one alive that strides a lance.*
O father,
You are old, and waning age† unto the grave:
Old William Musgrove, which whilom was thought
The bravest horseman in all Westmoreland,
Is weak,
And forc'd to stay his arm upon a staff,
That erst could wield a lance.
Then, gentle father, resign the hold to me;
Give arms to youth, and honour unto age. [quake

MUS. Avaunt, false-hearted boy: my joints do

* *strides a lance.*] i. e. not to leave even a child of them alive, one who *equitat in arundine longa.* Steevens.

† *age*] Qy. "*aye.*"

Even with anguish of thy very words.
Hath William Musgrove seen an hundred years?
Have I been fear'd and dreaded of the Scots,
That, when they heard my name in any road,*
They fled away, and posted thence amain,
And shall I die with shame now in mine age?
No, Cuddy, no: thus resolve I,
Here have I liv'd, and here will Musgrove die.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, MASTER GRIME, *and* BETTRIS *his daughter.*

BON. Now, gentle Grime, god a mercy for our good cheer;
Our fare was royal, and our welcome great:
And sith so kindly thou hast entertain'd us,
If we return with happy victory,
We will deal as friendly with thee in recompence.
GRIME. Your welcome was but duty, gentle lord:
For wherefore have we given us our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?
O, this goes hard when traitors must be flatter'd!
But life is sweet, and I cannot withstand it:
God, I hope, will revenge the quarrel of my king.
ARM. What said you, Grime?
GRIME. I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the hour that e'er I got the girl:
For, sir, she may have many wealthy suitors,
And yet she disdains them all,
To have poor George-a-Greene unto her husband.
BON. On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy daughter;
But she, in quirks and quiddities of love,
Sets me to school, she is so overwise.
But, gentle girl, if thou wilt forsake the Pinner,

* *road*] i. e. inroad.

And be my love, I will advance thee high;
To dignify those hairs of amber hue,
I'll grace them with a chaplet made of pearl,
Set with choice rubies, sparks, and diamonds,
Planted
Upon a velvet hood, to hide that head,
Wherein two sapphires burn like sparkling fire:
This will I do, fair Bettris, and far more,
If thou wilt love the lord of Doncaster.

BET. Heigh ho! my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps* on the earl, if that be he.
See where he comes, or angry, or in love,
For why his colour looketh discontent.

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL *and* SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING.

KEN. Come, Nick, follow me.

BON. How now, my lord? what news?

KEN. Such news, Bonfield, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill to hear how Nick was us'd:
Why, the Justices stand on their terms.
Nick, as you know, is haughty in his words:
He laid the law unto the Justices
With threatening braves, that one look'd on another,
Ready to stoop; but that a churl came in,
One George-a-Greene, the Pinner of the town,
And with his dagger drawn laid hands on Nick,
And by no beggars swore that we were traitors,
Rent our commission, and upon a brave
Made Nick to eat the seals, or brook the stab:
Poor Mannering, afraid, came posting hither straight.

BET. O lovely George, fortune be still thy friend!
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy mind
In all accords even to thy heart's desire!

* *Perhaps*, &c.] This line (which seems to want a word) and the two following should perhaps be given to Bonfield.

Bon. What says fair Bettris? [Greene:
Grime. My lord, she is praying for George-a-
He is the man, and she will none but him.
Bon. But him! why, look on me, my girl:
Thou know'st, that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my return to wed with thee.
Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy fair?*
Bet. I care not for earl, nor yet for knight,
Nor baron that is so bold:
For George-a-Greene, the merry Pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.
Bon. Bootless, my lord, are many vain replies.
Let us hie us to Wakefield, and send her the Pinner's
head.
Ken. It shall be so. Grime, gramercie,
Shut up thy daughter, bridle her affects,†
Let me not miss her when I make return;
Therefore look to her, as to thy life, good Grime.
Grime. I warrant you, my lord.
Ken. And, Bettris,
Leave a base Pinner, for to love an earl.
[*Exeunt Grime and Bettris.*
Fain would I see this Pinner George-a-Greene.
It shall be thus;
Nick Mannering shall lead on the battle,
And we three will go to Wakefield in some disguise:
But howsoever, I'll have his head to-day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, *with Soldiers, and* John.

K. James. Why, Johny, then the earl of Kendal
is blithe,
And hath brave men that troop along with him?

* *fair*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 61.
† *affects*] i. e. affections.

JOHN. Ay marry, my liege,
And hath good men that come along with him,
And vows to meet you at Scrasblesea,* God willing.
K. JAMES. If good saint Andrew lend King Jamie
I will be with him at the 'pointed day. [leave,

Enter [NED] *Jane-a-Barley's Son.*

But soft. Whose pretty boy art thou?
NED. Sir, I am son unto Sir John-a-Barley,
Eldest, and all that e'er my mother had;
Edward my name.
K. JAMES. And whither art thou going, pretty Ned?
NED. To seek some birds, and kill them, if I can.
And now my schoolmaster is also gone,
So have I liberty to ply my bow;
For when he comes, I stir not from my book.
K. JAMES. Lord Humes, but mark the visage of this child;
By him I guess the beauty of his mother:
None but Leda could breed Helena.
Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother? [sir;
NED. None† but herself and household servants,
If you would speak with her, knock at this gate.
K. JAMES. Johny, knock at that gate.

Enter JANE-A-BARLEY *upon the walls.*

JANE. O, I am betray'd! What multitudes be these?
K. JAMES. Fear not, fair Jane, for all these men are mine,
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:
I am thy lover, James, the king of Scots,
That oft have su'd and woo'd with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen,
Whenas my inward soul did bleed for woe.

* *Scrasblesea*] "*Scrivelsby*" or "*Scamblesby.*"
† *None*] The 4to. "*Not.*"

Little regard was given to my suit,
But haply thy husband's presence wrought it:
Therefore, sweet Jane, I fitted me to time,
And, hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to crave what long I have desir'd.

NED. Nay, soft you, sir, you get no entrance here,
That seek to wrong sir John-a-Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.

K. JAMES. Why, what dishonour, Ned?

NED. Though young,
Yet often have I heard my father say,
No greater wrong than to be made a cuckold.
Were I of age, or were my body strong,
Were he ten kings, I would shoot him to the heart,
That should attempt to give sir John the horn.
Mother, let him not come in;
I will go lie at Jockie Miller's house.

K. JAMES. Stay him.

JANE. Ay, well said, Ned, thou hast given the king his answer;
For were the ghost of Cæsar on the earth,
Wrapp'd in the wonted glory of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so.
But good King James is pleasant, as I guess,
And means to try what humour I am in;
Else would he never have brought an host of men,
To have them witness of his Scottish lust.

K. JAMES. Jane, in faith, Jane—

JANE. Never reply,
For I protest by the highest holy God,
That doometh just revenge for things amiss,
King James, of all men, shall not have my love.

K. JAMES. Then list to me; saint Andrew be my boot,
But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground,
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

JANE. I fear thee not, King Jamie; do thy worst.
This castle is too strong for thee to scale;
Besides, to-morrow will sir John come home.
K. JAMES. Well, Jane, since thou disdain'st king
James's love,
I'll draw thee on with sharp and deep extremes:
For by my father's soul, this brat of thine
Shall perish here before thine eyes,
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.
JANE. O deep extremes! my heart begins to break.
My little Ned looks pale for fear.
Cheer thee, my boy, I will do much for thee.
NED. But not so much as to dishonour me.
JANE. And if thou diest, I cannot live, sweet Ned.
NED. Then die with honour, mother, dying chaste.
JANE. I am arm'd.
My husband's love, his honour, and his fame,
Join* victory by virtue. Now, king James,
If mother's tears cannot allay thine ire,
Then butcher him, for I will never yield:
The son shall die, before I wrong the father.
K. JAMES. Why then he dies.

Alarum within. Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord, Musgrove is at hand.
K. JAMES. Who, Musgrove? The devil he is!
Come, my horse. [*Exeunt the King and his train.*

Enter old MUSGROVE, *with King* JAMES *prisoner.*

MUS. Now, king James, thou art my prisoner.
K. JAMES. Not thine, but fortune's prisoner.

Enter CUDDY.

CUD. Father, the field is ours;
Their colours we have seiz'd, and Humes is slain;
I slew him hand to hand.

* *Join*] The 4to. "*Joynes.*"

MUS. God and Saint George!
CUD. O father, I am sore athirst!
JANE. Come in, young Cuddy, come and drink thy fill:
Bring in king Jamie with you as a guest;
For all this broil was 'cause he could not enter.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter GEORGE-A-GREENE *alone.*

GEO. The sweet content of men that live in love,
Breeds fretting humours in a restless mind;
And fancy, being check'd by fortune's spite,
Grows too impatient in her sweet desires;
Sweet to those men whom love leads on to bliss,
But sour to me, whose hap is still amiss.

Enter [JENKIN] *the Clown.*

JEN. Marry, amen, sir.
GEO. Sir, what do you cry amen at?
JEN. Why, did not you talk of love?
GEO. How do you know that?
JEN. Well, though I say it that should not say it, there are few fellows in our parish so nettled with love, as I have been of late.
GEO. Sirrah, I thought no less, when the other morning you rose so early to go to your wenches. Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest business.
JEN. Trow you have hit it; for, master, be it known to you, there is some good-will betwixt Madge the Sousewife and I; marry, she hath another lover.
GEO. Canst thou brook any rivals in thy love?
JEN. A rider! no, he is a sow-gelder, and goes afoot. But Madge 'pointed to meet me in your wheat close.
GEO. Well, did she meet you there?

JEN. Never make question of that. And first I saluted her with a green gown, and after fell as hard a-wooing, as if the priest had been at our backs to have married us.

GEO. What, did she grant?

JEN. Did she grant! never make question of that. And she gave me a shirt-collar, wrought over with no counterfeit stuff.

GEO. What, was it gold?

JEN. Nay, 'twas better than gold.

GEO. What was it?

JEN. Right Coventry blue. We* had no sooner come there, but wot you who came by?

GEO. No; who?

JEN. Clim the sow-gelder.

GEO. Came he by?

JEN. He spied Madge and I sit together: he leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and began to swear. Now I seeing he had a dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand, I gave him fair words and said nothing. He comes to me, and takes me by the bosom; you whoreson slave, said he, hold my horse, and look he take no cold in his feet. No marry shall he, sir, quoth I, I'll lay my cloak underneath him: I took my cloak, spread it all along, and his horse on the midst of it.

GEO. Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon thy cloak?

JEN. Ay, but mark how I served him. Madge and he were† no sooner gone down into the ditch, but I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak, and made his horse stand on the bare ground.

GEO. 'Twas well done. Now, sir, go and survey my fields: if you find any cattle in the corn, to pound with them.

* *We*] The 4to. "*Who*."
† *were*] The 4to. "*was*."

JEN. And if I find any in the pound, I shall turn them out. [*Exit.*

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL, LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *all disguised, with a train of men.*

KEN. Now we have put the horses in the corn,
Let us stand in some corner for to hear
What braving terms the Pinner will breathe,
When he spies our horses in the corn.

Enter JENKIN* *blowing of his horn.*

JEN. O master, where are you? we have a prize.
GEO. A prize! what is it?
JEN. Three goodly horses in our wheat close.
GEO. Three horses in our wheat close! whose be they?

JEN. Marry that's a riddle to me; but they are there; velvet horses, and I never saw such horses before. As my duty was, I put off my cap, and said as followeth: My masters, what do you make in our close? One of them hearing me ask what he made there, held up his head and neighed, and after his manner laughed as heartily as if a mare had been tied to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for, if my master take you here, you go as round as a top to the pound. Another untoward jade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, cast up both his heels, and let such a monstrous great fart; that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George-a-Greene. Now I hearing this, put on my cap, blew my horn, called them all jades, and came to tell you.

* *Jenkin*] The 4to. "*Jacke.*"

GEO. Now, sir, go and drive me those three horses to the pound.

JEN. Do you hear? I were best take a constable with me.

GEO. Why so?

JEN.* Why, they being gentlemen's horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me.

GEO. Go, do as I bid you, sir.

JEN. Well, I may go.

The EARL OF KENDAL, *the* LORD BONFIELD, *and* SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *meet them.*

KEN. Whither away, sir?

JEN. Whither away! I am going to put the horses in the pound.

KEN. Sirrah, those three horses belong to us,
And we put them in, and they must tarry there,
And eat their fill.

JEN. Stay, I will go tell my master. Hear you, master? we have another prize: those three horses be in your wheat close still, and here be three geldings more.

GEO. What be these?

JEN. These are the masters of the horses.

GEO. Now, gentlemen, (I know not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, unless you be kings,)
Why wrong you us of Wakefield with your horses?
I am the Pinner, and before you pass,
You shall make good the trespass they have done.

KEN. Peace, saucy mate, prate not to us.
I tell thee Pinner, we are gentlemen.

GEO. Why, sir, so may I, sir, although I give no arms.

KEN. Thou! how art thou a gentleman?

* *Why, they*, &c.] Given in the 4to. to George.

JEN. And such is my master, and he may give as good arms as ever your great grandfather could give.

KEN. Pray thee, let me hear how?

JEN. Marry, my master may give for his arms the picture of April in a green jerkin, with a rook on one fist, and an horn on the other: but my master gives his arms the wrong way, for he gives the horn on his fist; and your grandfather, because he would not lose his arms, wears the horn on his own head.

KEN. Well, Pinner, sith our horses be in,
In spite of thee they now shall feed their fill,
And eat until our leisures serve to go.

GEO. Now by my father's soul,
Were good king Edward's horses in the corn,
They shall amend the scath, or kiss the pound;
Much more yours, sir, whatsoe'er you be.

KEN. Why, man, thou knowest not us.
We do belong to Henry Momford, earl of Kendal,
Men that before a month be full expir'd,
Will be king Edward's betters in the land.

GEO. King Edward's betters!* rebel, thou liest.
[*George strikes him.*

BON. Villain, what hast thou done?
Thou hast struck an earl.

GEO. Why, what care I? a poor man that is true,
Is better than an earl, if he be false.
Traitors reap no better favours at my hands.

KEN. Ay, so me thinks; but thou shalt dear aby
Now or never lay hold on the Pinner. [this blow.

Enter all the ambush.

GEO. Stay, my lords, let us parley on these broils;
Not Hercules against two, the proverb is,
Nor I against so great a multitude.

* *betters*] The 4to. "*better.*"

Had not your troops come marching as they did,
I would have stopt your passage unto London:
But now I'll fly to secret policy.
KEN. What dost thou murmur, George?
GEO. Marry this, my lord; I muse
If thou be Henry Momford, Kendal's earl,
That thou wilt do poor George-a-Greene this wrong,
Ever to match me with a troop of men.
KEN. Why dost thou strike me then?
GEO. Why, my lord, measure me but by yourself;
Had you a man had serv'd you long,
And heard your foe misuse you behind your back,
And would not draw his sword in your defence,
You would cashier him. Much more,
King Edward is my king: and before I'll hear him
So wronged, I'll die within this place,
And maintain good whatsoever I have said.
And, if I speak not reason in this case,
What I have said I'll maintain in this place.
BON. A pardon, my lord, for this Pinner;
For trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.
KEN. Well, George,
Wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me;
I'll freely put up all and pardon thee.
GEO. Ay, my lord, considering me one thing,
You will leave these arms and follow your good king.
KEN. Why, George, I rise not against king Edward,
But for the poor that is opprest by wrong;
And, if king Edward will redress the same,
I will not offer him disparagement,
But otherwise, and so let this suffice.
Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in arms:
Now, wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me,
I'll make thee captain of a hardy band,
And, when I have my will, dub thee a knight.
GEO. Why, my lord, have you any hope to win?

KEN. Why, there is a prophecy doth say,
That king James and I shall meet at London,
And make the king vail bonnet to us both. [reason.
GEO. If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty
KEN. Why, it is a miraculous prophecy, and cannot fail.
GEO. Well, my lord, you have almost turned me.
Jenkin, come hither.
JEN. Sir.
GEO. Go your ways home, sir,
And drive me those three horses home unto my house,
And pour them down a bushel of good oats.
JEN. Well, I will.—Must I give these scurvy horses oats? [*Exit.*
GEO. Will it please you to command your train aside?
KEN. Stand aside. [*Exeunt the train.*
GEO. Now list to me:
Here in a wood, not far from hence,
There dwells an old man in a cave alone,
That can foretel what fortunes shall befall you,
For he is greatly skilful in magic art.
Go you three to him early in the morning,
And question him: if he says good,
Why then, my lord, I am the foremost man;
We will march up with your camp to London.
KEN. George, thou honourest * me in this:
But where shall we find him out?
GEO. My man shall conduct you to the place;
But, good my lord,† tell me true what the wise man saith.
KEN. That will I, as I am earl of Kendal.
GEO. Why then, to honour George-a-Greene the more,
Vouchsafe a piece of beef at my poor house;

* *honourest*] Qy. "humourest."
† *lord*] The 4to. "*lords*."

You shall have wafer cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas:*
If that like you not, take what you bring for me.
KEN. Gramercies, George. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter George-a-Greene's boy WILY, *disguised like a woman, to Master Grime's.*

WILY. O, what is love! it is some mighty power,
Else could it never conquer George-a-Greene.
Here dwells a churl that keeps away his love:
I know the worst, and if I be espied,
'Tis but a beating; and if I by this means
Can get fair Bettris forth her father's door,
It is enough.
Venus, for me, of all the gods alone,†
Be aiding to my wily enterprize.
[*He knocks at the door.*

Enter GRIME.

GRIME. How now! who knocks there? what would you have?
From whence came you? where do you dwell?
WILY. I am, forsooth, a sempster's maid hard-by,
That hath brought work home to your daughter.
GRIME. Nay, are you not some crafty quean,
That comes from George-a-Greene, that rascal,
With some letters to my daughter?
I will have you search'd.
WILY. Alas! sir, it is Hebrew unto me,
To tell me of George-a-Greene, or any other.
Search me, good sir, and if you find a letter
About me, let me have the punishment that is due.

* *Martlemas*] A corrupt form of "*Martinmas.*"

† *Venus, for me, of all the gods alone*] The 4to.;
"Venus for me, *and* all *goes* alone."
Reed printed;
"Venus *be* for me and *she* alone."

GRIME. Why are you muffled? I like you the worse for that.

WILY. I am not, sir, asham'd to shew my face;
Yet loth I am my cheeks should take the air:
Not that I am chary of my beauty's hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ache sore.

GRIME. A pretty wench, of smiling countenance!
Old men can like, although they cannot love;
Ay, and love, though not so brief as young men can.
Well, go in, my wench, and speak with my daughter.
[*Exit Wily.*

I wonder much at the earl of Kendal,
Being a mighty man, as still he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more than God or man will well allow.
But what a fool am I to talk of him?
My mind is more here of the pretty lass:
Had she brought some forty pounds to town,
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I have heard it in a proverb said,
He that is old, and marries with a lass,
Lies but at home, and proves himself an ass.

Enter BETTRIS *in Wily's apparel to Grime.*

How now, my wench, how is't? what, not a word?
Alas, poor soul, the tooth-ache plagues her sore.
Well, my wench,
Here is an angel for to buy thee pins,
And I pray thee use mine house;
The oftener, the more welcome: farewell. [*Exit.*

BET. O blessed love, and blessed fortune both!
But, Bettris, stand not here to talk of love,
But hie thee straight unto thy George-a-Greene.
Never went roe-buck swifter on the downs,
Than I will trip it till I see my George. [*Exit.*

Enter the EARL OF KENDAL, LORD BONFIELD, SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG, *and* JENKIN *the Clown.*

KEN. Come, away, Jenkin.
JEN. Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho?
GEO. [*within*] Who knocks there?
KEN. Here are two or three poor men, father,
Would speak with you. [me forth.
GEO. [*within*] Pray, give your man leave to lead
KEN. Go, Jenkin, fetch him forth.
JEN. Come, old man.

Enter GEORGE-A-GREENE *disguised.*

KEN. Father,
Here are* three poor men come to question thee
A word in secret, that concerns their lives.
GEO. Say on, my sons.
KEN. Father, I am sure you hear the news, how that
The earl of Kendal wars against the king.
Now, father, we three are gentlemen by birth,
But younger brethren that want revenues,
And for the hope we have to be preferr'd,
If that we knew that we shall win,
We will march with him: if not,
We will not march a foot to London more.
Therefore, good father, tell us what shall happen,
Whether the king or the earl of Kendal shall win.
GEO. The king, my son.
KEN. Art thou sure of that?
GEO. Ay, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,
The one lord Bonfield, the other sir Gilbert.
KEN. Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,
His deep perceivance† should be such to know us.

* *are*] The 4to. "*is.*"
† *perceivance*] The 4to. "*perseuerance.*"

Arm. Magic is mighty, and fortelleth great matters.
Indeed, father, here is the earl come to see thee,
And therefore, good father, fable not with him.
Geo. Welcome is the earl to my poor cell, and so
Are you, my lords; but let me counsel you
To leave these wars against your king, and live
In quiet.
Ken. Father, we come not for advice in war,
But to know whether we shall win or leese.*
Geo. Lose, gentle lords, but not by good king
A baser man shall give you all the foil. [Edward;
Ken. Ay, marry, father, what man is that?
Geo. Poor George-a-Greene, the Pinner.
Ken. What shall he?
Geo. Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour you.
Ken. He! as how?
Geo. Nay, the end tries all; but so it will fall out.
Ken. But so it shall not, by my honour, Christ.
I'll raise my camp, and fire Wakefield town,
And take that servile Pinner George-a-Greene,
And butcher him before king Edward's face.
Geo. Good my lord, be not offended,
For I speak no more than art reveals to me:
And for greater proof,
Give your man leave to fetch me my staff.
Ken. Jenkin, fetch him his walking-staff.
Jen. Here is your walking-staff.
Geo. I'll prove it good upon your carcasses:
A wiser wizard never met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoom your fall.
Now I have singled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.
Ken. Villain, hast thou betray'd us?
Geo. Momford, thou liest, never was I traitor yet;

* *leese*] i. e. lose.

Only devis'd this guile to draw you on,
For to be combatants.
Now conquer me, and then march on to London:
But shall go hard, but I will hold you task.

ARM. Come, my lord, cheerly, I'll kill him hand to hand.

KEN. A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke!

GEO. Then give it me, for I will have the first.

[*Here they fight; George kills Sir Gilbert, and takes the other two prisoners.*

BON. Stay, George, we do appeal.

GEO. To whom?

BON. Why, to the king:
For rather had we bide what he appoints,
Than here be murder'd by a servile groom.

KEN. What wilt thou do with us?

GEO. Even as lord Bonfield wist:
You shall unto the king, and for that purpose,
See where the Justice is plac'd.

Enter JUSTICE.

JUS. Now, my lord of Kendal, where be all your threats?
Even as the cause, so is the combat fallen,
Else one could never have conquer'd three.

KEN. I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not twit me;
If I have faulted, I must make amends.

GEO. Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many words:
I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his soldiers,
That every man may go home unto his own house.

JUS. It shall be so; what wilt thou do, George?

GEO. Master Woodroffe, look to your charge;
Leave me to myself.

JUS. Come, my lords. [*Exeunt all but George.*

GEO. Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,
As one despairing of thy beauteous love.
Fie, George! no more;
Pine not away for that which cannot be.
I cannot joy in any earthly bliss,
So long as I do want my Bettris.

Enter JENKIN.

JEN. Who see a master of mine?
GEO. How now, sirrah, whither away? [be?
JEN. Whither away! why, who do you take me to
GEO. Why, Jenkin, my man. [altered.
JEN. I was so once indeed, but now the case is
GEO. I pray thee, as how?
JEN. Were not you a fortune-teller to-day?
GEO. Well, what of that?
JEN. So sure am I become a juggler. What will you say if I juggle your sweet-heart?
GEO. Peace, prating losell: her jealous father
Doth wait over her with such suspicious eyes,
That, if a man but dally by her feet,
He thinks it straight a witch to charm his daughter.
JEN. Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither?
GEO. A suit of green, and twenty crowns besides.
JEN. Well, by your leave, give me room; you must give me something that you have lately worn.
GEO. Here is a gown, will that serve you?
JEN. Ay, this will serve me: keep out of my circle,
Lest you be torn in pieces with she-devils.
Mistress Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

[*He throws the ground* in, and she* [*Bettris*] *comes out.*

O, is this no cunning!

* *ground*] Probably misprinted for "gown."—Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*.

Geo. Is this my love, or is it but her shadow?
Jen. Ay, this is the shadow, but here is the substance. [thee hither? *
Geo. Tell me, sweet love, what good fortune brought
For one it was that favour'd George-a-Greene.
Bet. Both love and fortune brought me to my George,
In whose sweet sight is all my heart's content.
Geo. Tell me, sweet love, how cam'st thou from thy father's?
Bet. A willing mind hath many slips in love:
It was not I, but Wily, thy sweet boy.
Geo. And where is Wily now?
Bet. In my apparel, in my chamber still.
Geo. Jenkin, come hither: go to Bradford,
And listen out your fellow Wily.
Come, Bettris, let us in,
And in my cottage we will sit and talk.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter King Edward, [James] *the* King of Scots, Lord Warwick, *young* Cuddy, *and their train.*

K. Edw. Brother of Scotland, I do hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirm'd
'Twixt you and me, without displeasure offer'd
You should make such invasion in my land.
The vows of kings should be as oracles,
Not blemish'd with the stain of any breach;
Chiefly where fealty and homage will † it.
K. James. Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh;
My conscience grieves me for my deep misdeed.

* *Tell me*, &c.] It is plain from what follows that either this line is corrupt, or that a line which came immediately after it has dropt out.

† *will*] The 4to. "*willeth*."

I have the worst; of thirty thousand men,
There scap'd not full five thousand from the field.
K. Edw. Gramercy, Musgrove, else it had gone
Cuddy, I'll quite thee well ere we two part. [hard.
K. James. But had not his old father, William
Musgrove,
Play'd twice the man, I had not now been here.
A stronger man I seldom felt before;
But* one of more resolute valiance
Treads not, I think, upon the English ground.
K. Edw. I wot well, Musgrove shall not lose his
hire.
Cud. And it please your Grace, my father was
Five score and three at Midsummer last past:
Yet had king Jamie been as good as George-a-Greene,
Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.
K. Edw. As George-a-Greene!
I pray thee, Cuddy, let me question thee.
Much have I heard, since I came to my crown,
Many in manner of a proverb say,
*Were he as good as George-a-Greene, I would strike
him sure.*
I pray thee tell me, Cuddy, can'st thou inform me,
What is that George-a-Greene?
Cud. Know, my lord, I never saw the man,
But mickle talk is of him in the country:
They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield town:
But for his other qualities, I let alone.
War. May it please your Grace, I know the man
too well.
K. Edw. Too well! why so, Warwick?
War. For once he swing'd me till my bones did
K. Edw. Why, dares he strike an earl? [ake.
War. An earl, my lord! nay he will strike a king,

* *But*] Qy. "*And.*"

Be it not king Edward. For stature he is fram'd
Like to the picture of stout Hercules,
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.
The boldest earl or baron of your land,
That offereth scath unto the town of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge unto the pound;
And whoso resisteth bears away the blows,
For he himself is good enough for three.

K. Edw. Why, this is wondrous. My lord of Warwick,
Sore do I long to see this George-a-Greene.
But leaving him, what shall we do, my lord,
For to subdue the rebels in the north?
They are now marching up to Doncaster.

Enter one with the Earl of Kendal *prisoner.*

Soft, who have we there?

Cud. Here is a traitor, the earl of Kendal.

K. Edw. Aspiring traitor! how dar'st thou once
Cast thine eyes upon thy sovereign,
That honour'd thee with kindness and with favour?
But I will make thee buy this treason dear.

Ken. Good, my lord—

K. Edw. Reply not, traitor.
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deed of honour
Won the victory against this rebel?

Cud. George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

K. Edw. George-a-Greene! now shall I hear news
Certain, what this Pinner is:
Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

Cud. Kendal and Bonfield, with sir Gilbert Arm-strong,
Came to Wakefield town disguis'd,
And there spoke ill of your Grace;
Which George but hearing, fell'd them at his feet,
And, had not rescue come unto the place,
George had slain them* in his close of wheat.

* *them*] The 4to. "*him*."

K. Edw. But, Cuddy, canst thou not tell
Where I might give and grant some thing,
That might please, and highly gratify the Pinner's thoughts?

Cud. This at their parting George did say to me:*
If the king vouchsafe of this my service,
Then, gentle Cuddy, kneel upon thy knee,
And humbly crave a boon of him for me.

K. Edw. Cuddy, what is it?

Cud. It is his will your Grace would pardon them,
And let them live, although they have offended.

K. Edw. I think the man striveth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crav'd it, and it shall be granted,
Which none but he in England should have gotten.
Live, Kendal, but as prisoner,
So shalt thou end thy days within the Tower.

Ken. Gracious is Edward to offending subjects.

K. James. My lord of Kendal, you are welcome to the court.

K. Edw. Nay, but ill come as it falls out now;
Ay, ill come indeed, were it not for George-a-Greene.
But, gentle king, for so you would aver,
And Edward's betters, I salute you both,
And here I vow by good Saint George,
You will gain but little when your sums are counted.
I sore do long to see this George-a-Greene:
And for because I never saw the North,
I will forthwith go see it:
And for that to none I will be known, we will
Disguise ourselves and steal down secretly,
Thou and I, king James, Cuddy, and two or three
And make a merry journey for a month.

* *This at their parting George did say to me*, &c.] Yet Cuddy has just told the king he never saw George-a-Greene! Perhaps the printer of the old 4to. jumbled two scenes together.

Away then, conduct him to the Tower.
Come on, king James, my heart must needs be merry,
If fortune make such havock of our foes.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter ROBIN HOOD, MAID MARIAN, SCARLET, *and* MUCH *the Miller's Son.*

ROB. Why is not lovely Marian blithe of cheer?
What ails my leman,* that she 'gins to lour?
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad?
MAR. Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to the heart,
But whensoever I do walk abroad,
I hear no songs but all of George-a-Greene;
Bettris his fair leman passeth me:
And this, my Robin, galls my very soul.
ROB. Content;
What wreaks it us, though George-a-Greene be stout,
So long as he doth proffer us no scath?
Envy doth seldom hurt but to itself,
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy Robin.
MAR. Never will Marian smile upon her Robin,
Nor lie with him under the green-wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,
And beat the Pinner for the love of me.
ROB. Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grief,
My merry men and I will thither stray;
And here I vow, that for the love of thee
I will beat George-a-Greene, or he shall beat me.
SCAR. As I am Scarlet, next to little John,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares do.
MUCH. As I am Much, the miller's son,
That left my mill to go with thee,
And nil repent that I have done,

* *leman*] i.e. mistress, love.

This pleasant life contenteth me;
In aught I may, to do thee good,
I'll live and die with Robin Hood.

MAR. And, Robin, Marian she will go with thee,
To see fair Bettris how bright she is of blee.*

ROB. Marian, thou shalt go with thy Robin.
Bend up your bows, and see your strings be tight,
The arrows keen, and every thing be ready,
And each of you a good bat on his neck,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

SCAR. I will have friar Tuck's.

MUCH. I will have little John's.

ROB. I will have one made of an ashen plank,†
Able to bear a bout or two.
Then come on, Marian, let us go;
For before the sun doth shew the morning day,
I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George-a-Greene. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter a SHOEMAKER *sitting upon the stage at work;* JENKIN *to him.*

JEN. My masters, he that hath neither meat nor money, and hath lost his credit with the alewife, for anything I know, may go supperless to bed. But soft, who is here? here is a shoemaker; he knows where is the best ale. Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me, where is the best ale in the town?

SHOE. Afore, afore, follow thy nose; at the sign of the egg-shell.

JEN. Come, shoemaker, if thou wilt, and take thy part of a pot.

SHOE. Sirrah, down with your staff, down with your staff.

* *how bright she is of blee*] *Bright of blee* is an expression frequent in old ballads: *blee* is colour, complexion.—Sax. *bleo*.

† *plank*] The 4to. "*plunk*." Qy. "*plant*."

JEN. Why, how now, is the fellow mad? I pray thee tell me, why should I hold down my staff?

SHOE. You will down with him, will you not, sir?

JEN. Why, tell me wherefore?

SHOE. My friend, this is the town of merry Wakefield, and here is a custom held, that none shall pass with his staff on his shoulders, but he must have a bout with me; and so shall you, sir.

JEN. And so will not I, sir.

SHOE. That will I try. Barking dogs bite not the sorest.

JEN. I would to God, I were once well rid of him. [*Aside.*

SHOE. Now, what, will you down with your staff?

JEN. Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

SHOE. If I am not, take that.

JEN. You whoreson cowardly scab, it is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,* to strike a man in the street. But darest thou walk to the town's end with me?

SHOE. Ay, that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my tools, and I will go with thee to the town's end presently.

JEN. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow. [*Aside.*

SHOE. Come, sir, will you go to the town's end now, sir?

JEN. Ay, sir, come. Now we are at the town's end, what say you now?

SHOE. Marry come, let us even have a bout.

JEN. Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

SHOE. Why, what's the matter?

JEN. Faith, I am Under-pinner of a town, and

* *clapperdudgeon*] i. e. beggar. A clap-dish,—a wooden dish with a cover, which they *clapped* to shew that it was empty, used to be carried by beggars.

there is an order, which if I do not keep, I shall be turned out of mine office.

SHOE. What is that, sir?

JEN. Whensoever I go to fight with any body, I use to flourish my staff thrice about my head before I strike, and then shew no favour.

SHOE. Well, sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

JEN. Well, sir, here is once, twice—here is my hand, I will never do it the third time.

SHOE. Why then, I see, we shall not fight.

JEN. Faith, no: come, I will give thee two pots of the best ale, and be friends.

SHOE. Faith, I see, it is as hard to get water out of a flint, as to get him to have a bout with me: therefore I will enter into him for some good cheer. My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow, thou hast no stomach to fight, therefore let us go to the ale-house and drink.

JEN. Well, content; go thy ways and say thy prayers, thou 'scapest my hands to-day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GEORGE-A-GREENE *and* BETTRIS.

GEO. Tell me, sweet love, how is thy mind content,
What, canst thou brook to live with George-a-Greene?

BET. O, George, how little pleasing are these words?
Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I live until my life do end.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, *and* MARIAN, *and his train.*

GEO. Happy am I to have so sweet a love.
But what are these come tracing here along?

BET. Three men come striking through the corn, my love.
GEO. Back again, you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.
ROB. That were great shame. Now by my soul, proud sir,
We be three tall* yeomen, and thou art but one.
Come, we will forward in despite of him.
GEO. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But you must make a path over the corn?
ROB. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?
We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.
GEO. Sirrah,
The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three merry men,
I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once;
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares perform.
SCAR. Were thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
Thou well might'st be a champion for a king:
But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
GEO. Sirrah, darest thou try me?
SCAR. Ay, sirrah, that I dare.
[*They fight, and George-a-Greene beats him.*
MUCH. How now? what, art thou down?
Come, sir, I am next.
[*They fight, and George-a-Greene beats him.*
ROB. Come, sirrah, now to me: spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.

* *tall*] See note * vol. i. p. 118.

GEO. Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.
[*They fight; Robin Hood stays.*
ROB. Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.
GEO. Soft, you sir, by your leave, you lie,
You never yet laid hands on me.
ROB. George, wilt thou* forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?
Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee.
GEO. Why, who art thou?
ROB. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian,
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.
GEO. Robin Hood!
Next to king Edward art thou lief† to me.
Welcome, sweet Robin; welcome, maid Marian;
And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my poor house?
You shall have wafer cakes your fill,
A piece of beef hung up since Martlemas,‡
Mutton and veal: if this like you not,
Take that you find, or that you bring for me.
ROB. Godamercies, good George,
I'll be thy guest to day.
GEO. Robin, therein thou honourest me.
I'll lead the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter KING EDWARD *and* KING JAMES *disguised, with two staves.*

K. EDW. Come on, king James, now we are thus disguis'd,

* *George, wilt thou*, &c.] See the Ballad at the end of this play.

† *lief*] i. e. dear.

‡ *Martlemas*] See note * p. 182.

There is none, I know, will take us to be kings:
I think we are now in Bradford,
Where all the merry shoemakers dwell.

Enter a SHOEMAKER.

SHOE. Down with your staves, my friends,
Down with them.

K. EDW. Down with our staves! I pray thee, why so?

SHOE. My friend, I see thou art a stranger here,
Else would'st thou not have question'd of the thing.
This is the town of merry Bradford,
And here hath been a custom kept of old,
That none may bear his staff upon his neck
But trail it all along throughout the town,
Unless they mean to have a bout with me.

K. EDW. But hear you, sir, hath the king
Granted you this custom?

SHOE. King or kaisar, none shall pass this way,
Except king Edward;
No, not the stoutest groom that haunts his court:
Therefore down with your staves.

K. EDW. What were we best to do?

K. JAMES. Faith, my lord, they are stout fellows;
And, because we will see some sport,
We will trail our staves.

K. EDW. Hear'st thou, my friend?
Because we are men of peace and travellers,
We are content to trail our staves.

SHOE. The way lies before you, go along.

Enter ROBIN HOOD *and* GEORGE-A-GREENE, *disguised.*

ROB. See, George, two men are passing through the town,
Two lusty men, and yet they trail their staves.

GEO. Robin,
They are some peasants trickt in yeoman's weeds.
Hollo, you two travellers!
K. EDW. Call you us, sir?
GEO. Ay, you. Are ye not big enough to bear
Your bats upon your necks, but you must trail them
Along the streets?
K. EDW. Yes, sir, we are big enough;
But here is a custom kept,
That none may pass, his staff upon his neck,
Unless he trail it at the weapon's point.
Sir, we are men of peace, and love to sleep
In our whole skins, and therefore quietness is best.
GEO. Base-minded peasants, worthless to be men!
What, have you bones and limbs to strike a blow,
And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight?
Wer't not for shame, I would drub* your shoulders
And teach you manhood against another time. [well,
SHOE. Well preach'd, sir Jack, down with your staff.
K. EDW. Do you hear, my friends? and you be wise, keep down
Your staves, for all the town will rise upon you.

Enter several Shoemakers.†

GEO. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.
But hear you me; in spite of all the swains
Of Bradford town, bear me your staves upon your necks,
Or, to begin withal, I'll baste you both so well,
You were never better basted in your lives.
K. EDW. We will hold up our staves.

[*George-a-Greene fights with the shoemakers, and beats them all down.*

* *drub*] The 4to. "*shrub*."
† *Enter several Shoemakers*] Not in the 4to.

GEO. What, have you any more?
Call all your town forth, Cut, and Longtail.
[*The shoemakers spy George-a-Greene.*
SHOE. What, George-a-Greene, is it you? A plague found * you!
I think you long'd to swinge me well.
Come, George, we will crush a pot before we part.
GEO. A pot! you slave, we will have an hundred.
Here, Will Perkins, take my purse, fetch me
A stand of ale, and set in the market-place,
That all may drink that are athirst this day,
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood
To Bradford town.
[*They bring out the stand of ale, and fall a drinking.*
Here, Robin, sit thou here;
For thou art the best man at the board this day.
You that are strangers, place yourselves where you will.
Robin,
Here's a carouse to good king Edward's self,
And they that love him not, I would we had
The basting of them a little.

Enter the EARL OF WARWICK *with other Noblemen, bringing out the king's garments; then* GEORGE-A-GREENE *and the rest kneel down to the king.*

K. EDW. Come, masters, all fellows. Nay, Robin,
You are the best man at the board to-day.
Rise up, George.
GEO. Nay, good my liege, ill-nurtur'd we were then:
Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of speech,
And little skill'd in court, or such quaint fashions,

* *found*] i. e. "*confound.*"

Yet nature teacheth us duty to our king,
Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George-a-
Greene.

Rob. And good my lord, a pardon for poor Robin;
And for us all a pardon, good king Edward.

Shoe. I pray you, a pardon for the shoemakers.

K. Edw. I frankly grant a pardon to you all.
And George-a-Greene, give me thy hand;
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself;
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

Geo. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
That which I did against the earl of Kendal,
It was but a subject's duty to his sovereign,
And therefore little merits such good words.

K. Edw. But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good
Say what king Edward may perform, [deeds.
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.

Geo. I have a lovely leman,*
As bright of blee† as is the silver moon,
And old Grime her father, will not let her match
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearly.

K. Edw. Where is she?

Geo. At home at my poor house,
And vows never to marry unless her father
Give consent, which is my great grief, my lord.

K. Edw. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight;
I'll send for Grime and force him give his grant!
He will not deny king Edward such a suit.

Enter Jenkin, *and speaks.*

Jen. Ho, who saw a master of mine? O, he is gotten into company, and a body should rake hell for company.

* *leman*] See note * p. 192.
† *As bright of blee*] See note * p. 193.

GEO. Peace, ye slave, see where king Edward is.
K. EDW. George, what is he?
GEO. I beseech your Grace pardon him, he is my man.
SHOE. Sirrah, the king hath been drinking with us, and did pledge us too.
JEN. Hath he so? kneel, I dub you gentlemen.
SHOE. Beg it of the king, Jenkin.
JEN. I will. I beseech your worship grant me one thing.
K. EDW. What is that?
JEN. Hark in your ear.
[*He whispers the king in the ear.*
K. EDW. Go your ways, and do it.
JEN. Come, down on your knees, I have got it.
SHOE. Let us hear what it is first.
JEN. Marry, because you have drunk with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledged you, you shall be no more called shoemakers; but you and yours to the world's end, shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.
SHOE. I beseech your majesty reform this which he hath spoken.
JEN. I beseech your worship consume this which he hath spoken.
K. EDW. Confirm it, you would say:
Well he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.
Come, George, we will go to Grime, and have thy love.
JEN. I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is coming old Musgrove, and mad Cuddy his son. Master, my fellow Wily, comes drest like a woman, and Master Grime will marry Wily. Here they come.

Enter MUSGROVE *and* CUDDY, *and* MASTER GRIME, WILY, MAID MARIAN *and* BETTRIS.

K. EDW. Which is thy old father, Cuddy?
CUD. This, if it please your majesty. [*Kneel.*

K. Edw. Ah old Musgrove, stand up;
It fits not such grey hairs to kneel.
Mus. Long live
My sovereign! long and happy be his days!
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Musgrove's hand.
King James at Middleham-castle gave me this;
This won the honour, and this give I thee.
K. Edw. Godamercy, Musgrove, for this friendly gift;
And for thou fell'dst a king with this same weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.
Mus. Alas, what hath your Highness done? I am poor.
K. Edw. To mend thy living take thou Middleham-castle,*
The hold of both; and if thou want living, complain,
Thou shalt have more to maintain thine estate.
George, which is thy love?
Geo. This, if please your majesty.
K. Edw. Art thou her aged father?
Grime. I am, and it like your majesty.
K. Edw. And wilt not give thy daughter unto George?
Grime. Yes, my lord, if he will let me marry
With this lovely lass.
K. Edw. What say'st thou, George?
Geo. With all my heart, my lord, I give consent.
Grime. Then do I give my daughter unto George.
Wily. Then shall the marriage soon be at an end,
Witness, my lord, if that I be a woman:

* *Middleham-castle*] Grose in his *Antiq. of England and Wales*, vol. iv. gives two views of this castle, and is at the trouble to enquire what foundation the present play has on history: well might Ritson (*Robin Hood*, vol. i. p. xxix.) sneer at "his very gravely sitting down and debating his opinion in form."

For I am Wily, boy to George-a-Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtle shift.
K. Edw. What! is it a boy? what say'st thou to this, Grime?
Grime. Marry, my lord, I think this boy hath
More knavery than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both have
My daughter and my lands.
K. Edw. Now, George, it rests I gratify thy worth:
And therefore, here I do bequeath to thee,
In full possession, half that Kendal hath;
And what as Bradford holds of me in chief,
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.
Kneel down, George.
Geo. What will your majesty do?
K. Edw. Dub thee a knight, George.
Geo. I beseech your Grace, grant me one thing.
K. Edw. What is that?
Geo. Then let me live and die a yeoman still:
So was my father, so must live his son.
For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignity.
K. Edw. Well, be it so, George.
K. James. I beseech your Grace dispatch with me,
And set down my ransom.
K. Edw. George-a-Greene, set down the king of
His ransom. [Scots
Geo. I beseech your Grace pardon me,
It passeth my skill.
K. Edw. Do it, the honour's thine.
Geo. Then let king James make good
Those towns which he hath burnt upon the borders;
Give a small pension to the fatherless,
Whose fathers he caus'd murder'd in those wars;
Put in pledge for these things to your Grace,
And so return.

K. Edw. King James, are you content?*
K. James. I am content, and like your majesty,
And will leave good castles in security.
K. Edw. I crave no more. Now George-a-Greene,
I'll to thy house; and when I have supt,
I'll go to Ask, and see if Jane-a-Barley be so fair,
As good king James reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custom of *Vail staff*,
Keep it still, claim privilege from me.
If any ask a reason why, or how?
Say, English Edward vail'd his staff to you.
[*Exeunt.*

* *King James, are you content*] The 4to. gives these words to George-a-Greene.

Specimen of the *History of George-a-Greene*, on which the preceding play is founded: see p. 167; and the account of our author's life, p. xliv. note *.

"Richard having settled his affairs, he prepared for a voyage to the Holy Land, in conjunction with Philip the Second, then king of France. During his absence he constituted the bishop of Ely, then chancellor of England, vicegerent of the kingdom. This bishop being on the one side covetous, and by many unjust impositions oppressing the nation, and the king's brother ambitious on the other, as presuming much upon his royal birth, and his great possessions, some persons fomented great factions and combinations against the tyranizing prelate; so that all things grew out of frame and order; and great distractions ensued; nay, a third ulcer, worse than the former, broke into open rebellion, namely, an insurrection was raised by the earl of Kendal, with divers of his adherents, as, the Lord Bouteil, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, and others. These having gathered an army of some twenty thousand malecontents, made publick proclamation, that they came into the field for no other cause, but to purchase their country-men's liberty, and to free them from the great and insufferable oppression which they then lived under, by the prince and prelate. This drew to the earl many followers for the present, so that he seemed to have got together a very potent army. But the main rea-

son of this rebellion was, that when the earl was but a child, a wizard had prophesy'd of him, That Richard and he should meet in London, and the king should there vail his bonnet unto him: and this prediction of the sooth-sayer prov'd afterwards to be true, but not as he vainly had expounded it. The earl having led his army into the north, struck a great terror into all those honest subjects, that tender'd their allegiance to their absent king and sovereign, and wish'd well to the good of the commonwealth, and the safety of the kingdom; yet many were forced through fear to supply his men with necessary provisions, lest otherwise they should have made spoil and havock of all they had. Now, the earl being for some time destitute of many things that are useful and commodious for an army, and encamping some five miles from the town of Wakefield, the three confederates drew a commission, and having sign'd it with their own seals sent it by one Mannering, a servant of the earl's, to the bailiff and towns-men of Wakefield, requiring seemingly, by way of intreaty, to send unto his host such a quantity of provision, of corn and cattle, with other necessaries (of which he was then in great want,) and withal, such a sum of money as he demanded for the payment of so many soldiers, to which this Mannering was to perswade them by all fair means possible: but, if they should deny his request, he was to threaten them with fire and sword, with all the violence that could be suggested to them. The news of this commission coming to their knowledge, the bailiff sent abroad to the neighbouring justices, as, to Mr.

Grymes, and others; so that he and his brethren appointed to give them a meeting in the town-house, where many of the Commons were to be present, and amongst others, George A Green purposed to be there, to hear what would become of the business. The summons being made, the assembly met, and the messenger appear'd, show'd his warrant, and, according to his orders, told them what great conveniencies would grow in supplying the army, and withal entreated from the lords their love and favour. The bailiff and the justices were loth, it being contrary to their allegiance, to grant their request; yet they were fearful withal peremptorily to deny it, and stood wavering long and debating amongst themselves what they had best do for their own safeties; which Mannering seeing, without doing any reverence at all unto the bench, he began to alter his phrases, and changed the copy of his countenance, first taunting and deriding their faint-hearted cowardize, and afterward threatening them, that if they gave not present satisfaction to his demand, the army would instantly remove, make havock and spoil of their goods and chattels, ravish their daughters, and deflower their wives before their faces, and make a bonfire of the town, to the terrifying of others, whose insolence durst oppose the earl his master's commission. At these haughty and insufferable menaces, whilst the bench sate quaking, George presseth forward in the face of the court, and desireth, by the favour of the bench, to have the liberty, according to his plain and weak understanding, to give the messenger an answer,

which being granted him, he boldly stept up to him, and demanded his name, who made him answer, that his name was Mannering. Mannering (saith he); that name was ill bestow'd on one who can so forget all manners, as to stand cover'd before a bench, upon which the majesty of his sovereign was represented: which manners (saith he) since thou wantest, I will teach thee: and withal, first snatching his bonnet from his head, trod upon it, then spurn'd it before him. At which the other, being inraged, ask'd him, How he durst to offer that violence to one, who brought so strong a commission? Your commission (saith George) I cry your mercy, sir; and withal, desired the favour of the bench, that he might have the liberty to peruse it, which being granted, I marry (saith he, having read it) I cannot chuse but submit myself to this authority: and making an offer, as if he meant to kiss it, tore it in pieces. Mannering seeing this, began to stamp, stare, and swear; but George taking him fast by the collar, so shook him, as if he had purposed to have made all his bones loose in his skin, and drawing his dagger, and pointing it to his bosom, told him, He had devised physick to purge his cholerick blood; and gathering up the three seals, told him, It was these three pills which he must instantly take and swallow, and never more expect to return to his master: nor did he leave him, or take the dagger from his breast, till he had seen it down, and afterwards, when he had perceiv'd that they had almost choak'd him, he call'd for a bottle of ale, and said these words: It shall never

be said, that a messenger shall be sent by such great persons to the town of Wakefield, and that none would be so kind as to make him drink, therefore here (saith he) Mannering, is a health to the confusion of the traitor thy master, and all his rebellious army, and pledge it me without evasion or delay, or I vow by the allegiance which I owe to my prince and sovereign, that thou hast drunk thy last already. Mannering, seeing there was no remedy, and feeling the wax still sticking in his throat, drank it off supernaculum; which the other seeing, Now (saith he) commend me to thy master, and the rest, and tell them one George A Green, no better man than the Pindar of the town of Wakefield, who tho' I have torn their commission, yet I have sent them their seals safe back again by their servant. Whatsoever Mannering thought, little was he heard to speak, but went away muttering the devil's Pater Noster, and so left them. Every body commended the resolution of George, and, by his sole encouragement, purposed henceforward to oppose themselves against the insurrection of the rebels."—Thoms's *Early Romances*, vol. ii. p. 16.

BALLAD: see p. 197.—"*The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

From an old black letter copy in A. à Wood's collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung 'to an excellent tune,' which has not been recovered.

Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the 'Downfall' and 'Death of Robert earle of Huntington,' 1601, 4to. b. l. but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. 1. sc. 1. and again in his second part of K. Henry IV. Act. V. sc. 3.

In Wakefield there lives a jolly pindèr,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pindèr,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this be heard three witty young men,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they espy'd the jolly pindèr,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the kings highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three and thou but one.
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summers day,

A summers day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs,
Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pindèrs,
That ever I tryed with sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinder's craft,
And live in the green-wood with me?
"At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,
And plod to the greenwood with thee."
Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef said the pindèr,
And good ale of the best.
And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
For such unbidden 'guests.'

"O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,
And go to the greenwood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green the other brown."

"If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him
As my master doth by me."

Ritson's *Robin Hood*, vol. ii. p. 16.

POEMS.

FROM MORANDO, THE TRITAMERON OF LOVE. (ED. 1587.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF SILVESTRO'S LADY.

HER stature like the tall straight cedar trees,
Whose stately bulks do* fame th' Arabian groves;
A pace like princely Juno when she brav'd
The Queen of love 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and courtesy;
A face like modest Pallas when she blush'd
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red, grac'd with delight;
A cheek wherein for interchange of hue
A wrangling strife twixt lily and the rose;
Her eyes two twinckling† stars in winter nights,
When chilling frost doth clear the azur'd sky;
Her hair of golden hue doth dim the beams
That proud Apollo giveth from his coach;
The Gnidian doves, whose white and snowy pens
Do‡ stain the silver-streaming ivory,
May not compare with those two moving hills,
Which topp'd with pretty teats discover§ down a vale,
Wherein the god of love may deign to sleep;
A foot like Thetis when she tripp'd the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her‖ steps;
A piece despite of beauty fram'd,
To show what nature's lineage could afford.

* *do*] The 4to. "*doth.*"
† *twinckling*] The 4to. "*tinckling.*"
‡ *do*] The 4to. "*doth.*"
§ *discover*] The 4to. "*discovers.*"
‖ *her*] The 4to. "*his.*"

LACENA'S RIDDLE.

THE man whose method haugeth by the moon,
And rules his diet by geometry;
Whose restless mind rips up his mother's breast,
To part her bowels for his family;
And fetcheth Pluto's glee in fro the grass
By careless cutting of a goddess' gifts;
That throws his gotten labour to the earth,
As trusting to content for others' shifts:
'Tis he, good sir, that Saturn best did please,
When golden world set worldlings all at ease;
His name is Person, and his progeny,
Now tell me, of what ancient pedigree.

VERSES

UNDER THE PICTURE OF FORTUNE.

THE fickle seat whereon proud Fortune sits,
The restless globe whereon the fury stands,
Bewrays her fond and far inconstant fits;
The fruitful horn she handleth in her hands,
Bids all beware to fear her flattering smiles,
That giveth most when most she meaneth guiles;
The wheel that turning never taketh rest,
The top whereof fond worldlings count their bliss,
Within a minute makes a black exchange,
And then the vild and lowest better is;
Which emblem tells us the inconstant state
Of such as trust to Fortune or to Fate.

FROM MENAPHON.*

(ED. 1589, COMPARED WITH ED. 1616.)

APOLLO'S ORACLE.

WHEN Neptune riding on the southern seas,
  Shall from the bosom of his leman† yield
Th' Arcadian wonder, men and gods to please,
  Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field;
Dead men shall war, and unborn babes shall frown,
And with their falchions hew their foemen down.

When lambs have lions for their surest guide,
  And planets rest upon th' Arcadian hills,
When swelling seas have neither ebb nor tide,
  When equal banks the ocean margin fills;
Then look, Arcadians, for a happy time,
And sweet content within your troubled clime.

* It appeared afterwards under the title of *Arcadia*.
† *leman*] See note * p. 192.

MENAPHON'S SONG.

Some say, Love,
Foolish Love,
Doth rule and govern all the Gods:
I say Love,
Inconstant Love,
Sets men's senses far at odds.
Some swear Love,
Smooth-fac'd† Love,
Is sweetest sweet that men can have:
I say, Love,
Sour Love,
Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave:
A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all,
That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.

Love is sweet:
Wherein sweet?
In fading pleasures that do pain.
Beauty sweet:
Is that sweet,
That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
If Love's sweet,
Herein sweet
That minutes' joys are monthly woes:
'Tis not sweet,
That is sweet
Nowhere, but where repentance grows.
Then love who list, if beauty be so sour;
Labour for me, Love rest in prince's bower.

* *smooth-fac'd*] Both 4tos. "*smooth'd face.*"

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he griev'd in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smil'd, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY.

When tender ewes,* brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
Upon a tree
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch;
There resteth he:
A little fly his harbour then did search,
And did presume, though others laugh'd thereat,
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.

The eagle frown'd, and shook his† royal wings,
And charg'd the fly
From thence to hie:
Afraid, in haste, the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side:
With moody vein,
The speedy post of Ganymede replied,
Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die;
I'st fit an eagle seat him with a fly?

The fly crav'd pity, still the eagle frown'd:
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell grovelling to the ground:
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind said to the fly,
Be not in awe,
I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
Then seat thee here: the joyful fly up flings,
And sate safe shadow'd with the eagle's wings.

* *When tender ewes*, &c.] The beginning of this roundelay bears some resemblance to the opening of Gray's *Elegy*.

† *his*] The 4to. of 1589 "*her*."

DORON'S DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela;
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the shew of majesty,
For she's Samela:
Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

DORON'S JIG.

THROUGH the shrubs as I 'gan* crack
For my lambs, little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones,
Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
As the crow;
Like the snow
Her face and brows shin'd, I ween;
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxsom, and as sheen,
As was she
On her knee
That lull'd the god whose arrow† warms
Such merry little ones,
Such fair-fac'd pretty ones,
As dally in love's chiefest harms:
Such was mine,
Whose grey eyne
Made me love. I 'gan to woo
This sweet little one,
This bonny pretty one;
I woo'd hard a day or two,
Till she bade
Be not sad,
Woo no more, I am thine own,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one:
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.

* *'gan*] Both 4tos. "*can*."
† *arrow*] Both 4tos. "*arrows*."

MELICERTUS' DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE on, my pipe, the praises of my love,
And midst thy oaten harmony recount
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.

Shall I compare her form unto the sphere,
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear!

How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watery robes, as he her lord had been!

Whenas my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Arcturus* with his train give place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.

Not Jove or Nature, should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament
Of his mix'd purity could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she.

* *Arcturus*] Both 4tos. "*Atræus.*"

MELICERTUS' MADRIGAL.

What are my sheep without their wonted food?
What is my life except I gain my love?
My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost unless I grace approve:
No flower that sapless thrives,
No turtle without pheere.*

The day without the sun doth lour for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beauty see;
My sun Samela's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be:
Nought more the heart revives
Than to embrace his dear.

The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours by their light possess their power;
Samela's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Infuse† my pain or joys by smile or lour:
So wends the source of love;
It feeds, it fails, it ends.

Kind looks, clear to your joy behold her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses:
O how I love to prove
Whereto this solace tends!

* *pheere*] See note * vol. i. p. 111.
† *Infuse*] The 4to. of 1589 "*Insues*," that of 1616 "*Infudes*."

MENAPHON'S SONG IN HIS BED.

You restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes,
Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spite,
Since love and fortune prove* my equal foes:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Mourn heavens, mourn earth; your shepherd is forlorn;
Mourn times and hours, since bale invades my bower;
Curse every tongue the place where I was born,
Curse every thought the life which makes me lour:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Was I not free? was I not fancy's aim?
Fram'd not desire my face to front disdain?
I was; she did; but now one silly maim
Makes me to droop, as he whom love hath slain:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pity at her shrine,
Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,
And make my flocks with parching heat to pine:
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

Fade they, die I: long may she live to bliss,
That feeds a wanton fire with fuel of her form,

* *prove*] The 4to. of 1589 "*proves.*"

And makes perpetual summer where she is;
Whiles I do cry, o'ertook with envy's storm,
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days;
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.

SONG.

Fair fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile,
Whenas I languish?
You golden meads, why strive you to beguile
My weeping anguish?
I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring:
Why do you spring thus?
What, will not Boreas, tempest's wrathful king,
Take some pity on us,
And send forth winter in her rusty weed,
To wail* my bemoanings,
Whiles I distress'd do tune my country reed
Unto my groanings?
But heaven, and earth, time, place, and every power
Have with her conspir'd
To turn my blissful sweets to baleful sour,
Since fond I desir'd
The heaven whereto my thoughts may not aspire.
Aye me, unhappy!
It was my fault t' embrace my bane, the fire
That forceth me die.
Mine be the pain, but her's the cruel cause
Of this strange torment;
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
Till proud she repent.

* *wail*] The 4to. of 1589 "*waite*."

MENAPHON'S ECLOGUE.

Too weak the wit, too slender is the brain,
That means to mark the power and worth of love;
Not one that lives, except he hap to prove,
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.

Yet I that have been 'prentice to the grief,
Like to the cunning sea-man from afar,
By guess will take* the beauty of that star,
Whose influence must yield me chief relief.

You censors of the glory of my dear,
With reverence and lowly bent of knee,
Attend and mark what her perfections be;
For in my words my fancies shall appear.

Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Grecian mates atchiev'd;†
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd;
As full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

Her brows are pretty tables of conceit,
Where love his records of delight doth quote;
On them her dallying locks do daily float,
As love full oft doth feed upon the bait.

* *take*] The 4to. of 1589 "*talk.*"

† *Her locks are plighted like the fleece of wool,*
That Jason with his Grecian mates atchiev'd] It is possible that Shakespeare recollected these lines, when he wrote the following;

"Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her."
Merchant of Venice, Act i. sc. 1.

Plighted is twisted, braided.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun, or cheer the day;
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
Whiles fancy doth on them divine delights.

Her cheeks like ripen'd lilies steep'd in wine,
Or fair pomegranate kernels wash'd in milk,
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

Her lips are roses over-wash'd with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair,* no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her crystal chin like to the purest mould,
Enchas'd with dainty daisies soft and white,
Where fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,†
Whereas embrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her neck like to an ivory shining tower,
Where through with azure veins sweet nectar runs,
Or like the down of swans where Senesse woons,‡
Or like delight that doth itself devour.

Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearls, as soft as down;
They never vail§ their fair through winter's frown,
But from their sweets love suck'd his summer time.

Her body beauty's best esteemed bower,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain; [pain;
The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.

* *fair*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 61.
† *pight*] i. e. pitched. ‡ *woons*] i. e. dwells.
§ *vail*] i. e. lower, let down. Fr. *avaler*.

Her maiden mount, the dwelling house of pleasure;
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O blest is he may bring such beauties under,
Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure!

Devour'd in thought, how wanders my device!
What rests behind I must divine upon:
Who talks the best, can say but fairer none;
Few words well couch'd do most content the wise.

All you that hear, let not my silly style
Condemn my zeal, for what my tongue should say,
Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Seld speaketh love, but sighs his * secret pains;
Tears are his truchmen,† words do make him tremble:
How sweet is love to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and looks, till they have reap'd the gains!

All lonely I complain,‡ and what I say
I think, yet what I think tongue cannot tell:
Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well;
My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.

MELICERTUS' ECLOGUE.

What need compare, where sweet exceeds compare?
Who draws his thoughts of love from senseless things,
Their pomp and greatest glories doth impair,
And mounts love's heaven with over-laden wings.

* *his*] The 4to. "*her.*"
† *truchmen*] i. e. interpreters.
‡ *complain*] Both 4tos. "*am plaine.*"

Stones, herbs, and flowers, the foolish spoils of earth,
Floods, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye;
These shew conceit is stain'd with too much dearth,
Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taste of love
Derives his essence from no earthly toy;
A weak conceit his power cannot approve,
For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent, censors, now:
My fellow swain has told a pretty tale,
Which modern poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemn the terms, for they are stale.

Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And said, I plant these wires in nature's scorn,
Whose beauties shall appear when time is dead.

From forth the crystal heaven when she was made,
The purity thereof did taint her brow,
On which the glistering sun that sought the shade
'Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be describ'd,
Were those that erst the chaos did reform;
To whom the heavens their beauties have ascrib'd,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm.

When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the moon her white;
Both so combin'd as passed nature's thought,
Compil'd those pretty orbs of sweet delight.

When Love and Nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips her lips the coral drew;
On them doth fancy sleep, and every day
Doth swallow joy, such sweet delights to view.

Whilom while Venus' son did seek a bower
To sport with Psyche, his desired dear,
He chose her chin, and from that happy stowre*
He never stints in glory to appear.

Desires and Joys, that long had served Love,
Besought a hold where pretty eyes might woo them:
Love made her neck, and for their best behove
Hath shut them there, whence no man can undo them.

Once Venus dream'd upon two pretty things,
Her thoughts they were affection's chiefest nests;
She suck'd and sigh'd, and bath'd her in the springs,
And when she wak'd, they were my mistress' breasts.

Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses,
And found the body of my best belov'd,
Wherein he clos'd the beauty of his blisses,
And from that bower can never be remov'd.

The Graces erst, when Acidalian springs
Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain
Within the vale of bliss, where Cupid's wings
Do shield the nectar fleeting from the mountain.

No more, fond man: things infinite I see
Brook no dimension; hell a foolish speech;
For endless things may never talked be;
Then let me live to honour and beseech.

* *stowre*] In old poetry frequently signifies tumult, disorder, battle, &c.: but here it means time,—an interpretation of the word, which is not given in any dictionary or glossary I have ever met with. Compare Lodge;

> "Whose dire disdaine (the God that kindles loue,
> And makes impressions straungly from aboue
> Misliking) strake with fancie at that *stower*."
>
> *Forbonius and Prisceria*, 1584. Sig. I 2.

Sweet nature's pomp, if my deficient phrase
Hath stain'd thy glories by too little skill,
Yield pardon, though mine eye that long did gaze
Hath left no better pattern to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detain
Your listening ears with dalliance of my tongue;
I speak my joys, but yet conceal my pain,
My pain too old, although my years be young.

DORON'S ECLOGUE, JOINED WITH CARMELA'S.

DORON.

Sit down, Carmela; here are cobs* for kings,
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider, which my leathern bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.

Ah, Doron! ah, my heart! thou art as white,
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow;
Thine eyes are like the slow-worms in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

* *cobs*] i. e. cob-apples, or cob-nuts. Both 4tos. "*cubbs*."

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;*
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air;
Would God, thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine!

CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

DORON.

'Tis love, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruel love!
That like a slave and caitiff villain thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behove.

CARMELA.

Where was he born?

* *My lips are thine, for I have given them thee*] The 4to. of 1589;
"My lippes *and* thine, for I have given *it* thee."

DORON.

In faith, I know not where:
But I have heard* much talking of his dart;
Aye me, poor man! with many a trampling† tear
I feel him wound the forehearse‡ of my heart.

What, do I love? O no, I do but talk:
What, shall I die for love? O no, not so:
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk:
Come, kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight:
Before I break my vow the Gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks,
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss:
Heigh ho! how glad am I to touch thy locks!
My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA.

I thank you, Doron, and will think on you;
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs:
Come, kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.

* *heard*] The 4to. of 1589 "*had.*"
† *trampling*] The 4to. of 1616 "*trickling.*"
‡ *forehearse*] Qy. "*forehorse.*"

SONNETTO.

What thing is love? It is a power divine,
That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law,
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline:
It is a star, whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to love dissembling of his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit that force,
Which wit or labour never may devour:
It is a will that brooketh no consent;
It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,
As doth the shadow, sever'd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was;
Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts
Of days ill spent, for that which profits noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war;
A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar;
And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd:
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write upon.

FROM PERIMEDES, THE BLACKSMITH.

(1588.)

MADRIGAL.

THE swans, whose pens as white as ivory,
Eclipsing fair Endymion's silver love,
Floating like snow down by the banks of Po,
Ne'er tun'd their notes, like Leda once forlorn,
With more despairing sorts of madrigals,
Than I, whom wanton Love hath with his gad
Prickt to the court of deep and restless thoughts.
The frolic youngsters Bacchus' liquor mads,
Run not about the wood of Thessaly,
With more enchanted fits of lunacy,
Than I, whom Love, whom sweet and bitter Love
Fires, infects with sundry passions;
Now lorn with liking overmuch my love,
Frozen with fearing if I step too far,
Fired with gazing at such glimmering stars,
As stealing light from Phœbus' brightest rays,
Sparkle and set * a flame within my breast.
Rest, restless Love, fond baby be content;
Child, hold thy darts within thy quiver close;
And, if thou wilt be roving with thy bow,
Aim at those hearts that may attend on love:
Let country swains, and silly swads † be still,
To court, young wag, and wanton there thy fill!

* *Sparkle and set*] The 4to. "*Sparkles and sets.*"

† *swads*] i. e. clowns: see my note on Peele's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 236. ed. 1829.

DITTY.

Obscure and dark is all the gloomy air,
The curtain of the night is overspread;
The silent mistress of the lowest sphere
Puts on her sable colour'd veil, and lours.*
Nor star, nor milk-white circle of the sky
Appears, where Discontent doth hold her lodge.
She sits shrin'd in a canopy of clouds,
Whose massy darkness mazeth every sense.
Wan are† her looks, her cheeks of azure hue;
Her hairs as Gorgon's foul retorting snakes;
Envy the glass wherein the hag doth gaze;
Restless the clock that chimes her fast asleep;
Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch.
Forth from her cave the fiend full oft doth fly:
To kings she goes, and troubles them with crowns,
Setting those high aspiring brands on fire,
That flame from earth unto the seat of Jove;
To such as Midas, men that doat on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coin, who gape as did fair Danae
For showers of gold, there Discontent in black
Throws forth the vials of her restless cares;
To such as sit at Paphos for relief,
And offer Venus many solemn vows;
To such as Hymen in his saffron robe
Hath knit a Gordian knot of passions;
To these, to all, parting the gloomy air,
Black Discontent doth make her bad repair.

* *lours*] The 4to. "*lower*." † *are*] The 4to. "*is*."

SONNET.

In Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
She kiss'd the wag, her darling of account;
The boy 'gan blush, which when his lover see,
She smil'd, and told him love might challenge debt,
And he was young, and might be wanton yet.

The boy wax'd bold, fired by fond desire,
That woo he could and court her with conceit:
Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
With cold disdain; but wily Adon straight
Cheer'd up the flame, and said, good sir, what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
To such as feed their fancy with fond love,
That when sweet youth with lust is overta'en,
It rues in age: this could not Adon move,
For Venus taught him still this rest to set,
That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,
It little 'vails sage reason to reply;
Few are the cares for such as are love-sick,
But love: then, though I wanton it awry,
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.

SONNET,

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

THE Siren Venus nourish'd in her lap
  Fair Adon, swearing whiles he was a youth
He might be wanton: note his after-hap,
  The guerdon that such lawless lust ensu'th;
So long he follow'd flattering Venus' lore,
Till, seely lad, he perish'd by a boar.

Mars in his youth did court this lusty dame,
  He won her love; what might his fancy let,
He was but young? at last, unto his shame,
  Vulcan entrapp'd them slily in a net,
And call'd the Gods to witness as a truth,
A lecher's fault was not excus'd by youth.

If crooked age accounteth youth his spring,
  The spring, the fairest season of the year,
Enrich'd with flowers, and sweets, and many a thing,
  That fair and gorgeous to the eyes appear;
It fits that youth, the spring of man, should be
'Rich'd with such flowers as virtue yieldeth thee.

SONNET.

FAIR is my love, for April in her face,
  Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
  But cold December dwelleth in her heart:
Blest be the months, that set* my thoughts on fire,
Accurst that month that hindereth my desire!

* *set*] The 4to. "*sets*."

Like Phœbus' fire, so sparkle * both her eyes;
As air perfum'd with amber is her breath;
Like swelling waves, her lovely teats do rise;
As earth her heart, cold, dateth me to death:
Aye me, poor man, that on the earth do live,
When unkind earth death and despair doth give!

In pomp sits mercy seated in her face;
Love 'twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint;
Her eyes shine † favour, courtesy, and grace;
But touch her heart, ah, that is fram'd of flint!
Therefore my harvest in the grass bears grain;
The rock will wear, wash'd with a winter's rain.

SONNET.

Phillis kept sheep along the western plains,
And Coridon did feed his flocks hard by:
This shepherd was the flower of all the swains
That trac'd the downs of fruitful Thessaly,
And Phillis, that did far her flocks surpass
In silver hue, was thought a bonny lass.

A bonny lass, quaint in her country 'tire,
Was lovely Phillis, Coridon swore so;
Her locks, her looks, did set the swain on fire,
He left his lambs, and he began to woo;
He look'd, he sigh'd, he courted with a kiss,
No better could the silly swad ‡ than this.

* *sparkle*] The 4to. "*sparkles.*
† *shine*] The 4to. "*shines.*"
‡ *swad*] See note † p. 236.

He little knew to paint a tale of love,
Shepherds can fancy, but they cannot say:
Phillis 'gan smile, and wily thought to prove
What uncouth grief poor Coridon did pay;
She ask'd him how his flocks or he did fare,
Yet pensive thus his sighs did tell his care.

The shepherd blush'd when Phillis question'd so,
And swore by Pan it was not for his flocks;*
'Tis love, fair Phillis, breedeth all this woe,
My thoughts are trapt within thy lovely locks,
Thine eye hath pierc'd, thy face hath set on fire;
Fair Phillis kindleth Coridon's desire.

Can shepherds love? said Phillis to the swain;
Such saints as Phillis, Coridon replied;
Men when they lust can many fancies feign,
Said Phillis; this not Coridon denied,
That lust had lies, but love, quoth he, says truth,
Thy shepherd loves, then, Phillis, what ensu'th?

Phillis was won, she blush'd and hung the head;
The swain stept to, and cheer'd her with a kiss;
With faith, with troth, they struck the matter dead;
So used they when men thought not amiss:
This love begun and ended both in one;
Phillis was lov'd, and she lik'd Coridon.

* *flocks*] The 4to. "*flock*."

FROM PANDOSTO, THE TRIUMPH OF TIME,

(ED. 1694.*)

Dorastus in love-passion writes these few lines in praise of his loving and best-beloved Fawnia.

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
  Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
  Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
  That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
  Under wide heavens, but yet [there is] not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose,
  Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
  Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower,†
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
  For none must be compared to her note;
Ne'er breath'd such glee from Philomela's bill,
  Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
  She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled;
  When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast!

* I find this "love-passion" on the back of the title of some of the latest editions of this tract, when it was put forth under the name of *Dorastus and Fawnia:* in none of the earlier editions have I ever met with it.

† *flower*] Qy. "*power*," or "*stoure*."

BELLARIA'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies entomb'd Bellaria fair,
Falsely accus'd to be unchaste;
Clear'd by Apollo's sacred doom,
Yet slain by jealousy at last.
Whate'er thou be that passest by,
Curse him that caus'd this Queen to die.

FROM NEVER TOO LATE.

(ED. 1590.)

AN ODE.

DOWN the valley 'gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of gray;
Such wear palmers on the way,
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus' grave on Calvary.
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad;
Such attire this Palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow;
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,

When in outward dews she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks;
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair:
Curled locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a Palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decypher'd high disgrace.
Every step strain'd a tear;
Sudden sighs shew'd his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passions did approve,
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

THE PALMER'S ODE.

Old Menalcas, on a day,
As in field this shepherd lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a stripe,
Said to Coridon that he
Once was young and full of glee.
Blithe and wanton was I then:
Such desires follow men.
As I lay and kept my sheep,
Came the God that hateth sleep,

Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with queen Desire,
And with a dart that wounded nigh,
Pierc'd my heart as I did lie;
That when I woke I 'gan swear
Phillis' beauty palm did bear.
Up I start, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye;
There I saw Desire sit,
That my heart with love had hit,
Laying forth bright beauty's hooks
To entrap my gazing looks.
Love I did, and 'gan to woo,
Pray and sigh; all would not do:
Women, when they take the toy,
Covet to be counted coy.
Coy she was, and I 'gan court;
She thought love was but a sport;
Profound hell was in my thought;
Such a pain desire had wrought,
That I sued with sighs and tears;
Still ingrate she stopp'd her ears,
Till my youth I had spent.
Last a passion of repent
Told me flat, that Desire
Was a brond of love's fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Virtue, youth, wit, and all.
At this saw, back I start,
Bet Desire from my heart,
Shook off Love, and made an oath
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when thus I fled
Such fond toys as cloy'd my head,
But this I learn'd at Virtue's gate,
The way to good is never late.

THE HERMIT'S VERSES.

HERE look, my son, for no vain-glorious shows
Of royal apparition for the eye:
Humble and meek befitteth men of years.
Behold my cell, built in a silent shade,
Holding content for poverty and peace,
And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
Labour and love united in one league.
I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth;
I know not envy, for I climb not high:
Thus do I live, and thus I mean to die.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Sathan seeks to puff me up with pomp,
As man is frail and apt to follow pride;
Then see, my son, where I have in my cell
A dead man's scull, which calls this straight to mind,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see that earth to earth must pass,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grass.

If care to live, or sweet delight in life,
As man desires to see out many days,
Draws me to listen to the flattering world;
Then see my glass, which swiftly out doth run,
Compar'd to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tells me, time slacks not his posting course,
But as the glass runs out with every hour,
Some in their youth, some in their weakest age,
All sure to die, but no man knows his time.
By this I think, how vain a thing is man,
Whose longest life is liken'd to a span.

When Sathan seeks to sift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to give a fierce assault,
To make a shipwreck of my faith with fears;
Then arm'd at all points to withstand the foe,
With holy armour; here's the martial sword:
This book, this bible, this two-edged blade,
Whose sweet content pierceth the gates of hell,
Decyphering laws and discipline of war
To overthrow the strength of Sathan's jar.

ISABEL'S ODE.

Sitting by a river side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Bank'd about with choice flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When fair Iris smiling shews
All her riches in her dews;
Thick-leav'd trees so were planted,
As nor art nor nature wanted,
Bordering all the brook with shade,
As if Venus there had made,
By Flora's wile, a curious bower,
To dally with her paramour;
At this current as I gaz'd,
Eyes entrapt, mind amaz'd,
I might see in my ken
Such a flame as fireth men,
Such a fire as doth fry
With one blaze both heart and eye,
Such a heat as doth prove
No heat like to heat of love.
Bright she was, for 'twas a she
That trac'd her steps towards me:
On her head she ware a bay,
To fence Phœbus' light away:

In her face one might descry
The curious beauty of the sky:
Her eyes carried darts of fire,
Feather'd all with swift desire;
Yet forth these fiery darts did pass
Pearled tears as bright as glass,
That wonder 'twas in her eyne
Fire and water should combine,
If th' old saw did not borrow,
Fire is love, and water sorrow.
Down she sate, pale and sad;
No mirth in her looks she had;
Face and eyes shew'd distress,
Inward sighs discours'd no less:
Head on hand might I see,
Elbow leaned on her knee.
Last she breath'd out this saw,
O that love hath no law!
Love enforceth with constraint,
Love delighteth in complaint.
Whoso loves, hates his life,
For love's peace is mind's strife.
Love doth feed on beauty's fare,
Every dish sauc'd with care:
Chiefly women, reason why,
Love is hatch'd in their eye;
Thence it steppeth to the heart,
There it poisoneth every part,
Mind and heart, eye and thought,
Till sweet love their woes hath wrought:
Then repentant they 'gan cry,
O my heart that trow'd mine eye!
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and mind both full of woes;
Flinging thence with this saw,
Fie on love that hath no law.

FRANCESCO'S ODE.

When I look about the place
Where sorrow nurseth up disgrace,
Wrapt within a fold of cares,
Whose distress no heart spares;
Eyes might look, but see no light,
Heart might think but on despite;
Sun did shine, but not on me.
Sorrow said, it may not be
That heart or eye should once possess
Any salve to cure distress;
For men in prison must suppose
Their couches are the beds of woes.
Seeing this, I sighed then
Fortune thus should punish men:
But when I call'd to mind her face,
For whose love I brook this place,
Starry eyes, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eyes that lighten, and do shine,
Beams of love that are divine,
Lily cheeks, whereon beside
Buds of roses shew their pride,
Cherry lips, which did speak
Words that made all hearts to break,
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,
Such perfume for love is meet,
Precious words, as hard to tell
Which more pleased, wit or smell;
When I saw my greatest pains
Grow for her that beauty stains,
Fortune thus I did reprove,
Nothing grieffull grows from love.

CANZONE.

As then the sun sat lordly in his pride,
Not shadow'd with the veil of any cloud,
The welkin had no rack that seem'd to glide,
No dusky vapour did bright Phœbus shroud;
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous sky
From setting forth heaven's secret searching eye.
No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,
Each leaf lay still and silent in the wood;
The birds were musical; the labouring bees,
That in the summer heap* their winter's good,
Plied to their hives sweet honey from those flowers,
Whereout the serpent strengthens all his powers.
The lion laid and stretch'd him in the lawns;
No storm did hold the leopard fro his prey;
The fallow fields were full of wanton fawns;
The plough-swains never saw a fairer day;
For every beast and bird did take delight,
To see the quiet heavens to shine so bright.
When thus the winds lay sleeping in the caves,
The air was silent in her concave sphere,
And Neptune with a calm did please his slaves,
Ready to wash the never-drenched bear;
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton love assay'd to snare me in.
Leaning my back against a lofty pine,
Whose top did check the pride of all the air,
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts mine eyne,
Upon the sun, the fairest of all fair;
What thing made God so fair as this, quoth I?
And thus I mus'd until I dark'd mine eye.

* *heap*] The 4to. "*heapes*."

Finding the sun too glorious for my sight,
I glanc'd my look to shun so bright a lamp:
With that appear'd* an object twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my senses all were damp;†
In Ida richer beauty did not win,
When lovely Venus shew'd her silver skin.
Her pace was like to Juno's pompous strains,
Whenas she sweeps through heaven's brass-paved way;
Her front was powder'd through with azur'd veins,
That 'twixt sweet roses and fair lilies lay,
Reflecting such a mixture from her face,
As tainted Venus' beauty with disgrace.
Arctophylax, the brightest of the stars,
Was not so orient as her crystal eyes,
Wherein triumphant sat both peace and wars,
From out whose arches such sweet favour‡ flies,
As might reclaim Mars in his highest rage,
At beauty's charge his fury to assuage.
The diamond gleams not more reflecting lights,
Pointed§ with fiery pyramids to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the crystal of her eyne,
Able to set Narcissus' thoughts on fire,
Although he swore him foe to sweet desire.
Gazing upon this leman‖ with mine eye,
I felt my sight vail bonnet to her looks;
So deep a passion to my heart did fly,
As I was trapt within her luring hooks,¶
Forc'd to confess, before that I had done,
Her beauty far more brighter than the sun.

* *appear'd*] The 4to. "*appeare.*"
† *damp*] The 4to. "*dampt.*"
‡ *favour*] The 4to. "*fauours.*"
§ *pointed*] The 4to. "*painted.*"
‖ *leman*] See note * p. 192.
¶ *hooks*] The 4to. "*lookes,*" but compare line 9 of page 54.

INFIDA'S SONG.

Sweet Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Upon thy Venus that must die?
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Love in heart, and tears in eyes;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Wherein fancy baits her hooks;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Amongst the western mounts of snow;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Thy neck as silver-white as dove;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Burn* all my thoughts with sweet desires;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart;—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
I must die through Cupid's dart:
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die?
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?—
That doth love sweet Adon so;
Je vous en prie, pity me;
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami?

FRANCESCO'S ROUNDELAY.†

SITTING and sighing in my secret muse,
As once Apollo did surpris'd with love,
Noting the slippery ways young years do use,
What fond affects the prime of youth do‡ move;

* *Burn*] The 4to. "*Burnes.*"

† Inserted in Hynd's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606, p. 91, as "borrowed of a worthy writer."

‡ *do*] The 4to. "*doth.*"

With bitter tears, despairing I do cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
When wanton age, the blossoms of my time,
Drew me to gaze upon the gorgeous sight,
That beauty, pompous in her highest prime,
Presents to tangle men with sweet delight,
Then with despairing tears my thoughts do cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
When I survey'd the riches of her looks,
Whereout flew flames of never-quench'd desire,
Wherein lay baits that Venus snares with hooks,
Or* where proud Cupid sate all arm'd with fire;
Then touch'd with love my inward soul did cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
The milk-white galaxia of her brow,
Where love doth dance lavoltas of his skill,
Like to the temple where true lovers vow
To follow what shall please their mistress' will;
Noting her ivory front, now do I cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
Her face, like silver Luna in her shine,
All tainted through with bright vermilion strains,†
Like lilies dipt in Bacchus' choicest wine,
Powder'd and interseam'd with azur'd veins;
Delighting in their pride, now may I cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
The golden wires that checker‡ in the day
Inferior to the tresses of her hair,
Her amber trammels did my heart dismay,
That when I look'd I durst not over-dare;
Proud of her pride, now am I forc'd to cry
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
These fading beauties drew me on to sin,
Nature's great riches fram'd my bitter ruth;
These were the traps that love did snare me in,

* *Or*] The 4to. "*Oh*."
† *strains*] Qy. "*stains*."
‡ *checker*] The 4to. "*checkers*."

Oh, these, and none but these, have wreck'd my
youth!
Misled by them, I may despairing cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!
By these I slipp'd from virtue's holy track,
That leads unto the highest crystal sphere;
By these I fell to vanity and wrack,
And as a man forlorn with sin and fear,
Despair and sorrow doth constrain me cry,
Wo worth the faults and follies of mine eye!

THE PENITENT PALMER'S ODE.

Whilom in the winter's rage,
A palmer old and full of age,
Sat and thought upon his youth,
With eyes' tears, and heart's ruth;
Being all with cares y-blent,*
When he thought on years mispent.
When his follies came to mind,
How fond love had made him blind,
And wrapt him in a field of woes,
Shadowed with pleasure's shows,
Then he sigh'd, and said, alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!
I thought my mistress' hairs were gold,
And in their locks my heart I fold;
Her amber tresses were the sight
That wrapped me in vain delight:
Her ivory front, her pretty chin
Were stales that drew me on to sin:
Her starry looks, her crystal eyes,
Brighter than the sun's arise,

* *y-blent*] i. e. confounded: see note ‡ vol. i. p. 77.

Sparkling pleasing flames of fire,
Yok'd my thoughts and my desire,
That I 'gan cry ere I blin,*
O, her eyes are paths to sin!
Her face was fair, her breath was sweet,
All her looks for love were† meet;
But love is folly, this I know,
And beauty fadeth like to snow.
O, why should man delight in pride,
Whose blossom like a dew doth glide!
When these supposes touch'd my thought,
That world was vain and beauty nought,
I 'gan sigh, and say, alas,
Man is sin, and flesh is grass!

ISABEL'S SONNET,

THAT SHE MADE IN PRISON.

No storm so sharp to rent the little reed,
For sild it breaks though every way it bend;
The fire may heat but not consume the flint;
The gold in furnace purer is indeed;
Report, that sild to honour is a friend,
May many lies against true meaning mint,
But yet at last
'Gainst slander's blast
Truth doth the silly sackless soul defend.

Though false reproach seeks honour to distain,
And envy bites the bud though ne'er so pure;
Though lust doth seek to blemish chaste desire,

* *blin*] i. e. cease. † *were*] The 4to. "*was.*"

Yet truth that brooks not falsehood's slanderous stain,
Nor can the spite of envy's wrath endure,
Will try true love from lust in justice' fire,
And, maugre all,
Will free from thrall
The guiltless soul that keeps his footing sure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honest mind;
Where chaste intent is free from any miss,
Though envy strive, yet searching time
With piercing insight will the truth outfind,
And make discovery who the guilty is;
For time still tries
The truth from lies,
And God makes open what the world doth blind.

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

MADE IN THE PRIME OF HIS PENANCE.

With sweating brows I long have plough'd the sands;
My seed was youth, my crop was endless care;
Repent hath sent me home with empty hands
At last, to tell how rife our follies are;
And time hath left experience to approve
The gain is grief to those that traffic love.

The silent thoughts* of my repentant years
That fill my head have call'd me home at last;
Now love unmask'd a wanton wretch appears,
Begot by guileful thought with over haste;
In prime of youth a rose, in age a weed,
That for a minute's joy pays endless need.

* *thoughts*] The 4to. "*thought*."

Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Allied to wit by want and sorrow bought,
Farewell, fond youth, long foster'd in deceit;
Forgive me, time, disguis'd in idle thought;
And, love, adieu: lo, hasting to mine end,
I find no time too late for to amend!

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,

CALLED HIS PARTING BLOW.

Reason, that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistress' wants and loss of time,
Thy wonted siege * of honour safely climb,
To thee I yield as guilty of mine ill.
Lo, fetter'd in their tears, mine eyes are prest †
To pay due homage to their native guide:
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide
To crave his peace from reason is addrest.
My thoughts asham'd, since by themselves consum'd,
Have done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too far presum'd.
Thus he whom love and error did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way.

EURYMACHUS' FANCY IN THE PRIME OF HIS AFFECTION.

When lordly Saturn, in a sable robe,
Sat full of frowns and mourning in the west,
The evening star scarce peep'd from out her lodge,
And Phœbus newly gallop'd to his rest;
Even then
Did I

* *siege*] i. e. seat.

† *prest*] See note * p. 45.

Within my boat sit in the silent streams,
All void of cares as he that lies and dreams.

As Phaon, so a ferryman I was;
The country lasses said, I was too fair:
With easy toil I labour'd at mine oar,
To pass from side to side who did repair;
And then
Did I
For pains take pence, and Charon-like transport
As soon the swain as men of high import.

When want of work did give me leave to rest,
My sport was catching of the wanton fish:
So did I wear the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my dish;
For why
I thought
That idle hours were calendars of ruth,
And time ill-spent was prejudice to youth.

I scorn'd to love; for were the nymph as fair
As she that lov'd the beauteous Latmian swain,
Her face, her eyes, her tresses, nor her brows
Like ivory, could my affection gain;
For why
I said
With high disdain, love is a base desire,
And Cupid's flames, why, they're but watery fire.

As thus I sat, disdaining of proud love,
Have over, ferryman, there cried a boy;
And with him was a paragon for hue,
A lovely damsel, beauteous and coy;
And there
With her
A maiden, cover'd with a tawny veil,
Her face unseen for breeding lovers' bale.

I stirr'd my boat, and when I came to shore,
The boy was wing'd; methought it was a wonder;
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flash
That runs before the hot report of thunder;
Her smiles
Were sweet,
Lovely her face; was ne'er so fair a creature,
For earthly carcass had a heavenly feature.

My friend, quoth she, sweet ferryman, behold,
We three must pass, but not a farthing fare;
But I will give, for I am Queen of love,
The brightest lass thou lik'st unto thy share;
Choose where
Thou lov'st,
Be she as fair as Love's sweet lady is,
She shall be thine, if that will be thy bliss.

With that she smil'd with such a pleasing face,
As might have made the marble rock relent;
But I that triumph'd in disdain of love,
Bad fie on him that to fond love was bent,
And then
Said thus,
So light the ferryman for love doth care,
As Venus pass not, if she pay no fare!

At this a frown sat on her angry brow;
She winks upon her wanton son hard by;
He from his quiver drew a bolt of fire,
And aim'd so right as that he pierc'd mine eye;
And then
Did she
Draw down the veil that hid the virgin's face,
Whose heavenly beauty lighten'd all the place.

Straight then I lean'd mine ear upon mine arm,*
And look'd upon the nymph (if so) was fair;
Her eyes were stars, and like Apollo's locks
Methought appear'd the trammels of her hair:
Thus did
I gaze
And suck'd in beauty, till that sweet desire
Cast fuel on, and set my thought on fire.

When I was lodg'd within the net of love,
And that they saw my heart was all on flame,
The nymph away, and with her trips along
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame:
O, then
I cried,
Stay, ladies, stay, and take not any care,
You all shall pass, and pay no penny fare!

Away they fling, and looking coyly back,
They laugh at me, O, with a loud disdain!
I send out sighs to overtake the nymphs,
And tears, as lures, to call them back again;
But they
Fly thence;
But I sit in my boat, with hand on oar,
And feel a pain, but know not what's the sore.

At last I feel it is the flame of love,
I strive but bootless to express the pain;
It cools, it fires, it hopes, it fears, it frets,
And stirreth passions throughout every vein;
That down
I sat,
And sighing did fair Venus' laws approve,
And swore no thing so sweet and sour as love.

* *ear upon mine arm*] The 4to. "*arm upon mine ear.*"

RADAGON'S SONNET.

No clear appear'd upon the azur'd sky;
A veil of storms had shadow'd Phœbus' face,
And in a sable mantle of disgrace
Sate he that is y-cleped heaven's bright eye,
As though that he,
Perplex'd for Clytia, meant to leave his place,
And wrapt in sorrows did resolve to die,
For death to lovers' woes is ever nigh;
Thus folded in a hard and mournful laze
Distress'd sate he.

A misty fog had thicken'd all the air;
Iris sate solemn and denied her showers;
Flora in tawny hid up all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meads with fair,
As though that she
Were arm'd upon the barren earth to lour;
Unto the founts Diana nild repair,
But sate, as overshadow'd with despair,
Solemn and sad within a wither'd bower,
Her nymphs and she.

Mars malcontent lay sick on Venus' knee;
Venus in dumps sat muffled with a frown;
Juno laid all her frolic humours down,
And Jove was all in dumps as well as she:
'Twas fate's decree;

For Neptune, as he meant the world to drown,
Heav'd up his surges to the highest tree,
And, leagu'd with Æol, marr'd the seaman's glee,
Beating the cedars with his billows down;
Thus wroth was he.

My mistress deigns to shew her sun-bright face,
The air clear'd up, the clouds did fade away;
Phœbus was frolic, when she did display
The gorgeous beauties that her front do grace:
So that when she
But walk'd abroad, the storms then fled away;
Flora did chequer all her treading place,
And Neptune calm'd the surges with his mace;
Diana and her nymphs were blithe and gay
When her they see.

Venus and Mars agreed in a smile,
And jealous Juno ceased now to lour;
Jove saw her face and sighed in his bower;
Iris and Æol laugh within a while
To see this glee.
Ah, born was she within a happy hour,
That makes heaven, earth, and gods, and all, to smile!
Such wonders can her beauteous looks compile
To clear the world from any froward lour;
Ah, blest be she!

EURYMACHUS IN LAUDEM MIRIMIDÆ.

When Flora, proud in pomp of all her flowers,
Sat bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of Iris' showers,
And did display
Her mantle chequer'd all with gaudy green;
Then I
Alone
A mournful man in Erecine was seen.

With folded arms I trampled through the grass,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortune brittle glass,
And love to be,
Like Fortune, fleeting, as the restless wind,
Mixed
With mists,
Whose damp doth make the clearest eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze, I spied a hideous flame;
I cast my sight
And saw where blithely bathing in the same
With great delight,
A worm did lie, wrapt in a smoky sweat,
And yet
'Twas strange,
It careless lay and shrunk not at the heat.

I stood amaz'd and wondering at the sight,
While that a dame,
That shone like to the heaven's rich sparkling light,
Discours'd the same;
And said, my friend, this worm within the fire,
Which lies
Content,
Is Venus' worm, and represents desire.

A salamander is this princely beast:
Deck'd with a crown,
Given him by Cupid as a gorgeous crest
'Gainst fortune's frown,
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
Not forth,
For why, he cannot live without the same.

As he, so lovers lie within the fire
Of fervent love,
And shrink not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not move
From any heat that Venus' force imparts,
But lie
Content
Within a fire, and waste away their hearts.

Up flew the dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
Of love; for why,
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet,
As did
The salamander, 'twas my whole desire.

RADAGON IN DIANAM.

It was a valley gaudy green,
Where Dian at the fount was seen;
Green it was,
And did pass
All other of Diana's bowers,
In the pride of Flora's flowers.

A fount it was that no sun sees,
Circled in with cypress trees,
Set so nigh
As Phœbus' eye
Could not do the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She sat there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight;
Virgins so
Ought to go,
For white in armory is plac'd
To be the colour that is chaste.

Her taffata cassock might you see
Tucked up above her knee,
Which did show
There below
Legs as white as whale's bone;
So white and chaste were* never none.

Hard by her, upon the ground,
Sat her virgins in a round
Bathing their
Golden hair,

* *were*] The 4to. "*was.*"

And singing all in notes high,
Fie on Venus' flattering eye :

Fie on love, it is a toy ;
Cupid witless and a boy ;
All his fires,
And desires,
Are plagues that God sent down from high,
To pester men with misery.

As thus the virgins did disdain
Lovers' joy and lovers' pain,
Cupid nigh
Did espy,
Grieving at Diana's song,
Slily stole these maids among.

His bow of steel, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eyes,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.

Calisto straight supposed Jove
Was fair and frolic for to love ;
Dian she
Scap'd not free,
For, well I wot, hereupon
She lov'd the swain Endymion ;

Clytia Phœbus, and Chloris' eye
Thought none so fair as Mercury :
Venus thus
Did discuss
By her son in darts of fire,
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her maids,
Blushing thus at love's braids :*
With sighs, all
Show their thrall ;
And flinging hence pronounce this saw,
What so strong as love's sweet law ?

MULIDOR'S MADRIGAL.

Dildido, dildido,
O love, O love,
I feel thy rage rumble below and above!

In summer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Like to a ston'd horse was her pace :
Was ever young man so dismay'd ?
Her eyes, like wax torches, did make me āfraid :
Trop belle pour moi, voila mon trepas.

Thy beauty, my love, exceedeth supposes ;
Thy hair is a nettle for the nicest roses.
Mon dieu, aide moi!
That I with the primrose of my fresh wit
May tumble her tyranny under my feet :
He donc je serai un jeune roi.
Trop belle pour moi, helas, helas!
Trop belle pour moi, voila mon trepas.

* *braids*] i. e. crafts, deceits, (see Steevens's note on "Since Frenchmen are so *braid*." Shakespeare's *All's well that ends well*, Act iv. sc. 2.) or, perhaps, upbraidings.

THE PALMER'S VERSES.

In greener years, whenas my greedy thoughts
'Gan yield their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit, that then prevailed noughts,
Perforce presented homage to his ill;
And I in folly's bonds fulfill'd with crime,
At last unloos'd, thus spied my loss of time.

As in his circular and ceaseless ray
The year begins, and in itself returns,
Refresh'd by presence of the eye of day,
That sometimes nigh and sometimes far sojourns;
So love in me, conspiring my decay,
With endless fire my heedless bosom burns,
And from the end of my aspiring sin,
My paths of error hourly do* begin.

ARIES.

When in the Ram the sun renews his beams,
Beholding mournful earth array'd in grief,
That waits relief from his refreshing gleams,
The tender flocks rejoicing their relief,
Do leap for joy and lap the silver streams:
So at my prime when youth in me was chief,
All heifer-like, with wanton horn I play'd,
And by my will my wit to love betray'd.

* *do*] The 4to. "*doth*."

TAURUS.

When Phœbus with Europa's bearer bides,
The spring appears; impatient of delays,
The labourer to the fields his plough-swains guides,
He sows, he plants, he builds, at all assays:
When prime of years that many errors hides,
By fancy's force did trace ungodly ways,
I blindfold walk'd, disdaining to behold
That life doth vade,* and young men must be old.

GEMINI.

When in the hold, whereas the Twins do rest,
Proud Phlegon, breathing fire, doth post amain,
The trees with leaves, the earth with flowers is drest:
When I in pride of years, with peevish brain,
Presum'd too far, and made fond love my guest,
With frosts of care my flowers were nipt amain:
In height of weal who bears a careless heart,
Repents too late his over-foolish part.

CANCER.

When in æstival Cancer's gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heavens doth shine,
The air is calm, the birds at every stowre†
Do‡ tempt the heavens with harmony divine:
When I was first enthrall'd in Cupid's power,
In vain I spent the May-month of my time,
Singing for joy to see me captive thrall
To him, whose gains are grief, whose comfort small.

* *vade*] i. e. fade.
† *stowre*] See note * p. 231.
‡ *Do*] The 4to. "*To.*"

LEO.

When in the height of his meridian walk,
The Lion's hold contains the eye of day,
The riping corn grows yellow in the stalk:
When strength of years did bless me every way,
Mask'd with delights of folly was my talk,
Youth ripen'd all my thoughts to my decay;
In lust I sow'd, my fruit was loss of time;
My hopes were proud, and yet my body slime.*

VIRGO.

When in the Virgin's lap earth's comfort sleeps,
Bating the fury of his burning eyes,
Both corn and fruits are firm'd, and comfort creeps
On every plant and flower that springing rise:
When age at last his chief dominion keeps,
And leads me on to see my vanities,
What love and scant foresight did make me sow,
In youthful years is ripened now in woe.

LIBRA.

When in the Balance Daphne's leman blins,†
The ploughman gathereth fruit for passed pain:
When I at last consider'd on my sins,
And thought upon my youth and follies vain,
I cast my count, and reason now begins
To guide mine eyes with judgment, bought with pain,
Which weeping wish a better way to find,
Or else for ever to the world be blind.

* *slime*] i. e. I suppose, *slim*, so written for the rhyme.
† *blins*] i. e. stops.

SCORPIO.

When with the Scorpion proud Apollo plays,
  The wines are trod and carried to their press,
The woods are fell'd 'gainst winter's sharp affrays:
  When graver years my judgments did address,
I 'gan repair my ruins and decays,
  Exchanging will to wit and soothfastness,
Claiming from time and age no good but this,
To see my sin, and sorrow for my miss.

SAGITTARIUS.

Whenas the Archer in his winter hold,
  The Delian harper tunes his wonted love,
The ploughman sows and tills his labour'd mould:
  When with advice and judgment I approve
How love in youth hath grief for gladness sold,
  The seeds of shame I from my heart remove,
And in their steads I set down plants of grace,
And with repent bewail'd my youthful race.

CAPRICORNUS.

When he that in Eurotas' silver glide
  Doth bain his tress, beholdeth Capricorn,
The days grow * short, then hastes the winter tide;
  The sun with sparing lights doth seem to mourn;
Gray is the green, the flowers their beauty hide:†
  Whenas I see that I to death was born,
My strength decay'd, my grave already drest,
I count my life my loss, my death my best.

* *grow*] The 4to. "*growes.*"
† *hide*] The 4to. "*hides.*"

AQUARIUS.

When with Aquarius Phœbe's brother stays,
  The blithe and wanton winds are whist and still;
Cold frost and snow the pride of earth betrays:
  When age my head with hoary hairs doth fill,
Reason sits down, and bids me count my days,
  And pray for peace, and blame my froward will;
In depth of grief, in this distress I cry,
Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei!

PISCES.

When in the Fishes' mansion Phœbus dwells,
  The days renew, the earth regains his rest:
When old in years, my want my death foretells,
  My thoughts and prayers to heaven are whole addrest;
Repentance youth by folly quite expells;
  I long to be dissolved for my best,
That young in zeal long beaten with my rod
I may grow old to wisdom and to God.

FROM THE MOURNING GARMENT.

(ED. 1616.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE.

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry,
To see if lovers in the thick
Could dally with a wanton trick;
Where sate the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to overgo.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play;
She tun'd voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young: his coat was green,
With welts of white seam'd between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee:

A whittle with a silver chape:
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft
To shrowd him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head.
A bottle full of country whig*
By the shepherd's side did lig;†
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderliefest‡ swain of all.
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life:
Fair she was as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen,
For her cheeks were ruddy-hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight:
Love did lie within her eyes
In ambush for some wanton prize.
A liefer lass than this had been
Coridon had never seen,

* *whig*] i. e. a liquor made from whey.
† *lig*] i. e. lie.
‡ *ald erliefest*] See note ‡ p. 156, and note † p. 197.

Nor was Phillis, that fair may,*
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent:
Her middle was both small and gent;
A neck as white as whale's bone,
Compass'd with a lace of stone.
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

Ah, what is love? It it a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;
And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carrol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do† gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

* *may*] i. e. maid.

† *do*] The 4to. omits this word of the burden in all the stanzas except the first.

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;
And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;*
And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

* *sith*] i. e. time.

HEXAMETRA ALEXIS IN LAUDEM ROSAMUNDÆ.

Oft have I heard my lief Coridon report on a love-day,
When bonny maids do meet with the swains in the valley by Tempe,
How bright-ey'd his Phillis was, how lovely they glanced,
When fro th' arches eben-black flew looks as a lightning,
That set a-fire with piercing flames even hearts adamantine:
Face rose-hued, cherry-red, with a silver taint like a lily:
Venus' pride might abate, might abash with a blush to behold her;
Phœbus' wires compar'd to her hairs unworthy the praising;
Juno's state and Pallas' wit disgrac'd with the Graces
That grac'd her, whom poor Coridon did choose for a love-mate.
Ah, but had Coridon now seen the star that Alexis
Likes and loves so dear, that he melts to sighs when he sees her,
Did Coridon but see those eyes, those amorous eye-lids,
From whence fly holy flames of death or life in a moment!
Ah, did he see that face, those hairs that Venus, Apollo
Bash'd to behold, and, both disgrac'd, did grieve that a creature
Should exceed in hue, compare both a god and a goddess!
Ah, had he seen my sweet paramour, the taint of Alexis,
Then had he said, Phillis, sit down surpassed in all points,
For there is one more fair than thou, belov'd of Alexis!

HEXAMETRA ROSAMUNDÆ IN DOLOREM AMISSI ALEXIS.

TEMPE, the grove where dark Hecate doth keep her abiding,
Tempe, the grove where poor Rosamond bewails her Alexis,
Let not a tree nor a shrub be green to shew thy rejoicing,
Let not a leaf once deck thy boughs and branches, O Tempe!
Let not a bird record her tunes, nor chaunt any sweet notes,
But Philomel, let her bewail the loss of her amours,
And fill all the wood with doleful tunes to bemoan her:
Parched leaves fill every spring, fill every fountain;
All the meads in mourning weed fit them to lamenting;
Echo sit and sing despair i' the vallies, i' the mountains;
All Thessaly help poor Rosamond mournful to bemoan her,
For she's quite bereft of her love, and left of Alexis!
Once was she lik'd and once was she lov'd of wanton Alexis:
Now is she loath'd and now is she left of trothless Alexis. [Diana,
Here did he clip and kiss Rosamond, and vow by
None so dear to the swain as I, nor none so beloved;
Here did he deeply swear and call great Pan for a witness,
That Rosamond was only the rose belov'd of Alexis,
That Thessaly had not such another nymph to delight him:
None, quoth he, but Venus' fair shall have any kisses;
Not Phillis, were Phillis alive, should have any favours,
Nor Galate, Galate so fair for beauteous eyebrows,

Nor Doris, that lass that drew the swains to behold her,
Not one amongst all these, nor all should gain any
graces,
But Rosamond alone, to herself should have her Alexis.
Now, to revenge the perjur'd vows of faithless Alexis,
Pan, great Pan, that heard'st his oaths, and mighty
Diana,
You Dryades, and watery Nymphs that sport by the
fountains,
Fair Tempe, the gladsome grove of greatest Apollo,
Shrubs and dales and neighbouring hills, that heard
when he swore him,
Witness all, and seek to revenge the wrongs of a virgin!
Had any swain been lief to me but guileful Alexis,
Had Rosamond twin'd myrtle boughs, or rosemary
branches,
Sweet hollyhock, or else daffodil, or slips of a bay-tree,
And given them for a gift to any swain but Alexis,
Well had Alexis done t' have left his rose for a giglot:
But Galate ne'er lov'd more dear her lovely Menalcas,
Than Rosamond did dearly love her trothless Alexis;
Endymion was ne'er beloved of his Cytherea,
Half so dear as true Rosamond belov'd her Alexis.
Now, seely lass, hie down to the lake, haste down to
the willows,
And with those forsaken twigs go make thee a chaplet;
Mournful sit, and sigh by the springs, by the brooks,
by the rivers,
Till thou turn for grief, as did Niobe, to a marble;
Melt to tears, pour out thy plaints, let Echo reclaim
them,
How Rosamond that loved so dear is left of Alexis.
Now die, die, Rosamond! let men engrave o' thy
tomb-stone,
Here lies she that loved so dear the youngster Alexis,
Once beloved, forsaken late of faithless Alexis,
Yet Rosamond did die for love, false-hearted Alexis!

PHILADOR'S ODE

THAT HE LEFT WITH THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

When merry autumn in her prime,
Fruitful mother of swift time,
Had filled Ceres' lap with store
Of vines and corn, and mickle more
Such needful fruits as do grow
From Terra's bosom here below;
Tityrus did sigh, and see
With heart's grief and eyes' gree,
Eyes and heart both full of woes,
Where Galate his lover goes.
Her mantle was vermilion red;
A gaudy chaplet on her head,
A chaplet that did shroud the beams
That Phœbus on her beauty streams,
For sun itself desir'd to see
So fair a nymph as was she,
For, viewing from the east to west
Fair Galate did like him best.
Her face was like to welkin's shine;
Crystal brooks such were her* eyne,
And yet within those brooks were fires
That scorched youth and his desires.
Galate did much impair
Venus' honour for her fair;†
For stately stepping, Juno's pace,
By Galate did take disgrace;

* *her*] The 4to. "*his*."
† *fair*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 61.

And Pallas' wisdom bare no prize
Where Galate would shew her wise.
This gallant girl thus passeth by,
Where Tityrus did sighing lie,
Sighing sore, for love strains
More than sighs from lovers' veins:
Tears in eye, thought in heart,
Thus his grief he did impart.
Fair Galate, but glance thine eye;
Here lies he, that here must die,
For love is death, if love not gain
Lover's salve for lover's pain.
Winters seven and more are past,
Since on thy face my thoughts I cast:
When Galate did haunt the plains,
And fed her sheep amongst the swains,
When every shepherd left his flocks
To gaze on Galate's fair locks,
When every eye did stand at gaze,
When heart and thought did both amaze,
When heart from body would asunder,
On Galate's fair face to wonder;
Then amongst them all did I
Catch such a wound, as I must die
If Galate oft say not thus,
I love the shepherd Tityrus.
'Tis love, fair nymph, that doth pain
Tityrus, thy truest swain;
True, for none more true can be
Than still to love, and none but thee.
Say, Galate, oft smile and say,
'Twere pity love should have a nay;
But such a word of comfort give,
And Tityrus thy love shall live:
Or with a piercing frown reply,
I cannot live, and then I die,

For lover's nay is lover's death,
And heart-break frowns do* stop the breath.
Galate at this arose,
And with a smile away she goes,
As one that little car'd to ease
Tityr, pain'd with love's disease.
At her parting, Tityrus
Sigh'd amain, and sayed thus:
O, that women are so fair,
To trap men's eyes in their hair,
With beauteous eyes, love's fires,
Venus' sparks that heat† desires!
But O, that women have such hearts,
Such thoughts, and such deep-piercing darts,
As in the beauty of their eye
Harbour nought but flattery!
Their tears are drawn that drop deceit,
Their faces calends of all sleight,
Their smiles are lures, their looks guile,
And all their love is but a wile.
Then, Tityr, leave, leave, Tityrus,
To love such as scorns you thus;
And say to love and women both,
What I lik'd, now I do loath.
With that he hied him to the flocks,
And counted love but Venus' mocks.

* *do*] The 4to. "*doth*."
† *heat*] The 4to. "*heates*."

THE SONG

OF A COUNTRY SWAIN AT THE RETURN OF PHILADOR.

The silent shade had shadow'd every tree,
And Phœbus in the west was shrouded low;
Each hive had home her busy labouring bee,
Each bird the harbour of the night did know:
Even then,
When thus
All things did from their weary labour lin,*
Menalcas sate and thought him of his sin:

His head on hand, his elbow on his knee;
And tears like dew, be-drench'd upon his face,
His face as sad as any swain's might be;
His thoughts and dumps befitting well the place;
Even then,
When thus
Menalcas sate in passions all alone,
He sighed then, and thus he 'gan to moan.

I that fed flocks upon Thessalia plains,
And bade my lambs to feed on daffodil,
That liv'd on milk and curds, poor shepherds' gains,
And merry sate, and pip'd upon a pleasant hill;
Even then,
When thus
I sate secure, and fear'd not Fortune's ire,
Mine eyes eclips'd, fast blinded by desire.

Then lofty thoughts began to lift my mind,
I grudg'd and thought my fortune was too low;
A shepherd's life 'twas base and out of kind
The tallest cedars have the fairest grow:
Even then,
When thus

* *lin*] i. e. cease.

Pride did intend the sequel of my ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

I left the fields and took me to the town,
Fold sheep who list, the hook was cast away;
Menalcas would not be a country clown,
Nor shepherd's weeds, but garments far more gay:
Even then,
When thus
Aspiring thoughts did follow after ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

My suits were silk, my talk was all of state,
I stretch'd beyond the compass of my sleeve;
The bravest courtier was Menalcas' mate,
Spend what I would, I never thought on grief:
Even then,
When thus
I lash'd out lavish, then began my ruth,
And then I felt the follies of my youth.

I cast mine eye on every wanton face,
And straight desire did hale me on to love;
Then lover-like I pray'd for Venus' grace,
That she my mistress' deep affects might move:
Even then,
When thus
Love trapp'd me in the fatal bands of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

No cost I spar'd to please my mistress' eye,
No time ill-spent in presence of her sight;
Yet oft she* frown'd, and then her love must die,
But when she smil'd, O then a happy wight!
Even then,
When thus
Desire did draw me on to deem of ruth,
Began the faults and follies of my youth.

* *she*] The 4to. "*we*."

The day in poems often did I pass,
The night in sighs and sorrows for her grace;
And she, as fickle as the brittle glass,
Held sun-shine showers within her flattering face:
Even then,
When thus
I spied the woes that women's loves ensu'th,
I saw and loath the follies of my youth.

I noted oft that beauty was a blaze,
I saw that love was but a heap of cares;
That such as stood as deer do at the gaze,
And sought their wealth amongst affection's tares,*
Even such
I saw
With† hot pursuit did follow after ruth,
And foster'd up the follies of their youth.

Thus clogg'd with love, with passions, and with grief,
I saw the country life had least molest;
I felt a wound, and fain would have relief,
And this resolv'd I thought would fall out best:
Even then,
When thus
I felt my senses almost sold to ruth,
I thought to leave the follies of my youth.

To flocks again; away the wanton town,
Fond pride avaunt; give me the shepherd's hook,
A coat of gray, I'll be a country clown;
Mine eye shall scorn on beauty for to look:
No more
Ado;
Both pride and love are ever pain'd with ruth,
And therefore farewell the follies of my youth.

* *tares*] The 4to. "*thares.*"
† *With*] The 4to "*Which.*"

FROM FAREWELL TO FOLLY.

(ED. 1617.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE LADY MÆSIA.*

Her stature and her shape were† passing tall,
Diana like, when 'longst the lawns she goes;
A stately pace, like Juno when she brav'd
The Queen of love,‡ 'fore Paris in the vale;
A front beset with love and majesty;
A face like lovely Venus when she blush'd
A seely shepherd should be beauty's judge;
A lip sweet ruby-red grac'd with delight;
Her eyes two sparkling stars in winter night,
When chilling frost doth clear the azur'd sky;
Her hairs in tresses twin'd with threads of silk,
Hung waving down like Phœbus in his prime;
Her breasts as white as those two snowy swans
That draw§ to Paphos Cupid's smiling dame;
A foot like Thetis when she tripp'd the sands
To steal Neptunus' favour with her‖ steps;
In fine, a piece despite of beauty fram'd,
To see what Nature's cunning could afford.

SONG.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
  The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
  The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

* This is an alteration and abridgement of a copy of verses in the *Morando:* see p. 215.

† *were*] The 4to. "was."

‡ *love*] The 4to. "*heaven:*" but see p. 215.

§ *draw*] The 4to. "*drawes.*" ‖ *her*] The 4to. "*his.*"

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

LINES TRANSLATED FROM GUAZZO.

He that appal'd * with lust would sail in haste to Corinthum,
There to be taught in Lais' school to seek for a mistress,
Is to be train'd in Venus' troop and chang'd to the purpose;
Rage embrac'd, but reason quite thrust out as an exile;
Pleasure a pain, rest turn'd to be care, and mirth as a madness;
Fiery minds inflam'd with a look enrag'd as Alecto;
Quaint in array, sighs fetcht from far, and tears, many, feigned;
Pensive,† sore deep plung'd in pain, not a place but his heart whole;
Days in grief and nights consum'd to think on a goddess;
Broken sleeps, sweet dreams, but short fro the night to the morning;
Venus dash'd, his mistress' face as bright as Apollo;
Helena stain'd, the golden ball wrong-given by the shepherd;
Hairs of gold, eyes twinkling stars, her lips to be rubies;
Teeth of pearl, her breasts like snow, her cheeks to be roses; [kneestead;
Sugar candy she is, as I guess, fro the waist to the
Nought is amiss, no fault were found if soul were amended;
All were bliss if such fond lust led not to repentance.

* *appal'd*] Qy. "*assail'd.*"
† *Pensive*] The 4to. "*Pen sicke.*"

FROM DANTE.

A MONSTER seated in the midst of men,
Which, daily fed, is never satiate;
A hollow gulf of vild ingratitude,
Which for his food vouchsafes not pay of thanks,
But still doth claim a debt of due expence.
From hence doth Venus draw the shape of lust;
From hence Mars raiseth blood and stratagems.
The wrack of wealth, the secret foe to life;
The sword that hasteneth on the date of death;
The surest friend to physic by disease;
The pumice that defaceth memory;
The misty vapour that obscures the light,
And brightest beams of science' glittering sun,
And doth eclipse the mind with sluggish thoughts:
The monster that affords this cursed brood,
And makes commixture of those dire mishaps,
Is but a stomach overcharg'd with meats,
That takes delight in endless gluttony.

FROM THE GROATSWORTH OF WIT.

(ED. 1617.)

LAMILIA'S SONG.

Fie, fie on blind fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me,
To count love a toy.
When Love learn'd first the A B C of delight,
And knew no figures nor conceited phrase,
He simply gave to due desert her right,
He led not lovers in dark winding ways;
He plainly will'd to love, or flatly answer'd no,
But now who lists to prove, shall find it nothing so.
Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.
For since he learn'd to use the poet's pen,
He learn'd likewise with smoothing words to feign,
Witching chaste ears with trothless tongues of men,
And wronged faith with falsehood and disdain.
He gives a promise now, anon he sweareth no;
Who listeth for to prove shall find his changing so.
Fie, fie then on fancy,
It hinders youth's joy;
Fair virgins, learn by me
To count love a toy.

VERSES AGAINST ENTICING COURTESANS.

WHAT meant the poets in* invective verse
To sing Medea's shame, and Scylla's pride,
Calypso's charms by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse;
That curious wits which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false Sirens, those home-breeding foes,
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk with sight;
The viper's tooth is not so venomous;
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despair.

VERSES.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy slights, which few men shun
Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire;
But now I find that poet was advis'd,
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak love was with the poor despis'd;
For when the life with food is not suffic'd,
What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?

* *in*] The 4to. "*to*."

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit:
My ravish'd sense, of wonted fury reft,
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
  Because so long they lent them me to use,
  And I so long their bounty did abuse.

O that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restor'd!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
How should my sin with sorrow be deplor'd!*
But I must die of every man abhorr'd:
  Time loosely spent will not again be won;
  My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

A CONCEITED FABLE OF THE OLD COMEDIAN ÆSOP.

An ant and a grasshopper, walking together on a green, the one carelessly skipping, the other carefully prying what winter's provision was scattered in the way; the grasshopper scorning (as wantons will) this needless thrift, as he termed it, reproved him thus;

The greedy miser thirsteth still for gain
His thrift is theft, his weal works others woe:
That fool is fond which will in caves remain,
When 'mongst fair sweets he may at pleasure go.

To this, the ant, perceiving the grasshopper's meaning, quickly replied;

The thrifty husband spares what unthrifts spends,
His thrift no theft, for dangers to provide;
Trust to thyself; small hope in want yield friends:
A cave is better than the deserts wide.

* *be deplor'd*] The 4to. "*then deplore.*"

In short time these two parted, the one to his pleasure, the other to his labour. Anon harvest grew on, and reft from the grasshopper his wonted moisture. Then weakly skips he to the meadows' brinks, where till fell winter he abode. But storms continually pouring, he went for succour to the ant, his old acquaintance, to whom he had scarce discovered his estate, but the little worm made this reply;

Pack hence, quoth he, thou idle, lazy worm;
My house doth harbour no unthrifty mates:
Thou scorn'd'st to toil, and now thou feel'st the storm,
And starv'st for food, while I am fed with cates:
Use no entreats, I will relentless rest,
For toiling labour hates an idle guest.

The grasshopper, foodless, helpless, and strengthless, got into the next brook, and in the yielding sand digged himself a pit: by which likewise he engraved this epitaph;

When spring's green prime array'd me with delight,
And every power with youthful vigour fill'd,
Gave strength to work whatever fancy will'd,
I never fear'd the force of winter's spite.

When first I saw the sun the day begin,
And dry the morning's tears from herbs and grass,
I little thought his cheerful light would pass,
Till ugly night with darkness enter'd in;
And then day lost I mourn'd, spring past I wail'd;
But neither tears for this or that avail'd.

Then too, too late, I prais'd the emmet's pain,
That sought in spring a harbour 'gainst the heat,
And in the harvest gather'd winter's meat,
Perceiving famine, frosts, and stormy rain.

My wretched end may warn green springing youth
To use delights, as toys that will deceive,
And scorn the world, before the world them leave,
For all world's trust is ruin without ruth.
Then blest are they that, like the toiling ant,
Provide in time 'gainst woeful winter's want.

With this the grasshopper, yielding to the weather's extremity, died comfortless without remedy.

FROM CICERONIS AMOR, TULLY'S LOVE.

(ED. 1597.)

VERSES.

When gods had fram'd the sweet of women's face,
And lock'd men's looks within their golden hair,
That Phœbus blush'd to see their matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair;
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow;
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall;
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He could be coy, and would not love at all,
Swearing, no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.

VERSUS.

Vita quæ tandem magis est jucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura sociam jugalem
Semper amare?

Vita quæ tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quæ,
Falso suspecta probitate amicæ,
Tollit amorem?

Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
Murmura, emplastrum, vel imago sagæ,
Astra nec curant, magicæ nec artes,
Zelotypiam.

SONG.

Mars in a fury 'gainst love's brightest queen,
Put on his helm, and took him to his lance;
On Erycinus'* mount was Mavors seen,
And there his ensigns did the god advance,
And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly swore,
Venus should die for she had wrong'd him sore.

Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wish'd his mother's absence for a while:
Peace, fool, quoth Venus, is it I must die?
Must it be Mars? with that she coin'd a smile;
She trimm'd her tresses, and did curl her hair,
And made her face with beauty passing fair.

* *Erycinus*] Our author forgets here that the mountain from which Venus had the name of Erycina, was Eryx: it is not likely that he wrote "Erycina's Mount."

A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of ebony she went;
She pass'd the place where furious Mars did stand,
And out her looks a lovely smile she sent;
Then from her brows leap'd out so sharp a frown,
That Mars for fear threw all his armour down.

He vow'd repentance for his rash misdeed,
Blaming his choler that had caus'd his woe:
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charg'd him not to threaten beauty so,
For women's looks are such enchanting charms,
As can subdue the greatest god in arms.

ROUNDELAY.

Fond, feigning poets make* of love a god,
And leave the laurel for the myrtle boughs,
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And fair Diana Daphne† most allows:
I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a boy,
And think of love but as a foolish toy.

Some give him bow and quiver at his back,
Some make him blind to aim without advice,
When, naked wretch, such feather'd bolts he lack,
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise;
For use but labour's weapon for defence,
And Cupid, like a coward, flieth thence.

He's‡ god in court, but cottage calls him child,
And Vesta's virgins with their holy fires
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath defil'd,
And burn§ the palace of his fond desires;
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish god,
And prove him but a boy not past the rod.

* *make*] The 4to. "*makes.*"
† *Daphne*] The 4to. "*Daphnis.*"
‡ *He's*] The 4to. "*He is.*"
§ *burn*] The 4to. "*burnes.*"

LENTULUS'S DESCRIPTION OF TERENTIA IN LATIN.

Qualis in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit:
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, sive capillos,
Lux, Ariadne, tua, et lux tua, Phœbe, jacet.
Venustata fuit verbis, spirabat odorem;
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat;
Rubea labra, genæ rubræ, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa;
Luxuriant geminæ formoso in pectore mammæ;
Circundant niviæ candida colla comæ;
Denique talis erat divina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Juno, Minerva, Venus.

THUS IN ENGLISH:

Brightsome Apollo in his richest pomp,
Was not like to the trammels of her hair;
Her eyes, like Ariadne's sparkling stars,
Shone from the ebon arches of her brows;
Her face was like the blushing of the east,
When Titan charg'd the morning sun to rise;
Her cheeks, rich strew'd with roses and with white,
Did stain the glory of Anchises' love;
Her silver teats did ebb and flow delight;
Her neck columns of polish'd ivory;
Her breath was perfumes made of violets;
And all this heaven was but Terentia.

THE SHEPHERD'S ODE.

Walking in a valley green,
Spread with Flora, summer queen,
Where she heaping all her graces,
Niggard seem'd in other places;
Spring it was, and here did spring
All that nature forth can bring.
Groves of pleasant trees there grow,
Which fruit and shadow could bestow:
Thick-leav'd boughs small birds cover,
Till sweet notes themselves discover;
Tunes for number seem'd confounded,
Whilst their mixtures music* sounded,
'Greeing well, yet not agreed
That one the other should exceed.
A sweet stream here silent glides,
Whose clear water no fish hides;
Slow it runs, which well bewray'd
The pleasant shore the current stay'd.
In this stream a rock was planted,
Where no art nor nature wanted.
Each thing so did other grace,
As all places may give place;
Only this the place of pleasure,
Where is heaped nature's treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder stay'd,
Eyes amaz'd, and mind afraid,
Ravish'd with what was beheld,
From departing were withheld.
Musing then with sound advice
On this earthly paradise;
Sitting by the river side,
Lovely Phillis was descried.

* *music*] The 4to. "*musickes*."

Gold her hair, bright her eyne,
Like to Phœbus in his shine;
White her brow, her face was fair;
Amber breath perfum'd the air;
Rose and lily both did seek
To shew their glories on her cheek;
Love did nestle in her looks,
Baiting there his sharpest hooks.
Such a Phillis ne'er was seen,
More beautiful than love's queen:
Doubt it was, whose greater grace,
Phillis' beauty, or the place.
Her coat was of scarlet red,
All in pleats; a mantle spread,
Fring'd with gold; a wreath of boughs,
To check the sun from her brows;
In her hand a shepherd's hook,
In her face Diana's look.
Her sheep grazed on the plains;
She had stolen from the swains;
Under a cool silent shade,
By the streams she garlands made:
Thus sat Phillis all alone.
Miss'd she was by Coridon,
Chiefest swain of all the rest;
Lovely Phillis lik'd him best.
His face was like Phœbus' love;
His neck white as Venus' dove;
A ruddy cheek, fill'd with smiles,
Such Love hath when he beguiles;
His locks* brown, his eyes were gray,
Like Titan in a summer day:
A russet jacket, sleeves red;
A blue bonnet on his head;
A cloak of gray fenc'd the rain;
Thus 'tired was this lovely swain;

* *locks*] The 4to. "*lookes*."

A shepherd's hook, his dog tied;
Bag and bottle by his side:
Such was Paris, shepherds say,
When with Œnone he did play.
From his flock stray'd Coridon,
Spying Phillis all alone;
By the stream he Phillis spied,
Braver than was Flora's pride.
Down the valley 'gan he track,
Stole behind his true love's back;
The sun shone, and shadow made,
Phillis rose and was afraid;
When she saw her lover there,
Smile she did, and left her fear.
Cupid, that disdain doth loath,
With desire strake them both.
The swain did woo; she was nice,
Following fashion, nay'd him twice:
Much ado, he kiss'd her then;
Maidens blush when they kiss men;
So did Phillis at that stowre;*
Her face was like the rose flower.
Last they 'greed, for love would so,
'Faith and troth they would no mo;
For shepherds ever held it sin,
To false the love they lived in.
The swain gave a girdle red;
She set garlands on his head:
Gifts were given; they kiss again;
Both did smile, for both were fain.
Thus was love 'mongst shepherds sold,
When fancy knew not what was gold:
They woo'd and vow'd, and that they keep,
And go contented to their sheep.

* *stowre*] See note * p. 231.

FROM PHILOMELA, THE LADY FITZ-WATER'S NIGHTINGALE.

(ED. 1615.)

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SUNG IN HER ARBOUR.

SITTING by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend.
Others hold, there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands:
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,

Happy is love's sugar'd thrall,
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin* blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind,
As true love with kisses kind:
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgrac'd.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No love sweet but honesty.

PHILOMELA'S SECOND ODE.

It was frosty winter season,
And fair Flora's wealth was geason.†
Meads that erst with green were spread,
With choice flowers diap'red,
Had tawny veils; cold had scanted‡
What the springs and nature planted.
Leafless boughs there might you see,
All except fair Daphne's tree:
On their twigs no birds perch'd;
Warmer coverts now§ they search'd;
And by nature's secret reason,
Fram'd their voices to the season,
With their feeble tunes bewraying,
How they griev'd the spring's decaying.
Frosty winter thus had gloom'd
Each fair thing that summer bloom'd;
Fields were bare, and trees unclad,
Flowers wither'd, birds were sad:‖
When I saw a shepherd fold
Sheep in cote, to shun the cold.

* *virgin*] The 4to. "*virgins.*"
† *geason*] i. e. rare, uncommon,—said to be an Essex word.
‡ *scanted*] The 4to. "*scatter'd.*"
§ *now*] The 4to. "*none.*" ‖ *sad*] The 4to. "*had.*"

Himself sitting on the grass,
That with frost wither'd was,
Sighing deeply, thus 'gan say;
Love is folly when astray:
Like to love no passion such,
For 'tis‡ madness, if too much;
If too little, then despair;
If too high, he beats the air
With bootless cries; if too low,
An eagle matcheth with a crow:
Thence grow* jars. Thus I find,
Love is folly, if unkind;
Yet do men most desire
To be heated with this fire,
Whose flame is so pleasing hot,
That they burn, yet feel it not.
Yet hath love another kind,
Worse than these unto the mind;
That is, when a wanton's eye
Leads desire clean awry,
And with the bee doth rejoice
Every minute to change choice,
Counting he were then in bliss,
If that each fair fall were his.
Highly thus is† love disgrac'd,
When the lover is unchaste,
And would taste of fruit forbidden,
'Cause the scape is easily hidden.
Though such love be sweet in brewing,
Bitter is the end ensuing;
For the humour of love he shameth,
And himself with lust defameth;
For a minute's pleasure gaining,
Fame and honour ever staining.

‡ *'tis*] The 4to. "*his.*"
* *grow*] The 4to. "*growes.*"
† *is*] The 4to. "*in.*"

Gazing thus so far awry,
Last the chip falls in his eye;
Then it burns that erst but heat him,
And his own rod 'gins to beat him;
His choicest sweets turn to gall;
He finds lust his sin's thrall;
That wanton women in their eyes
Men's deceivings do comprise;
That homage done to fair faces
Doth dishonour other graces.
If lawless love be such a sin,
Curs'd is he that lives therein,
For the gain of Venus' game
Is the downfall unto shame.
Here he paus'd, and did stay;
Sigh'd and rose, and went away.

SONNET.

On women nature did bestow two eyes, a
Like heaven's* bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining, b
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise, a
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining. b
But why did nature, in her choice combining, b
Plant two fair eyes within a beauteous face, c
That they might favour two with equal grace? c
Venus did soothe up Vulcan with one eye, d
With th'other granted Mars his wished glee: e
If she did so whom Hymen† did defy, d
Think love no sin, but grant an eye to me; e
In vain else nature gave two stars to thee: e
If then two eyes may well two friends maintain, f
Allow of two, and prove not nature vain. f

* *heaven's*] The 4to. "*Hemian's.*"
† *Hymen*] The 4to. "*Heimens.*"

ANSWER.

NATURE foreseeing how men would devise
More wiles than Proteus, women to entice,
Granted them two, and those bright-shining eyes,
To pierce into man's faults if they were wise;
For they with shew of virtue mask their vice:
Therefore to women's eyes belong* these gifts,
The one must love, the other see men's shifts.

Both these await upon one simple heart,
And what they choose, it hides up without change.
The emerald will not with his portrait part,
Nor will a woman's thoughts delight to range;
They hold it bad to have so base exchange: [him,
One heart, one friend, though that two eyes do choose
No more but one, and heart will never lose him.

AN ODE.

WHAT is love once disgrac'd,
But a wanton thought ill plac'd?
Which doth blemish whom it paineth,
And dishonours whom it deigneth;
Seen in higher powers most,
Though some fools do fondly boast,
That whoso is high of kin
Sanctifies his lover's sin.
Jove could not hide Io's scape,
Nor conceal Calisto's rape:
Both did fault, and both were fram'd
Light of loves, whom lust had sham'd.
Let not women trust to men;
They can flatter now and then,

* *belong*] The 4to. "*belongs*."

And tell them many wanton tales,
Which do breed their after bales.
Sin in kings is sin, we see,
And greater sin, 'cause great of 'gree:
Majus peccatum, this I read,
If he be high that doth the deed.
Mars, for all his deity,
Could not Venus dignify,
But Vulcan trapp'd her, and her blame
Was punish'd with an open shame:
All the gods laugh'd them to scorn
For dubbing Vulcan with the horn.
Whereon may a woman boast,
If her chastity be lost?
Shame await'th upon her face,
Blushing cheeks and foul disgrace:
Report will blab, this is she
That with her lust wins infamy.
If lusting love be so disgrac'd,
Die before you live unchaste;
For better die with honest fame,
Than lead a wanton life with shame.

FROM THE SECOND PART OF MAMILLIA.

(ED. 1593.)

VERSES AGAINST THE GENTLEWOMEN OF SICILIA.

SINCE lady mild, too base in array, hath liv'd as an exile,
None of account but stout: if plain, stale slut, not a courtress.
Dames now a days, fie none, if not new guised in all points.

Fancies fine, sauced with conceits, quick wits very wily,
Words of a saint, but deeds guess how, feign'd faith
to deceive men,
Courtsies coy, no vail,* but a vaunt, trickt up like a
Tuscan,
Pac'd in print, brave lofty looks, not us'd with the
vestals,
In hearts too glorious, not a glance but fit for an
empress,
As minds most valorous, so strange in array, marry,
stately.
Up fro the waist like a man, new guise to be cas'd
in a doublet,
Down to the foot perhaps like a maid, but hos'd to
the kneestead,
Some close breech'd to the crotch for cold, tush, peace
'tis a shame, sir.
Hairs by birth as black as jet; what? art can amend
them;
A perriwig frounc'd fast to the front, or curl'd with a
bodkin,
Hats fro France, thick pearled for pride and plum'd
like a peacock,
Ruffs of a size, stiff-starch'd to the neck, of lawn, marry,
lawless,
Gowns of silk; why those be too bad, side wide with
a witness,
Small and gent i' the waist, but backs as broad as a
burgess,
Needless noughts, as crisps and scarfs, worn a la
morisco,
Fum'd with sweets, as sweet as chaste, no want but
abundance.

* *vail*] i. e. (I suppose) mark of recognition: to "vail (i. e. lower) the bonnet," was a common expression. See also note § p. 228. The 4to. "*vale*."

FROM THE ORPHARION.

(1599.)

ORPHEUS' SONG.

He that did sing the motions of the stars,
  Pale-colour'd Phœbe's* borrowing of her light,
Aspects of planets oft oppos'd in jars,
  Of Hesper, henchman to the day and night;
Sings now of love, as taught by proof to sing,
Women are false, and love a bitter thing.

I lov'd Eurydice, the brightest lass,
  More fond† to like so fair a nymph as she;
In Thessaly so bright none ever was,
  But fair and constant hardly may agree:
False-hearted wife to him that lov'd thee well,
To leave thy love, and choose the prince of hell!

Theseus did help, and I in haste did hie
  To Pluto, for the lass I loved so:
The god made grant, and who so glad as I?
  I tun'd my harp, and she and I 'gan go;
Glad that my love was left to me alone,
I looked back, Eurydice was gone:

She slipp'd aside, back to her latest love,
  Unkind, she wrong'd her first and truest feere!‡
Thus women's loves delight,§ as trial proves
  By false Eurydice I lov'd so dear,
To change and fleet, and every way to shrink,
To take in love, and lose it with a wink.

* *Phœbe's*] The 4to. "*Phœbus.*"
† *fond*] i. e. foolish, simple.
‡ *feere*] Or *pheere*,—see note * vol. i. p. 111.
§ *delight*] The 4to. "*delights.*"

THE SONG OF ARION.

SEATED upon the crooked dolphin's back,
  Scudding amidst the purple-colour'd waves,
Gazing aloof for land; Neptune in black,
  Attended with the Tritons as his slaves,
Threw forth such storms as made the air thick,
For grief his lady Thetis was so sick.

Such plaints he throbb'd, as made the dolphin stay:
  Women, quoth he, are harbours of man's health,
Pleasures for night, and comforts for the day;
  What are fair women but rich nature's wealth?
Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

Women are sweets that salve men's sourest ills;
  Women are saints, their virtues are so rare;
Obedient souls that seek to please men's wills;
  Such love with faith, such jewels women are:
Thetis is such, and more if more may be;
Thetis is sick, then what may comfort me?

With that he div'd into the coral waves,
To see his love, with all his watery slaves:
The dolphin swam; yet this I learned then,
Fair women are rich jewels unto men.

SONNET.

CUPID abroad was lated in the night,
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
I op'd the door, and granted his desire,
I rose myself, and made the wag a fire.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging by his back:
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
But what I drad, did me poor wretch betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierc'd the quick, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high;
His shaft procur'd a sharp, yet sugar'd smart:
Away he flew, for why his wings were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast,
That sore I griev'd I welcom'd such a guest.

FROM PENELOPE'S WEB.

(ED. 1601.)

SONNET FROM ARIOSTO.

THE sweet content that quiets angry thought,
  The pleasing sound of household harmony,
The physic that allays what fury wrought,
  The huswife's means to make true melody,
Is not with simple, harp, or worldly pelf,
But smoothly by submitting of herself.

Juno, the queen and mistress of the sky,
  When angry Jove did threat her with a frown,
Caus'd Ganymede for nectar fast to hie,
  With pleasing face to wash such choler down;
For angry husbands find* the soonest ease,
When sweet submission choler doth appease.

The laurel that impales the head with praise,
  The gem that decks the breast of ivory,
The pearl that's orient in her silver rays,
  The crown that honours dames with dignity;
No sapphire, gold, green bays, nor margarite,
But due obedience worketh this delight.

BARMENISSA'S SONG.

THE stately state that wise men count their good,
  The chiefest bliss that lulls asleep desire,
Is not descent from kings and princely blood,
  Ne stately crown ambition doth require;
For birth by fortune is abased down,
And perils are compris'd within a crown.

* *find*] The 4to. "*findes.*"

The sceptre and the glittering pomp of mace,
  The head impal'd with honour and renown,
The kingly throne, the seat and regal place,
  Are toys that fade when angry fortune frown:
Content is far from such delights as those,
Whom woe and danger do envy as foes.

The cottage seated in the hollow dale,
  That fortune never fears because so low,
The quiet mind that want doth set to sale,
  Sleeps safe when princes seats do overthrow:
Want smiles secure when princely thoughts do feel
That fear and danger tread * upon their heel.

Bless fortune thou whose frown hath wrought thy good,
  Bid farewell to the crown that ends thy care;
The happy fates thy sorrows have withstood
  By 'signing want and poverty thy share:
For now content, fond fortune to despite,
With patience 'lows thee quiet and delight.

VERSES.

Aspiring thoughts led Phaethon amiss;
  Proud Icarus did fall, he soar'd so high;
Seek not to climb with fond Semiramis,
  Lest son revenge the father's injury:
Take heed, ambition is a sugar'd ill,
That fortune lays, presumptuous minds to spill.

The bitter grief that frets the quiet mind,
  The sting that pricks the froward man to woe,
Is envy, which in honour seld we find,
  And yet to honour sworn a secret foe:

* *tread*] The 4to. "*treads.*"

Learn this of me, envy not others' state;
The fruits of envy are* envy and hate.

The misty cloud that so eclipseth fame,
That gets reward a chaos of despite,
Is black revenge, which ever winneth shame,
A fury vild that's hatched in the night:
Beware, seek not revenge against thy foe,
Lest once revenge thy fortune overgo.

These blazing comets do foreshew mishap;
Let not the flaming lights offend thine eye:†
Look ere thou leap, prevent an after clap;
These three forewarned well may'st thou fly:
If now by choice thou aim'st at happy health,
Eschew self-love, choose for the common-wealth.

FROM ARBASTO.

(ED. 1626.)

SONG.

WHEREAT erewhile I wept, I laugh;
That which I fear'd, I now despise;
My victor once, my vassal is;
My foe constrain'd, my weal supplies:
Thus do I triumph on my foe;
I weep at weal, I laugh at woe.

* *are*] The 4to. "*is*."
† *eye*] The 4to. "*eyes*."

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end;
Not that I want, but that I have;
My charge was change, yet still I stay;
I would have less, and yet I crave:
Aye me, poor wretch, that thus do live,
Constrain'd to take, yet forc'd to give!

She whose delights are signs of death,
Who when she smiles, begins to lour,
Constant in this that still she change,
Her sweetest gifts time proves but sour:
I live in care, cross'd with her guile;
Through her I weep, at her I smile.

SONG.

In time we see the silver drops
The craggy stones make soft;
The slowest snail in time we see
Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall;
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire;
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap:
What care in time not eas'd?
In time I loath'd that now I love,
In both content and pleas'd.

FROM ALCIDA.

(ED. 1617.)

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF VENUS,

HOLDING THE BALL THAT BROUGHT TROY TO RUIN.

When Nature forg'd the fair unhappy mould,
Wherein proud beauty took her matchless shape,
She over-slipp'd her cunning and her skill,
And aim'd too fair, but drew beyond the mark;
For thinking to have made a heavenly bliss,
For wanton gods to dally with in heaven,
And to have fram'd a precious gem for men,
To solace all their dumpish thoughts with glee,
She wrought a plague, a poison, and a hell:
For gods, for men, thus no way wrought she well.
Venus was fair, fair was the queen of love,
Fairer than Pallas, or the wife of Jove;
Yet did the giglot's beauty grieve the smith,
For that she brav'd the creeple* with a horn.
Mars said, her beauty was the star of heaven,
Yet did her beauty stain him with disgrace.
Paris, for fair,† gave her the golden ball,
And bought his and his father's ruin so.
Thus Nature making what should far excell,
Lent gods and men a poison and a hell.

* *creeple*] A form of *cripple*, sometimes used by old writers.
† *fair*] See note ‡ vol. i. p. 61.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A PEACOCK.

THE bird of Juno glories in his plumes;
Pride makes the fowl to prune his feathers so.
His spotted train, fetch'd from old Argus' head,
With golden rays like to the brightest sun,
Inserteth self-love in a silly bird,
Till, midst his hot and glorious fumes,
He spies his feet, and then lets fall his plumes.
Beauty breeds pride, pride hatcheth forth disdain,
Disdain gets hate, and hate calls for revenge,
Revenge with bitter prayers urgeth still;
Thus self love, nursing up the pomp of pride,
Makes beauty wrack against an ebbing tide.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF MERCURY, THROWING FEATHERS UNTO THE WIND.

THE richest gift the wealthy heaven affords,
The pearl of price sent from immortal Jove,
The shape wherein we most resemble gods,
The fire Prometheus stole from lofty skies;
This gift, this pearl, this shape, this fire is it,
Which makes us men bold by the name of wit.
By wit we search divine aspect above,
By wit we learn what secret science yields,
By wit we speak, by wit the mind is rul'd,
By wit we govern all our actions:
Wit is the load-star of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.

The brightest jacinth hot becometh dark,
Of little 'steem is crystal being crack'd,
Fine heads that can conceit no good but ill,
Forge oft that breedeth ruin to themselves:
Ripe wits abus'd that build on bad desire,
Do burn themselves, like flies within the fire.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A CARVING OF CUPID, BLOWING BLADDERS IN THE AIR.

Love is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love,
Lightness a wrest that wringeth all awry,
Lightness a plague that fancy cannot brook:
Lightness in love so bad and base a thing,
As foul disgrace to greatest states do bring.

VERSES WRITTEN ON TWO TABLES AT A TOMB.

ON THE FIRST TABLE.

The Graces in their glory never gave
A rich or greater good to womankind,
That more impales their honours with the palm
Of high renown, than matchless constancy.
Beauty is vain, accounted but a flower,
Whose painted hue fades with the summer sun;
Wit oft hath wrack by self-conceit of pride;
Riches are* trash that fortune boasteth on.
Constant in love who tries a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

* *are*] The 4to. "*is*."

ON THE SECOND TABLE.

The fairest gem, oft blemish'd with a crack,
Loseth his beauty and his virtue too;
The fairest flower, nipt with the winter's frost,
In shew seems worser than the basest weed;
Virtues are oft far over-stain'd with faults.
Were she as fair as Phœbe in her sphere,
Or brighter than the paramour of Mars,
Wiser than Pallas, daughter unto Jove,
Of greater majesty than Juno was,
More chaste than Vesta, goddess of the maids,
Of greater faith than fair Lucretia;
Be she a blab, and tattles what she hears,
Want to be secret gives far greater stains
Than virtue's glory which in her remains.

MADRIGAL.*

Rest thee, desire, gaze not at such a star;
  Sweet fancy, sleep; love, take a nap awhile;
My busy thoughts that reach and roam so far,
  With pleasant dreams the length of time beguile;
Fair Venus, cool my over-heated breast,
And let my fancy take her wonted rest.

Cupid abroad was lated in the night,
  His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,
  To dry his plumes: I heard the boy complain;
My door I op'd, to grant him his desire,
And rose myself to make the wag a fire.

* The three last stanzas of this madrigal are in the *Orpharion*, with some variations: see p. 310.

Looking more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging at his back:
I fear'd the child might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
And what I drad (poor man) did me betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

He pierc'd the quick, that I began to start;
The wound was sweet, but that it was too high,
And yet the pleasure had a pleasing smart:
This done, he flies away, his wings were dry,
But left his arrow still within my breast,
That now I grieve I welcom'd such a guest.

FRAGMENTS QUOTED IN ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

(1600.)

He that will stop the brook, must then begin
When summer's heat hath dried up the spring
And when his pittering streams are low and thin;
For let the winter aid unto them bring,
He grows to be of watery floods the king;
And though you dam him up with lofty ranks,
Yet will he quickly overflow his banks.

p. 35.

VERSES.

It was the month, in which the righteous maid,
That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, where she was first conceiv'd,
Into her silver bower the sun receiv'd;

And the hot Sirian dog, on him awaiting,
After the chafed Lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had the air with noisome breath,
And pour'd on earth, plague, pestilence, and dearth.*
p. 369.

* *dearth*] Qy. "*death*." The latter part of this fragment resembles one of Pope's flourishes upon Homer;

"Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death."

Compare the simplicity of the original;

Παμφαίνονθ', ὥστ' ἀστέρ, ἐπεσσύμενον πεδίοιο,
Ὅς ῥά τ' ὀπώρης εἴσιν· κ. τ. λ.—Il. xxii. 26.

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NOTES OMITTED.

Vol. I. p. 67.—" fashion."
A corruption of the French *farcin*,—the farcy.

Vol. I. p. 113.—" Whenas he suits *Spenori* all in gold."
The Rev. J. Mitford ingeniously conjectures that for " *Spenori*," we should read, " *his pennons*."

Vol. II. p. 280.

" Endymion was ne'er beloved of his Cytherea."

Is " Cytherea" a mistake of Greene, or an error of the printer? " *Cynthia*," which the sense requires, will not stand rightly in the verse.

CORRECTION.

Page xxxiv, line 12, for 1584 read 1583.
The piece alluded to is the First Part of Mamillia: see p. cviii.

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